

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

IT was the Kermesse, or annual village fête, and Hellsmuth, the magistrate's dwelling, was filled with guests. The old people were seated at the table, smoking their pipes and quaffing their ale, while the young ones swarmed about the room, amusing themselves with lively domestic sports. The doors and windows were made fast, for the evening had closed in, and the host imagined that the absent guests were scared by the frost, or the stormy wind, which howled without, beating about the masses of snow, and threatening to carry away the thatched roofs of the cottages.

Late in the evening there was a knocking at the door and window shutters. "There is Robert," said the host, "I thought he would not be missing," at the same time he called his daughter Rose away from the game, to open the door. "Jump along!" cried he, in a threatening tone, as she loitered somewhat peevishly. "How do I know who it is, father?" said the maiden, half-crying; but her father led her to the room door—"you know very well that it is your bridegroom," said he, "and you shall let him in this instant." Rose slunk away, hanging her head, but soon returned tripping gaily into the room, and leading in her venerable godfather, Waltmann. "Welcome, godfather, welcome!" exclaimed the magistrate, with a friendly shake of the hand—"we kept you a long while at the door,

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the obstinate hussey would not go down to let you in, scold her well." "If I had only known who it was!" said the girl, with an arch smile, as she kissed the old man's hand. "Aye, what do you think, godfather, we thought it was her lover, Robert, and she would not open the door to him, but I'll soon teach her."

"What, is Robert then not yet come? Hark ye, I hold him for a cold-hearted lover! You must not chide the girl for not liking him overmuch. Here am I, an old fellow with seventy years upon my back, and yet I have managed to find my way hither, fearing neither the storm, nor the **ghosts** in the old castle, which I was forced to pass."

"They say there have been more people made fools of yonder lately," said one of the guests.

"True, I have heard the story," said the magistrate. "Have you seen any of these strange sights, godfather?"

"I must tell you," rejoined Waltmann, "that I have but little faith in these things; it is generally the imagination, or fraud, which deceives us; however, whether incredulous or not, we all feel, at night, a certain awe and apprehension on passing places which are reputed to be haunted; and, boast as we will of our courage, it is apt, on those occasions, to play us false. But after all, our fears are childish; for what injury can an upright man receive from an apparition,—a thing of air, if any thing at all? To-night as I passed by the old

castle, there was a dismal howling and whistling within its crumbling walls: no doubt it was the wind; and although I was convinced it could be nothing more, yet I could not help shuddering at the noises, and an icy chill ran over me. I looked fearfully around, the wind blew the snow flakes against my face, and I felt, in the dark, that I had got into a thick-
et; this convinced me that I had lost my way, because I knew that there were no bushes along the road. In this dilemma I thought it most prudent to stand still, until the moon, peeping out from behind the clouds, shewed me that I was in the middle of the old castle court. I had some difficulty in making my way out again, but thank God! excepting a little fright, I have escaped unhurt."

"You may count yourself lucky, neighbour Waltmann," said another of the guests. "It is never oversafe to be in such old ruinous buildings. One might tell many a story of them. How did it happen to the Baron Von Birkenfeld? You were present, I think, when Robert related it."

Waltmann could not recollect, and the rest, who had heard the story, being of opinion that it would bear twice telling, the other began. "The baron had once ridden into the city, and staid so late that it was night before he had half reached home. Well, the way led past an old dilapidated chapel; on approaching this chapel he perceived a light in one of the windows; the baron did not want for courage, and so he dismounted, in order to see what it could mean. Crossing what was formerly the place of interment, he clearly saw three corpse-like figures ascend out of the earth, in their winding sheets, and advance towards him. You may talk of men's courage and their disbelief in ghosts, but, methinks, few would willingly put either to such a test as this. The baron sprang upon his horse, gave him the spur, and galloped away as fast as his beast could carry him. But, however, he had scarcely recovered from his fright when he beheld the three ghosts at a little distance before

him; in vain he turns his horse first on one side of the road, and then on the other; his escort does not quit him until he enters his castle court, and his servants bring out lights to receive him.

"At first the baron could not relate the incident to his noble lady, however much she entreated to know the cause of his pale, ghastly appearance, and wild looks; but when he was about to retire to rest, the servants were alarmed by his cries for help, and on their running to him, he told them what had happened at the chapel, and that the three terrifying forms had just appeared to him again. This time, however, they had scratched the mould from their hands, and thrown it into his eyes, so as nearly to blind him. All now agreed that the apparition of the three ghosts to their master could signify nothing less than that he would soon close his eyes, and be committed to the earth. And so it happened; for in three days the baron died, and no medicine could save him. The three ghosts, therefore, betokened the three days."

Waltmann listened attentively to the story: when it was concluded, he said, "I have not heard your tale of the Baron from Robert, but I recollect having read it, while at school, in a curious old book. There, however, it was told of a Spanish nobleman, and the ghost did not presignify the number of days, for the nobleman did not die until the seventh.—Thus it always is with stories of this kind; every narrator adds something to them."

"Now you see, father," cried Rose, "that Robert does tell untruths. You would never believe me; now you have it from godfather himself."

"Well, well," rejoined Waltmann, in a friendly tone, "if you have nothing worse than that to say of Robert, you may let it pass. You call him half a scholar; those who are wholly so are much worse."

"No, no," cried Rose angrily, "don't you persuade me to that too! I won't have Robert, come what will."

Father Hellsmuth waxed wroth, and persisted the more in his purpose. The guests endeavoured to appease him, and many who did not appear to be very well disposed towards Robert, enlisted under Rose's banner. Waltmann represented seriously to the father, that compulsion in affairs of that nature never did good; that a parent had no right to dispose of his child like his live and dead farming stock, or the produce of his fields. However, the magistrate was immovable; he would hear nothing against Robert; he had a pretty property, which seemed to increase as by some especial blessing: moreover he was known far and near, and nobody could tell what he might not become one day, particularly in time of war. "Add to this," continued he, "a gipsy has prophesied that he will one day fill a high station.—Now, although nobody can accuse me of being over credulous or superstitious in these matters, yet I must confess that I have known many of old mother Setter's predictions come true. Did she not prophesy that there would be a fire in the village—and was not farmer Grubler's house burnt to the ground shortly afterwards? However, whether we believe in these prophecies or not, is little to the purpose, for Robert is now one of the best matches in the village, and there is not a girl in it, except my obstinate hussey, who would not be proud to have him."

The guests were far from agreeing with their credulous host; not a few of them had all along suspected the old gipsy herself of setting fire to Grubler's premises, and thus fulfilling her own prediction; however, none ventured to declare their suspicions aloud on that point, because their host was a personage of too great importance to be contradicted with impunity. The godfather, nevertheless, would not give up the point, and they argued about it some time; Rose wept, and the cheerfulness of the party was destroyed.

On a sudden Waltmann missed a bundle, which he thought he had

brought with him; every place was searched, but it was no where to be found. The old man became uneasy. "It contains the whole of the Martinmas dues," said he; "I would fain have requested you, neighbour Hellsmuth, to deliver it to-morrow, to the receiver. If it is not here, I must have lost it by the old castle, that's certain."

The venerable old man wanted to return thither to seek it, but they all detained him, representing to him the folly of a man of his years going out in so stormy a night. "Have it, I must," said he; "I could not replace the loss—and I recollect that I must have dropped it near the round tower, for there I was obliged to use both hands, to make my way through the bushes. I must certainly have let it fall then, in my haste and terror."

"No, you shall not go!" cried Rose, as the old man reached his hat and stick. "It is not far, I will run and fetch it myself." Waltmann would not permit this. The guests put on grave looks, and thought it was madness to venture at night into a place of such ill repute. Rose laughed at their fears: "What is there to be afraid of?" said she. "I have often ran across the church-yard at night, and as godfather says, what harm can **ghost** do to anybody, who has a clear conscience." With that she took the lantern and hurried out.

Most of the guests now extolled the courage of the high-spirited girl, but some few of them, on the contrary, censured her rashness, which, in their opinion, amounted almost to crime. Waltmann was moved by the maiden's good-nature, and again argued, seriously and warmly, with her father, about her marriage with Robert, insisting strongly that he ought not to force her inclination. "Felix," he said, "was a smart lad, who had every body's good opinion, and would certainly make his way in the world; and as it was clear that the girl loved him, it would be rendering her miserable for life to force her to marry the other."

Hellsmuth agreed in his commendations of Felix, but said that he had given his promise to Robert ; moreover, Felix was very poor, and the forest service in that part of the country so bad, that a bachelor could scarcely support himself creditably, much less a man with a wife and children.

"Felix is a favorite of mine," said one of the guests, and I should have been one to rejoice, heartily, if he had been successful in discovering the perpetrators of the great robbery. Five hundred dollars would have set him up in the world ; that will now fall to the surveyors of the roads."

"Have they got the thieves, then?" asked Waltmann.

"The surveyors, a short time ago, brought in two strangers, who are suspected, and indeed almost convicted, only they will not confess their guilt."

"Felix took a great deal of trouble about it," rejoined Waltmann, "and I am sorry for him. Well, perhaps he will be more lucky in something else."

Just at this instant Felix entered. He looked round for Rose, and at length inquired shyly after her. Her long absence had not been noticed by the company.

"I hope nothing can have happened to her," said Waltmann, rising.—Before Felix had received an intelligible answer to his anxious inquiries, a violent knocking was heard at the door. One of the young people hastened to open it, when Rose rushed in, pale and breathless, the picture of terror, and sank down senseless on the floor.

The wind had extinguished her light before she had taken three steps, nevertheless, the courageous girl pursued her way by the scanty light of the moon. Fortunately she found the spot described by Waltmann.—She perceived the lost bundle among the bushes, and was stooping to disentangle it, when she heard the sound of heavy footsteps. She shuddered, and all the stories which she had heard of **ghosts** in the old castle, rose

up in her recollection, filling her imagination with frightful apparitions. The noise approached, and she perceived distinctly in the moon shine, two dark figures carrying a corpse. The wind blew off a handkerchief with which the body was slightly covered, and she saw large bleeding wounds in the head and breast. Almost bereft of her senses, she seized the handkerchief, and impelled by terror, flew back to her father's dwelling.

The magistrate and his guests had elicited thus much from the maiden's broken and unconnected answers, and busied themselves now with interpreting the strange and ominous apparition ; the general conclusion was that it betokened great mortality among the inhabitants through the plague, or some other pestilential disorder. But Felix took his gun—"Shame on you," said the youth, "these are not **ghosts**, but robbers and murderers. Who is no coward, come along with me."

Not one of them all had the heart to accompany the courageous Felix, except the venerable godfather, whose assistance he positively refused to accept. He set out alone for the old castle, and found the ruffians still employed in burying the corpse. "Hold!" cried he with a powerful voice, presenting his gun at the same instant. "Stir not a foot." The murderers were panic struck ; one of them attempted to escape, and as he did not stop, after being repeatedly challenged to do so, Felix fired upon him. A loud shriek from the wounded man struck terror into the heart of the other ; he begged for mercy, promising to confess all, and followed the intrepid huntsman to the magistrate's.

In the interim most of the inhabitants had collected at Hellsmuth house, and Rose was called upon to repeat the marvellous story of the apparition again and again. Then came Felix with his prisoner, to give a decisive blow to their superstitions credulity. The murderer was desired to name his accomplice, but the

first shock being over, he strove to give the affair a favourable turn and refused. Soon afterwards, however, some passengers brought in a wounded man, whom they had found in a state of insensibility on the high road. Conceive the astonishment of all when he was led in, and proved to be Robert ! He did not attempt to deny his guilt, and the handkerchief which Rose had seized in her fright, instead of the bundle, gave positive evidence against him, for it bore the name of the merchant who had been robbed, and who had offered the reward before mentioned, for the discovery of the delinquents.

All the supernatural sights and noises in the ruins of the old castle were now clearly explained, for up-

on inquiry and examination, it proved, that the robbers had long made use of the ill-famed spot, as a place of concealment for their plunder and of interment for their victims.

Felix not only received the promised reward of five hundred dollars, but the two suspected travellers, whose innocence was thus, by his means, established, made him so handsome a present, that he was soon permitted to lead his beloved Rose to the altar.

The gipsy's prophecy, made, in all probability, by one well acquainted with the robber's mode of life, was fulfilled in Robert with a precision that seldom characterizes the accomplishment of their pretended predictions—he was exalted to the gallows.

DANISH TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

[SEE PAGE 77.]

THE ERL-MAIDEN AT EBELTOFT.

NOT far from Ebeltoft, as a country lad was watching the cattle, there came towards him a handsome maiden, who enquired whether he was hungry or thirsty. But perceiving that she was very careful not to let him see her back, he guessed at once that she was an erl-maiden; for those beings are all hollow behind. He would therefore have nothing to say to her, and endeavoured to escape; whereupon she produced her breast, and invited him to suck. There was so much sorcery in her voice and manner, that he could not resist; but when he had done what she told him, he was no longer master of himself, and she had little difficulty in persuading him to go with her. He was missing three days, whilst his parents sat at home and sorrowed, for they concluded he had been beguiled, and never expected to see him more. On the fourth day, the father saw him coming afar off, and immediately commanded the mother to place a pot of meat upon the fire. The son very soon after entered the door, and seated himself silently by the table; the parents likewise spoke not a word, but behaved just as if nothing had happened. At length, the victuals being ready, the mother placed them before her son, and the father told him to eat; but the youth suffered the meat to stand untouched, and at last said that he now knew where to get much better food. The father was very wroth, and seizing a large heavy stick, again commanded him to eat. The son was forced to comply; but when he had once tasted the meat, he devoured it with frightful greediness, and fell shortly afterwards into a deep slumber. He slept exactly as many days as he had staid away; but he was never afterwards in his right senses.

SWEND TRUNDSEN'S SONS.

Swend Trunsden had two sons, fine handsome men, and both of great importance in the kingdom. Eskild was a soldier, bold and daring, but haughty, cruel, and stained with the grossest vices. His brother Swend, on the contrary, was Bishop of Viborg, and a good and pious nobleman. Observing Eskild's evil disposition and daily misdeeds, he thought that such would bring him to no good end, and therefore entreated him in the most pressing manner, to reform, and to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But Eskild would not consent, until his brother had promised to accompany him. Bishop Swend prepared himself for this fatiguing journey, rather than his brother, whom he tenderly loved, should fall into the claws of Satan. When they had reached the river Jordan, they went together into a little church, called Paternoster church, where they prayed, and then dipped themselves in the sacred flood. But just after they had received the sacrament, Eskild was seized with so violent a sickness, that he gave up the **ghost** on the spot. Bishop Swend was heartily rejoiced at this, because he considered it as a manifest sign of God's mercy, and his brother's salvation. He fell down upon his knees, and entreated God to take him also, because he had a great desire to follow his brother, and to share his happiness. His wish was granted; for he almost immediately expired in the same place. The brothers were enshrined side by side in Paternoster church; and whenever pilgrims visited the Holy Land from Denmark, they offered up their prayers there, and made presents to the church.

SIR ESKE BROCK.

As Sir Eske Brock, who lived at Vemmeltuft, once went through the fields cracking his whip, a hat sudden-

ly fell upon the ground before him ; he caused his servant to pick it up, and then placed it on his own head. But no sooner was it there, than he became invisible ; he then tried it on the servants, and whoever wore the hat, was seen by none of the others. The knight was overjoyed at his prize, and carried it home with him. Presently a barcheaded boy came to the gate, and desired to speak to Sir Eske Brock, and when the latter appeared, the boy asked him for his hat, which, he said, Sir Eske had just knocked off his head with his whip ; he offered him a hundred ducats, and afterwards a thousand, to restore it, but the knight refused to do this, knowing the value of the hat. At last, when the lad swore, that if Sir Eske would give him his hat again, none of the children which his newly-married wife might in future bear him should ever come to want, the nobleman restored it, thinking that he was well paid by such a promise. But when the lad went from the gate, he said "It is true they shall never want food, money, or clothes, for they shall all be still-born." And so, indeed, it came to pass, for all the children Sir Eske's wife brought forth were dead before they saw the light, so that he died the last of his race.

SIGNELIL AND HABOR.

Near Ringsted lies Sigarsted, which takes its name from King Sigar, who dwelt there. His daughter Signelil loved Habor, a warrior ; and the spot is shewn, near Alsted, where the lovers used to meet. It is now called "Signelil's walk." Once, when she and her father were out hunting, they pursued a stag across the stream of Vangstrup, where her horse fell be-

neath her, and her life was in great danger ; but Habor coming up at the critical moment, plunged into the water and saved her. Their mutual tenderness was at length carried to such a pitch, that Habor, disguised as a maid servant waited upon Signelil, and lay with her every night ; but Gunvare, Signelil's nurse and confidante, betrayed the whole proceeding to King Sigar. All now being discovered, and Habor being seized by the king's men, the two lovers vowed to die together. Habor was led forth to the "Gallows-hill," in order to be hanged ; but, just before his death, he felt a desire to put Signelil's fidelity to the proof ; and he therefore entreated the executioners, that before they dispatched him, they would hoist his cloak upon the gallows, so that he might thereby see how he himself would hang. In the mean time, Signelil cast all her valuables into a deep pit, which is now called Signelil's well ; and whence arises the saying, that Sigarsted has more gold and silver in it than it knows of. She then locked herself in her bower, and fixed her eyes upon the gallows on which Habor was to be hanged. But when she saw the mantle, she set fire to her bower, in the belief that Habor was already dead ; and when the bower and Signelil were burning, Habor, who was convinced of her love, allowed himself to be executed. He was afterwards buried in the height of Hage. But the accursed nurse reaped the just reward of her treachery ; for Sigar, considering her to be the cause of his daughter's death, caused her to be placed in a barrel of spikes, and rolled down the Gallows-hill.

KARL AND HIS HORSE NICOLAUS.

A YOUNG German who was serving his time to a jeweller, at Magdeburg, was allowed by his master, in the third year of his apprenticeship, to go to Brunswick to see his parents. That he might effect this with comfort to himself, and in a way worthy of the assistant of a reputable tradesman and public functionary of Magdeburg, his master lent him one of his own horses, and provided him with money; whilst the old cook, with whom he was a great favourite, filled his wallet with all the dainties that she could lay her hands upon, and gave him sundry well-meaning hints and admonitions touching the temptations that awaited him in Brunswick. It was on the morning of Midsummer-day, in the year 1612, that he arose at six o'clock, lighted his travelling pipe, and mounted the steed, which by no means seemed to sympathize with his rider in the pleasure to be derived from the prospect of a long journey. He was in truth a sluggish beast, overfed and under-worked, and apparently upon such good terms with himself that, when he took any thing into his head, the whip was of no avail, and the spur, however manfully applied, could not drive him from his purpose. He was so fat, that Karl, although a handsome stripling, looked with his legs sticking out almost at right angles like a Y turned upside down. "The devil take thee on our journey (said Karl) if thou go not more speedily than at present. Would I had all the money that has been expended on thee in the article of whips; truly with that I might buy a better animal than thou art, or hast been, or ever wilt be." As he concluded his petulant, but, under all the circumstances, excusable harangue, Nicolaus (for that was his horse's name) shook his head, and gave two or three most significant neighs, which seemed pretty much the same as "Hold thy peace, and speak not of that which thou understandest not! Assuredly I am the best judge of what pace is most proper for me and advisa-

ble for thee: I am come to years of discretion, and shall take especial care of thy neck and my own health and comfort!" Well! on they jogged, every now and then renewing this kind of conversation, which always ended in the same manner. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Karl, to the entire satisfaction of Nicolaus, alighted at the 'Three Golden Bottles, a small *herberge*, or public-house, situated at the extremity of a hamlet, replenished his *meerschaum*, and seated himself in a room set apart for the more respectable visitors of this notable house of entertainment, on the outside of which hung a board, whose crooked letters indicated to travellers that—

Horses might a stable find,
And men have liquors to their mind.

At one corner of the room he beheld two persons playing at cards, and remarked that one of them, who appeared by his dress and the sums of money that he staked to be a substantial farmer, continually lost; at which the other, who was a dark mysterious looking man, only smiled, and every now and then incited him to continue his destructive course, by saying, "It is your turn now! play boldly—the luck cannot always keep to one side. Come! to give you a better chance, I will put down double to your single stakes." The farmer, buoyed up with the hope of regaining his money, which was indeed the greater part of what he possessed in the world, played on until he had lost all, and then, burning with ill-concealed rage and disappointment, rushed out of the room, whilst he, who had made himself the possessor of his wealth, laughed thrice loudly and triumphantly, and stole out, as Karl supposed, to follow his unfortunate companion. Now, our young traveller had looked on attentively, and saw the result of their gaming with no very pleasant feelings. He was in particular shocked and indignant at the cold-hearted laugh that escaped from the dark lips of the stranger. Karl drank

his wine faster and faster, and puffed out his smoke from his pipe with greater rapidity and in larger volumes than he had heretofore done. He was vexed at the defeat and triumph he had just witnessed, and vowed in his own mind, should the man who had last left him return, to stake all that his master had given him, rather than that he should carry it with so high a hand. The fact is, the old cook, to whom we have already alluded, had given Karl a very respectable initiation into the mystery of card-playing, on divers cold winters' nights by the kitchen fire. Now, the game at which the strangers had been engaged was the very one on which he prided himself not a little. The truth must be spoken—mine is not a *perfect* hero. Besides being double loaded with ambition, he was primed with vanity, which no sooner encountered the match of opposition than explosion took place, which made many rather cautious of coming in his way. In a short time the successful stranger re-entered the chamber, but his adversary came not with him. He challenged Karl, who instantly accepted the offer, called for more wine, and again filled his pipe. He played for very small stakes, yet his little purse was getting lower and lower, for the stranger had an advantage over him which he was slow to believe, but which was at last too evident. At length he had little more than sufficient remaining to discharge the bill of the herbergist, and arose from the table with impatience and vexation. It is doubtful whether the loss of the money affected him so much as the wound that his youthful pride had suffered. He was turning to depart, when the laugh, or rather yell, of his companion checked him. Stung to the soul by the insult he had just received, Karl flew towards him and aimed a blow full at his face, but, in the act of doing so, fell forward on his hands. He sprang up, but the stranger was gone, although the door had been and was still closed and the windows were down. Karl's anger now gave place to astonishment. He was convinced that the stranger had dealings with the devil; nay, he almost thought he had

been gambling with the arch master of the ceremonies himself. He found also that either astonishment or Rhenish wine had had the effect of making his steps indecisive, his head giddy, and reduced the chance of keeping on his legs, and the risk of falling down, to pretty even terms. He however paid his host, and, without knowing how he got there, found himself on the back of Nicolaus, riding along as it appeared to him much more rapidly than usual. What surprised him most of all was, that everything around him seemed likewise to have gotten the travelling mania. There were some fine old elms going at the rate of ten miles an hour, and, what was very remarkable, some little shrubs that grew near appeared to keep up with them. A large farm house was in pursuit of a barn, but they were so well matched, that there was little hope of its being overtaken. There was also an admirable steeple-chase between the heads of two distant churches, and a boy who was sitting on a bank by the road side rode past him in excellent style. "This may be all very agreeable (muttered Karl) to the parties concerned, but, for my part, I care not how soon they finish their long-winded race. Stop, stop—Nicolaus, no galloping if it please thee, thou unruly steed of Satan. Whenever I have desired thee to use thy speed, thou hast gone slow enough, and now thou must, out of thy very obstinacy, and regardless of my safety, hurry on as if thy master were behind thee!" He pulled the rein as he finished speaking, and Nicolaus suddenly stood still. His rider had awakened him from a fine sleeping jog-trot, and he looked as if he much marvelled what satisfactory reason could be given for it. There was no stable near, which doubtless appeared to him the only fair excuse for a full stop, nor was there the least sign of provender. However, for once, he seemed determined to do as his rider wished, and still he stood

As Hildebrand the gallant knight,
Who saw his ladye's ghost at nighte
Throwe off the veiling palle and shroude,
And vanish through a parted cloude.

Karl began to be better satisfied, for

as he had before conceived that he was riding at a gallop when Nicolaus was innocent of everything save and except the jog-trot before mentioned, so he now thought that he was enjoying a very pleasant lady-like canter, when in truth he was as immovable as his majesty of Charing Cross. After riding on for some time at the rate of no miles an hour, he fell asleep, and a little after, as an almost necessary consequence, fell from his saddle. His fall, however, was broken by a bed of nettles, which seemed to have grown there for his especial accommodation; but he was not so grateful as he should have been, for he threw away some very choice German to anathematize them. To be sure he had lost his money, a circumstance which seldom tends to sweeten a man's temper or to put him in good humour; but what then? Had he fallen direct to the ground he might have broken an arm, or leg, aye, or even his neck, whereas he was now only stung all over his face and hands, and ought to have returned thanks to the Virgin that it was no worse. Were all mankind to act upon this suggestion there would not be a single unhappy person living. The criminal sentenced to a short imprisonment would bless his stars and feel happy that it was not a long one; the convict ordered for transportation might console himself with the idea that it was better than being hanged; and the man who should be doomed "longam literam facere," or, in plain terms, who had received a promise of being hanged, might still be delighted in thinking how far preferable it is to burning. It is bad policy to fancy our own ills greater than those of others, for in proportion as we magnify the evils of life, we increase our imaginary sufferings in enduring them. But to return to Karl; he left his master's horse to amuse himself as he might think fit, placed himself under a tree, and in a minute more was fast asleep. Nicolaus, who, to do him justice, was not always insensible to the force of good example, deliberately walked to a spot opposite Karl's resting place, laid himself down, and, after a few pre-

liminary nods, imitated his master to the life.

Karl had been but a short time asleep, when confused and crowded dreams of what had lately happened disturbed his repose. The dark stranger whom he met at the inn was the principal actor in the somnambulatory drama that was going on. Karl beheld and heard him with shuddering and with horror, although, when superstition was out of the case, he had little fear in his composition, as was manifested on various occasions when his high spirit seemed to take but one leap from his heart to his fist, to knock those down from whom he considered he had received an affront. He got his first rudiments, however, of superstitious lore from his nurse, and the old cook at his master's completed his education in that particular branch. The devil was generally the hero of most of her stories, and, to speak disinterestedly, she scarcely gave him his due. Nothing was done, however diabolical, that was not immediately put down to his account; and she often found afterwards, that what she had attributed to him had been committed by persons who had passed in the world as pious and God-fearing characters. The **ghost** stories that he heard had their effect upon Karl in no ordinary degree, and imbued him with all the visionary and romantic ideas that often lead youth into error, but at the same time throw a charm over that period of life

When hearts have not a dream of sorrow,
And thought scarce ventures to the morrow,
But takes its light and tripping way
Through all the pleasures of to-day.

He suddenly awoke from his slumbers, and found Nicolaus standing close beside him. The bright tints of day were departing, and twilight was scattering her rose-hues over the cloudless face of heaven. Tranquillity reigned the goddess of the scene, and the winds and the birds and the waters paid her their silent homage.

Karl had not rested sufficiently to maintain his equilibrium with any certainty, but he mounted his steed with a determination of proceeding as quickly

as it might please his pertinacious four-footed companion. He gave Nicolaus his head, who seemed to move along with no inconsiderable alacrity; indeed, at times his master was by no means too proud of his equestrian talent to prevent his occasionally resorting to the mane, which, although not perfectly jockey-like, possessed the advantage of keeping him in his saddle—no small consideration by the bye to a youth with only about one-third of his senses about him—the more so as no one was near to scrutinize his actions. Well, on he went, thinking of the pleasures that awaited him at Brunswick, and anticipating the kind welcome he should receive from his relatives and friends, when he was suddenly aroused from his waking dream by hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs close at his side. He turned his head, and was startled to find the same tall dark figure who had contrived to make him ride so much lighter, by ridding him of several supernumerary silver pieces at the inn, on a black steed, which exactly kept pace with his own animal. At the first moment, Karl thought of endeavouring to persuade Nicolaus to use his best speed, by a manful application of the whip; but when he considered the unyielding attributes of his stoical quadruped, he gave up the idea in despair. His alarm too was in some degree dissipated by the changed address of the stranger, who courteously wished him a good evening, and testified his delight at having a companion on so lonely a road. Though Karl was rather more assured, he by no means felt that the delight was mutual. "Curse the fellow! (thought the youth) it requires no great stretch of politeness to be civil to a person when you are riding with his money in your belt. I would that his raven-hided beast knew how to stumble and break the ill-favoured cheat's neck, or at least put out his collar-bone!" This charitable sentence, however, he deemed it quite as well not to give *virâ voce*, for it struck him forcibly that it might not be considered by his fellow-traveller in

the light of a joke. As the stranger entered more fully into conversation, Karl's fears by degrees began to abate; but he could not help now and then giving a sly look under the black horse's belly, to see whether the other foot of the unknown rider corresponded with the one which he had a view of. But he had no opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, for if he ever slackened his pace that the other might go on before him, the stranger also pulled his rein and remained always close at his side. At length they came to a narrow pass, between two hills, where two horses could not go abreast, and Karl said to himself—"Ha! ha! I have thee now, or the devil's in't!" He drew up that the stranger might pass on first, but he was too polite to take precedence, and Karl was obliged to go on. When he had gone about half-way through the narrow road, he turned to have a full view of the gentleman who had stood so much upon forms, but how great was his surprise to find that there was not a trace of him to be seen! "So, so, (cried Karl) this place did not tempt thee, thou arch-fiend! thou liked'st not to show thy cloven foot, and I give thee credit for having some shame left; though verily I am glad to be quit of thy visage!" When he came to the end of the pass, and was jogging on gaily, he nearly dropped from his saddle, at finding the dark rider, whom he fancied he had left behind, still by his side. "I mark thy surprise, (said he to Karl) but I saw when thou wert riding before me that thy horse had lost his tail, and out of compassion for the poor beast, hatred for the flies that annoy him, and respect for his rider, I went back, and by good fortune found it lying on the road. I have now (added he) great pleasure in restoring it uninjured." Saying this he presented it with a very creditable bow to Karl, who gazed on the tawny relic in utter astonishment. How Nicolaus had lost his tail he could by no means conjecture. He was, indeed, so amazed that he forgot to thank the stranger for his courtesy, at which the other appeared in no wise offended. "So, then (said Karl at

last) I am on a tailless horse ! It is well that it will be dark by the time I come to my journey's end, or I should be followed through the street as if I were an imp of the dev—" he stopped short in his speech, for he perceived that he had committed himself, as his companion seemed not at all to relish the insinuation. He turned, however, with renewed good humour to Karl, and said: "Come, come, thy case is not so hopeless. Thou shalt not be on the back of an imperfect animal. Give me the tail, and pledge me thy word that thou wilt look straight forward, and not once cast thine eyes backward to make thy remarks on my proceedings, and I promise without loss of time to affix the fly-flapping appendage once more to the hinder part of thy steed."

Karl, although he strongly doubted the possibility of such a manœuvre, willingly pledged his word, and in a moment afterwards heard the stranger mutter something which was unintelligible to him, but which he made no question was some spell used in the ceremony of tail-fixing. "Turn (said the stranger, who was now again beside him), thy horse is again repaired!" Karl did as he was requested, and the tail was manifest; but Nicolaus betrayed as little joy at the recovery of it, as he had evinced sorrow for its loss. Karl could not help suspecting that the stranger had made him promise to look straight forward, not so much out of fear that he should be a spy upon his operations, as that he dreaded an exposure of the cloven-foot; nevertheless he thanked him for his good offices, and kept on his way. After a time it occurred to him that a pipe would be no bad thing; but when he had filled it, found to his mortification that he had lost his flint, and began railing in good set terms at his own carelessness and indiscretion. "Despair not, while I am near thee (said the stranger); hold thy pipe towards me!" No sooner was this done than he breathed upon it, and the tobacco was ignited. Karl felt now convinced that he was travelling with Satan; for the herb burnt rather blue than otherwise, and there was a villainous smack

of sulphur in the only whiff that he took. He had a very certain presentiment that his companion had not brought the fire which he had just given him from the same place where Prometheus had obtained *his*. The pipe dropped from his lips, and he trembled from head to foot. He now began to devise means of ridding himself of his black-art-practising fellow-traveller. He had observed on their journey that when they came near any of the crosses, which are common to this day in Catholic countries, his companion vanished, and did not rejoin him until they were out of sight of those devil's eye-sores. He now resolved to make the best use of his observation, and happening to espy a small cross at a little distance, and seeing that his good friend had left him as usual, he rode up to it, dismounted, and easily drew it from the ground. "It's an ill procession, they say, when the devil carries the cross, (cried Karl) so I'll e'en be before-hand with him." He threw it across his shoulders, vaulted into his saddle, and trotted forward, until he came to a town which he supposed to be the place of his destination. Nicolaus made a sudden halt and neighed loudly; and lashes and caresses were alike ineffectual to induce him to proceed. A door was opened, and the old cook who knew the voice of Nicolaus too well to be mistaken, welcomed the young apprentice home again to his master's house, at Magdeburg. The truth is, that Nicolaus, liking better a dirty stable than a clean road, had taken care to turn his head homeward, when his rider awoke from his slumber under the tree, and Karl was obliged to defer his visit to Brunswick until a better opportunity should occur. He told his master the whole story on the next morning; but the jeweler (unbelieving as he was!) attributed every thing to his superstition and state of intoxication; but the old cook was fully persuaded that he had actually been in the society of the devil, and was not satisfied that he was entirely out of his, the said devil's power, until he had confessed to the priest of the family, and purified himself with an additional

sprinkling of holy water. His master had the cross burned, and warned Karl not to mention the circumstance of his having sacrilegiously carried it off, as he might incur the displeasure of the holy church. Karl did as he was desired, and on the following day the removal of the cross was discovered, and considered as a miracle by the good people of Lower Saxony in the seventeenth century.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Popular Superstitions, particularly those of the Scotch Highlanders, detailed in the Treatise of Mr. Grant Stewart.

THERE is a stage of society when supernatural beings are supposed to have more intimate communication with mankind than at after and more enlightened periods. The Heathen Mythology, particularly, filled the earth with such visitants: according to it, there was much difficulty in accounting for the creation of the surrounding universe; but it seemed certain that it had been beyond the power of those who were commonly denominated *Gods*. These were beings whose descents were traced like those of mortals, and who, though they were of superior natures to men, yet resembled them in their intellects, in their appearances, and even in their manners, however loose and immoral these may sometimes have been.

As to the *substance* of which they were composed, if the expression may be used, it would have been derogatory to their dignity to have considered them *material*, in the ordinary sense of

the term; yet, as they were supposed to have been occasionally seen and heard, it was necessary so far to embody them, as to account for these things; and accordingly, Cicero, in his treatise *De Naturâ Deorum*, (one of the most curious tracts of all antiquity,) gravely says, that though they had not *corpora*, or solid bodies, yet they had *quasi corpora*, or bodies of an aerial and shadowy kind. The same general notion was entertained by our forefathers regarding the superior beings of their belief: and Ossian tells us, that when the heroes of other times sat on their clouds, listening to the songs of their praise, "the dim stars twinkled through their form." The divinities of the ancient heathen religion were imagined to pay many visits to men, as all the poets testify. Not only were Iris and Mercury, their general messengers, sent constantly on errands to this lower world, but the chief *Cœlicolæ*, the great inhabitants of heaven themselves, frequently visited earth, sometimes with good, and sometimes with bad intent; and though Egeria descended from heaven to instruct Numa in the institution of the Roman sacred rites,* Jupiter and Mercury had no such meritorious object, when they came to the house of Amphytrion, where the greatest rakes in Athens or Rome could not have showed worse conduct.†

But not only was the earth thus visited by the natives of heaven, the beings of the higher order in the universe; it had itself innumerable inhabitants of natures more than human; for while Neptune with his trident swayed the waves of the ocean, attended by his train of marine deities, Thetis, Melita, Pasithea, Nesea, Spio, Thalia, Cymodoce, &c.,‡ and all the Tritons, every river had its aged and hoary water-god presiding, with innumerable Naiads, over its streams; and every grove had its Dryads, or fair Nymphs, who, though only occasionally visible to mortal eye, yet held delightful dwellings there.

In the ancient mythology, we are not aware that the earth, as in our modern systems of belief, was supposed to be troubled with the presence of any great *Evil Spirit*; for the demons, of whom we occasionally hear, were a few low vagabonds, scarcely worth notice. According to the conceptions of later races of men, those who had rebelled against Heaven's Sovereign, and were, as Milton says, "hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, down to bottomless perdition," are yet unaccountably supposed to be permitted to prowl about this lower world, incessantly working mischief. But matters were better managed among the heathens. The giants, like Satan and his compeers, had reared their daring fronts against the King of Heaven; but they were thrust down, never to rise again, and were not suffered so far to demean themselves, as, like Beelzebub, to frighten children, or play bagpipes to dancing hags. Let not the unclassical reader imagine, however, that though those rebels were thus sufficiently quelled, all went happily on in the

* Tit. Liv.

† Amphytrion.

‡ Æneid, lib. v. l. 825.

Pagan universe. The heart-burning contentions of the divinities themselves supplied the want of devils. This poor Æneas found to his cost, when he was tossed for years over the sea, through the wrath of Juno, notwithstanding all the protection of his mother Venus; and though, in the sequel, we shall see what the Witches of after ages could accomplish on the watery element, their doings were not so perseveringly vexatious there, as those of the Queen of Heaven, aided as she was by Æolus, though opposed in her endeavours by her brother, the God of the Ocean.

Besides the Deities, there was another set of supernatural beings who occasionally visited the ancient world; and those were the Manes or Shades of departed mortals. Thus, amid the burning of Troy, the pale and trembling Ghost of Hector appeared to Æneas: But

“Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis:”*

And the shade of Anchises returned to enjoin his son to meet him, for great purposes, in the regions below. There were also similar beings of an intermediate nature—the Genii, or Familiar Spirits of men, as that which was supposed to attend Socrates, and the Spectre which appeared so wofully to Brutus at the battle of Philippi.

But it is not so much with the ghostly visitants of heathen times that we have now to do: our business is more properly with those of more modern days, and particularly with those which have abounded among the romantic mountains of our own country, as detailed in the little work now before us.

Our Scottish supernatural beings may be divided into six classes: 1, *Ghosts*, properly so called; 2, The *Wraiths* of individuals; 3, *Fairies*; 4, *Brownies*; 5, *Kelpies and Spunkies*; and, 6, *Witches*, who were a race partaking of both human and spiritual natures.

The ancient HIGHLAND SPECTRE, like his brother described by Job, or the “Stark and Stalward” Ghaist which appeared at Lincuden Abbey, according to Burns, was a large and powerful being, and, as our Author says, “not like the present puny, green, worm-eaten effigies, which now-a-days stalk about our premises, and feed upon air.” Accounts of three of these are given by him—the Great Ghost of Bogandoran, the Great Male Ghost of Ben Baynac, and his weaker female companion, Clashnichd Aulnaic; but mighty though those were, they were no match for human bravery when fairly roused; for Bogandoran was forced to vanish into air, under the prowess of Lachlan Du M’Pherson, a gallant Highland fiddler: as Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel, so Ben Baynac could be assailed only on a mole which he had on his breast, “large as a Highlandman’s bonnet,” and there he was fortunately struck by the arrow of a keen archer, Owre of Bullelg, and was seen no more. Clashnichd, abusing the hospitality of the wife of the miller of Delnabo Mill, had a kettle of boiling water overturned on her bosom,

* Æneid, Lib. ii. l. 274.

and when "scalded beyond recovery," she fled up the wilds of Craig-Alnaic, uttering the most melancholy lamentations, and has never been heard of since.*

The WRAITHS of men were what our Author calls "Ghosts in a co-existent state," that is, they were frequently seen even during the lives of the individuals to whom they belonged, and had no small resemblance to the familiars of heathen belief. They were so far different, however, from the attendant spirits of the ancients, that while he of former times seemed to confine his attentions to him whose wraith he was, the modern one often went about to the distress of his friends, planting himself in their way, and yelling hideously, with cries like the "expiring shrieks of a goat under a butcher's knife, or the howling of a dog in a solitary cavern."

But it is immediately before the period of death that the wraiths seem most active; and we refer our readers to an interesting account of this, in the rencounter with that of a neighbour, which was had by *Donald Doole*; forming the subject of the frontispiece of the work. The death of a person of distinction is often foretold by the shadowy appearance of what his funeral will be, and of the company that will attend it; those accustomed to such things being able to descry, not only their friends, but *themselves*, in the procession. The following account of one of these visionary burials is given by our author:

"A smith, who had a large family to provide for, was often necessitated to occupy his smithy till rather a late hour. One night, in particular, as he was turning the key of his smithy door, his notice was attracted to the public road, which lay contiguous to the smithy, by a confusion of sounds, indicative of the approach of a great concourse of people. Immediately there appeared the advanced ranks of a procession, marching four men deep, in tolerable good order, unless occasionally some unaccountable circumstance occasioned the fall of a lusty fellow, as if he had been shot by a twenty-four pounder. Thunderstruck at the nature and number of the marvellous procession, the smith, honest man, reclined his back to the door, witnessing a continuation of the same procession for nearly an hour, without discovering any thing further of the character of those who composed it, than that they betokened a repletion of the *Usquebaugh*. At length, the appearance of the hearse, and its awful ensigns, together with the succeeding line of coaches, developed the nature of the concern. It was then that the smith's knees began to smite each other, and his hair to stand on an end. The recent demise of his venerable chieftain confirmed his conviction of its being a *Taish*, (or shadowy anticipated funeral,) and a very formidable one too. Not choosing to see the rear, he directed his face homewards, whither he fled with the swiftness of younger years, and was not backward in favouring his numerous acquaintances with a full and particular account of the whole scene. This induced many honest people to assume the smithy door as their stance of observation on the day of the funeral, which took place a few days after; and, to his honour be it told, every circumstance detailed by the smith in his relation accurately happened; and this established his veracity in all time thereafter."

After death, the Ghost is said by our author to be in its *post-*

* Let not our learned readers sneer at all this, nor deny the possibility of such beings being wounded with steel, or burned with scalding water. They must not forget, that, according to Homer, similar disasters often happened to the Deities contending in battle during the Trojan war; and that Mars himself, when pierced with a sword, ran wailing to Jupiter, with as little dignity as Clashnichd fled from the miller's wife.

existent state; but it does not seem clear whether that means the soul of the departed, or his wraith, or co-attendant spirit. Be that as it may, however, the idea of such a being had not a little influence.

Mrs. Grant says finely—"The lofty visions that shew man to be imperishable, and still connected by links of tender recollection with those once loved or esteemed, have in themselves something not only interesting, but aggrandizing. Where the mind was deeply, though not clearly impressed with the sense of immortality, every thing connected with a being that ceased not to exist, assumed importance. The image, once dear and pleasing, became awful and impressive, when it was supposed, from the passing cloud, or rapid whirlwind, to look with kindness on those who mourned its departure. To those who had no deep-felt apprehension of futurity, the path of the departed was but as that of a meteor, hurrying past with transient brightness. With the fond enthusiast, who listened for the whispers of the passing spirit, and caught short glimpses of the dim seen form, it was far otherwise. They thought of the sacred dead as we do of a benignant planet, which, though beyond our reach, still sheds sweet influence over us."*

But it was not only in a sentimental, but a moral point of view, that the belief in **Ghosts** was supposed to have valuable effects. Guardian uncles have been too often faithless and cruel; and from the Babes in the Wood, up to the ill-fated nephews of the treacherous Richard, too many, alas! have suffered. But not so the wards of the Highland *tuit-fhears*, (for such is the Gaelic term for a tutor so near in blood;) and to the general feeling impressed by a belief of the Spirits of the departed knowing what still passes among men, and occasionally interfering in their concerns, Mrs. Grant ascribes it, that, in the authenticated instances, and even legends of the Highland Clans, she remembered only a solitary instance of want of fidelity in such a guardian. These feelings are even a strong incitement to affectionate performance of duties. "My mother's shade (said the amiable Charlotte) hovers round me, when in the evening I sit with her children: when I behold them assembled about me as they used to be about her, I then turn my swimming eyes towards Heaven, and wish she could be amongst us, and see that I fulfil the promise which I made her in her dying moments, to be a mother to her orphan children."†

And here, again, we must protest against the presumption of *over-wisdom*; nor can we agree with our author, that "nothing can appear more surprising, than that any human being, possessing the *rational* faculties of human nature, could entertain any idea so *preposterous*" as those of the popular belief. Far greater men than our author, great as he is, have at least not slighted the belief in **ghosts**. Dr. Johnson was understood to have had faith in the

* Mrs. Grant on the Highlanders, vol. ii. page 98.

† Sorrows of Werter.

Cocklane Ghost, and Dr. Pitcairn, Dr. Franklin, and Lord Rochester, saw nothing improbable in the return of the spirits of the deceased. But the strongest instance of that belief in an eminent man, has lately come to light in a memoir printed, though not published, of Sir James Steuart, the great author of the "*Political Economy*." He made a regular compact with an intimate friend, that whichever of them should die first, was, at a certain place, and at a certain time after death, to meet the survivor. The friend died first: Sir James kept his appointment, in anxious hope to meet the shade of the departed, and was not a little disappointed at its not appearing.

It has been said by wise persons, that all wrongs have a remedy; and the influence of ghosts and spectres being so potent, we cannot but here advert to the most approved *safeguards* from them. Now, some bits of rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, placed as a cross, have been found very effectual in this respect; and the writer of this article, having on one occasion a country wet-nurse for his child, found such talisman in its cradle. The good woman said she put it there "to keep off ill een frae the bairn," and it certainly had the desired effect, as a more healthy child never existed. But of all expedients, that of *turning back the cuff of one's coat* has the greatest effect, and generally discovers any straggling ghost which may be near, though otherwise invisible. It was this which enabled Donald Doole to see the wraith of his neighbour's wife, as shown in the frontispiece of our author's book; and the power of Venus herself did not more effectually open her son's eyes to the hostile deities overturning the walls of Troy, according to Virgil, on the fatal night of its destruction, than this simple operation did these of Donald. As to the *exorcism of ghosts*, we must refer our readers to Sir Walter Scott's account (in his *Border Minstrelsy*,) of the mode in which a Reverend Minister of Peebles dispossessed one; and as connected with the subject, the curious inquirer may take some interest in knowing how the matter was managed by the Jews, according to rules which, Josephus tells us, were prescribed by no less a person than Solomon: "The exorciser," he says, "applied a ring to the nostrils of the person possessed, with a piece of root conveyed under the seal of it; the demoniac did but smell to it, and the devil was drawn out by the nose."*

The next set of supernatural beings mentioned by our author are Fairies: they are considered to be a part of the fallen spirits thrown down from heaven, for having joined Satan in the "great rebellion," and of which, as our Author remarks, "the Highland mountains received an ample store." Our bounds do not admit of our saying all that is due to beings of such high descent: we may observe, however, that the Highland Fairies do not seem to have been so genteel, nor so splendid and elegant, as those mentioned in the *Fairy Tales*, with habiliments "of white and gold, dropped

* Josephus's Jewish Antiquities, Book VIII.

with diamonds." Nor were their garbs (as our Author says) wove by the shuttle of Iris, but by that "of some greasy Highland weaver." The jurisdiction of Queen Mab never extended to Scotland, and the Scottish fairies appear never to have deserted their leader Satan; though, from all we can learn, his dominion over them was but imperfect. The fairies lived in communities, inhabiting old castles, and were a gay race, as we constantly hear of their mirth and dancing; but wo to the unfortunate wight who was ever tempted to join their revels! Their not being always visible, and the difficulty of associating with them, render our knowledge of them incomplete; but they seem to have lived in a primitive state of society, each being his own tradesman in all kinds of work—"his own weaver—his own tailor—his own shoemaker." Yet, contrary to the theory of Adam Smith, that only the *division of labour* makes clever workmen, they were frequently most expert. The author shows this, by mentioning "a fairy shoemaker, who sewed a pair of shoes for a Highland shepherd during the time that the latter mealed a cog of porridge for him." The sceptics may try to account for this, from their favourite *natural causes*, by alleging that a sharp-set appetite produced exertion; but what will they say of a fairy *barber*, who "actually shaved a man with no better razor than the palm of his hand, and yet did it so effectually, that *he never afterwards required to undergo the same operation?*" This must confound unbelievers, and we shall testify our faith in this story, by saying, that we wish, from our hearts, that we could fall in with a similar operator; for, what a blessing would it be, to be freed at once and for ever from that galling servitude which all of us are under to *bristly beards!* But there is still another incontestable evidence of the existence of fairy tradesmen. The truth is, as mentioned by our author, that the workmen of the great Michael Scott were all fairies; and it is only in that way that it could be accounted for, that some stupendous bridges in the north country were built by him in the course of a single night. These naturally gave the reputation to Michael of being *uncanny*, and it was much dreaded that in his death his fate would be mournful. Michael, who was a good political economist, however, knew, that, as a capitalist, he was entitled to go to the best market, both for materials and labour; and he was thus excusable for hiring fairies, if they were good workmen. To relieve the minds of his kind well-wishers, and preserve a good fame when dead, he fell on the following interesting device, which, with the result, as they regard so great a man, we give in the author's own words.

"When I am just dead," said he, "open my breast, and extract my heart. Carry it to some place where the public may see the result. You will then transfix it upon a long pole, and if Satan will have my soul, he will come in the likeness of a black raven, and carry it off; and if my soul will be saved, it will be carried off by a white dove." His friends faithfully obeyed his instructions. Having exhibited his heart in the manner directed, a large black raven was observed to come from the east with great fleetness; while a white dove came from the west with equal velocity. The raven made a furious dash at the heart, missing which, it was unable

to curb its force, till it was considerably past it: and the dove, reaching the spot at the same time, carried off the heart amidst the cheers and ejaculations of the spectators."

Our readers know how customary it was for fairies to steal healthy children, and substitute ill-thriven wretches in their place; but not content with doing so, they occasionally took away even grown-up persons, of an instance of which our author gives the following interesting account:

"There was once a courageous clever man, of the name of John Roy, who lived in Glenbrown, in the parish of Abernethy. One night, as John Roy was out traversing the hills for his cattle, he happened to fall in with a fairy banditti, whose manner of travelling indicated that they carried along with them some booty. Recollecting an old, and, it seems, a faithful saying, that the fairies are obliged to exchange any booty they may possess for any return, however unequal in value, on being challenged to that effect, John Roy took off his bonnet, and threw it towards them, demanding a fair exchange in the emphatic Gaelic phrase, *Sluis sho slumus sheen*.* It was, no doubt, an unprofitable barter for the fairies. They, however, it would appear, had no other alternative, but to comply with John Roy's demand; and in room of the bonnet, they abandoned the burden, which turned out to be nothing more nor less than a fine fresh lady, who, from her dress and language appeared to be a *Sasonach*. With great humanity, John Roy conducted the unfortunate lady to his house, where she was treated with the utmost tenderness for several years; and the endearing attentions paid to her by John and his family, won so much her affections, as to render her soon happy in her lot. Her habits became gradually assimilated to those of her new society, and the Saxon lady was no longer viewed in any other character than as a member of John Roy's family.

"It happened, however, in the course of time, that the *new* king found it necessary to make the great roads through those countries by means of soldiers, for the purpose of letting coaches and carriages pass to the northern cities; and those soldiers had officers and commanders in the same way as our fighting army have now. Those soldiers were never great favourites in these countries, particularly during the time that our own kings were alive; and, consequently, it was no easy matter for them, either officers or men, to procure for themselves comfortable quarters. But John Roy forgot the national animosity of his countrymen to the *Cottan Darg*, when the latter appealed to his generosity as an individual; and he, accordingly, did not hesitate to offer an asylum under his roof to a *Saxon* captain and his son, who commanded a party employed in his immediate neighbourhood. His offer was thankfully accepted of, and while the strangers were highly delighted at the cleanliness and economy of the house and family of their host, the latter was quite satisfied with the frankness and urbanity of manners displayed by his guests. One thing, however, caused some feelings of uneasiness to John Roy, and that was the extreme curiosity manifested by them, whenever they were in the company or presence of his *English* foundling, on whom their eyes were continually rivetted, as if she were a *ghost* or a fairy. On one occasion, it happened that the captain's son lapsed into a state of the profoundest meditation, gazing upon this lady with silent emotion. 'My son,' says the captain, his father, 'tell me what is the cause of your deep meditation?'—'Father,' replies the sweet youth, 'I think on the days that are gone; and of my dearest mother, who is now no more. I have been led into those reflections by the appearance of that lady who is now before me. Oh, father! does she not strikingly resemble the late partner of your heart; she for whom you so often mourn in secret?'—'Indeed, my son,' replied the father, 'the resemblance has frequently recurred to me too forcibly. Never were twin sisters more like; and, were not the thing impossible, I should even say she was my dearest departed wife;'—pronouncing her name as he spoke, and also the names of characters nearly connected to both parties. Attracted by the mention of her real name, which she had not heard repeated for a number of years before, and attracted still more by the nature of their conversation, the lady, on strict examination of the appearance of the strangers, instantly recognised her ten-

* Mine is yours, and yours is mine.

der husband and darling son. Natural instinct could be no longer restrained. She threw herself upon her husband's bosom; and Ossian, the son of Fingal, could not describe in adequate terms the transports of joy that prevailed at the meeting. Suffice it to say, that the *Saxon* lady was again restored to her affectionate husband, pure and unblemished as when he lost her, and John Roy gratified by the only reward he would accept of—the pleasure of doing good.

“From the sequel of the story, it appears that some of the hordes of fairies, inhabiting the “Shian of Coir-laggack,” found it convenient, for purposes which may be easily guessed at, to take a trip to the south of England, and made no scruple to kidnap this lady in the absence of her husband, and on the occasion of her accouchement. A stock was, of course, deposited in her stead—which, of *course*, died in a few days after—and which of *course*, was interred in the full persuasion of *its* being the lady in question, with all the splendour which her merits deserved. Thus would the perfidious fairies have enjoyed the fruits of their cunning, without even a suspicion of their knavery, were it not for the ‘cleverness and generosity of John Roy, who once lived in Glenbrown.’”

The BROWNIE has been generally considered large and lubberly, like Shakspeare's Caliban; but the Highland Brownie, our author tells us, was a handsome fellow, and was so called from his being of a brown complexion. They were extremely useful and faithful attendants on several Highland families, as long as the successors of their estates were lineal. They took a kindly interest in all their concerns; and neighbours remarked, that wherever a brownie was, the affairs of the family went on well, according to the frequency of his visits. Our author alludes to the two well-known Brownies of Tullochgorum. The affectionate guardianship of the female one, called *Maggy*, is well known over the Highlands; and a friend of ours has mentioned to us, that an acquaintance of his having, on a time, gone to wait on the laird, previous to his setting out for Germany, and having mentioned to him, in a field where he met him, that, in the house, he had just seen, in the cradle, his young child, with a girl in a yellow petticoat sitting by it, “Oh!” said the laird, with pleasure, “I am glad to hear it, “for that girl must have been our *Maggy*.”

The WATER-KELPIES were spirits inhabiting lakes, like the water-cows, mentioned in notes to the first work of the Ettrick Shepherd; and the object of both sets of them was to beguile unthinking mortals, and carry them into their watery dwellings, where they devoured them.

The “moss-traversing SPUNKIES” were, no doubt, spirits, but their bodies were the *ignis fatuus*, frequently misleading strangers by its sparkling light.

But it was no wonder that that being had power in the Highlands of Scotland, for our learned friends will remember its having been sent, by the gods, to glow among the hair of Servius Tullius,* to give promise of his future greatness as sovereign of Rome: and a similar omen, in an earlier age, occurring, with regard to the young Iulus, during that terrible night, to which we have so often alluded, when Troy was in flames, was the sign of the will of heaven that old Anchises should no longer object to setting out on that

* Livy.

great expedition, which was to lead to future empire, the patriotic Trojans escaping with their country's gods.

Cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum.
Namque manus inter mæstorumque ora parentum,
Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fundere Lumen apex, tactuque innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas, et circum tempora pasci.*

We have now reached the last great division of our subject, namely, WITCHCRAFT; a matter of not a little interest, and deserving more ample inquiry than we can spare for it here. Witches were but few among the ancients, and we can scarcely remember any others than Hecate and Horace's Canidia, who seems, according to him, to have had, however, not a little power.

Refixa cœlo devocare sidera.†

The reason of this lesser prevalence in ancient than in modern times, was—what we alluded to before—the want of a right devil; for our modern witches are mere deputies of Satan, employed in his *increasing business*. Why old women have been generally pitched on as his coadjutors does not seem clear, but there is little doubt of the fact. Have we not the strong testimony of Tam o' Shanter in Burns? and was not the sad adventure of the husband of the Witch of Fife, told us by Hogg, important and convincing? But if poets are not competent authorities, may we not refer to far graver writers? Sir George Mackenzie, (known to our countrymen by the name of the Bluidie M'Kenzie,) who was his Majesty's Advocate, and had the best opportunity of knowing about it, in his treatise on Criminal Law, actually describes the *Devil's nip* on old women, which was a pinch that he generally gave to witches, leaving a discoloured spot, to show them to be his own, like the farmer's *buist*, or *mark*, on a flock of sheep. But, besides, did not even our erudite King James VI. believe in old wives being witches? And does not Lord Fountainhall, in his account of his times, record an instance of various women having been brought to Edinburgh prison, for having actually danced with the devil on Heriot Moor, when it was established, that a deposed member of Crichton, by his direction, walked behind them with a long whip, the frequent smacks of which accelerated the vivacity of the reel? But, moreover, do not the records of our Justiciary Court (the authenticity of which none has doubted) bear testimony of very many trials of old women, who actually admitted that they were witches, *condescending* most specially on their communication with Satan? and, what is generally understood as proof positive, they went to death confessing it: all this happened not in few, but in hundreds of instances. And, farther, and still more materially, have not testimonials of witchcraft been held to be found in many texts of scripture? It is true, that Mr. Paterson, a seceding minister at

* Æneid, Lib. II. l. 680.

† Epod. Lib. V. car. 17.

Midmar, in the north country, has written a treatise against the ordinary interpretation of such texts, in which he shows, that the Bible was translated in times when witchcraft was generally believed, which makes our copies have the appearance of supporting it. With some ingenuity, he has also succeeded in showing that nothing more was meant than a species of ventriloquism, when the Bible speaks of familiar spirits, "which peep and mutter with sounds coming out of the ground, and talk as whispering out of the dust:" but all that author's well-meant and zealous attempts to *lay* the Witch of Endor have been wholly vain; and not one word which he has written has, in the smallest degree, injured the authority of the passages regarding her, which, in all ages of the church, have been quoted in support of witchcraft. We may be told that witches have been "*put down*" by act of parliament, and that the legislature drove them away by its enactments: but all this is nothing to the purpose: kings, lords, and commons, have no command over the powers of the air; and our serious readers may rest satisfied, that the "*sway of the Evil One is as great still as it ever was; that he still meets as often as ever with his chosen friends the witches, and that they still ride with him through the air on broomsticks, as much as they ever did.*" On the truth of those positions we peril our literary reputation, and will ever support them to the utmost, let sceptics say what they will!

Having thus defended witches from the attacks of infidelity, we shall conclude what we have to say on the subject, by some allusions to our author's account of them. It seems to be agreed, on all hands, that witches have the complete power of transformation. The shape of *hares* is often taken, the more unobservedly to bewitch the fields and their produce. To impede the plough, a stubborn witch will often lay herself before the ploughshare, in the semblance of a large stone, which the ploughman, if he does his duty, generally breaks in pieces out of despite of her. For more domestic purposes, the form of a *cat* is often resorted to by witches; and the carlines, in such disguise, find much facility in running out and in to one another, unobserved, and meeting their master the devil. There are many well-established instances of their misdeeds in such form, and the following is one of them:—A Laird of Rosay returning from a hunting-match in the Isle of Lewes, with his followers, was overtaken by a sea-storm. The chief had himself taken the helm, and was keeping the vessel steadily in her course towards a lofty point in Skye,

"When, lo! (says our author) to their great astonishment, a large cat was seen to climb the rigging. This cat was soon followed by another of equal size, and the last by a successor, until at length the shrouds, masts, and the whole tackle, were actually covered with them. Nor did the sight of all those cats, although he knew well enough their real character, intimidate the resolute Razay, until a large black cat, larger than any of the rest, appeared on the mast-head, as commander-in-chief of the whole legion. Razay, on observing him, instantly foresaw the result; he, however, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and immediately commanded an attack upon the cats—but, alas! it soon proved abortive. With a

simultaneous effort, the cats overturned the vessel on her leeward wale, and every soul on board were precipitated into a watery grave."

This anecdote relates to the witches prevailing. We shall give another, which is just as true, where the hags were overcome through the fidelity of a wife, and the sly dexterity of her husband. The wife had appeared to consent to become a witch, and she was to be initiated on a pool in the Avon, where the Ladies of the Broom Sticks were assembled for the purpose. The wife having concerted with her husband, he took her dress, and acted her part.

"On his resorting to the pool's side, (says our author,) he saw abundance of Hags steering themselves to and fro in their riddles, by means of their oars, the brooms, hallooing and skirling worse than the bogles, and each holding in her left hand a torch of fir,—whilst at other times they would swirl themselves into a row, and make profound obeisance to a large black ugly tyke, perched on a lofty rock, who was, no doubt, the 'Muckle Thief' himself, and who was pleased to acknowledge most graciously those expressions of their loyalty and devotion, by bowing, grinning, and clapping his paws. Having administered to the *bride* (for so the novice witch was called) some preliminary instructions, the impatient wives desired him to remain by the pool's side, until they should commune with his Satanic Highness on the subject of *her* inauguration, directing *her*, as they proceeded on their voyage across the pool, to speed them in their master's name. To this order the *bride* was resolved to pay particular attention. As soon as they were embarked in their riddles, however, and had wriggled themselves, by means of their brooms, into a proper depth of water, 'Go,' says he, 'in the name of the Best.' A horrid yell from the witches announced their instant fate,—the magic spell was now dissolved—crash went the riddles, and down sank the witches, never more to rise, amidst the shrieks and lamentations of the Old Thief, and all his infernal crew, whose combined power and policy could not save them from a watery end."

But there is one noted witch slightly mentioned by our author, of whom we should like to hear a good deal more. (See page 198.) We allude to the *Goodwife of Laggan*: now, she must have been a neighbour, and perhaps an acquaintance of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, through whose instructive and interesting work on this curious subject we have searched in vain for information about her. We trust that that intelligent lady will take the hint, and supply the defect in the next edition, by a copious account of her.

The treatise before us, though not remarkable for any particular merit, yet deserves some praise. The reader will remember, that the Spectator remarks, that we are often desirous "to know even the personal appearance of an author who instructs us." The same observation is applicable to professions; we wish to know the lines of life of those whose works we read with pleasure. We felt that anxiety here; but, as the Covenanter said of the Episcopalian, "Busk ye as ye like, I see the horns of the mitre," so our author has not been able to conceal his being a limb of the law. Various allusions in his book show this. Thus, there is one to an infetment at page 54, and one to the style of an indenture at page 170; but, above all, his well-founded suggestion, at page 168, of a "*claim of relief*," against Auld Nick, for the value of a cow, which he had given to a poor Highlander for his soul, and which had been *evicted* from him as stolen goods. We therefore say we have no doubt that this *author* is in truth a *writer*. But with this discovery,

let him not be afraid of the present critic, who is himself of the ordinary trade,* as well as he; and in a paper so much connected with Scotland as this is, we may say that "*ae corby is loth to pike out anothers e'e.*" After all, however, he does not require to shelter himself under such a plea of mercy, for he has really produced a very distinct *memorial* on his case; and, what is but rare in such productions, it is a *very amusing one*. It is a good specimen of his arrangement and talent for neat composition, and a swatch which we trust may produce him many good orders, where the proceeds will be less shadowy and more substantial than Ghaists and Goblins.


In his next edition, he must really give us some account, and a few well-authenticated instances of *Second Sight*, which has been improperly overlooked by him; for what Dr. Johnson believed must not be slighted.

We recommend to him the perusal of Collins' Ode to Dr. Carlyle, and the late lamented Lord Kennedder's addition to it, on Highland Superstitions. The last of them particularly abounds with information; as for the first, it is much more poetical than perspicuous, and has added nothing, which we can discover at least, to the knowledge previously possessed on its subject. We advise our author to pursue his research, and shall be happy to see him again before us. Next jaunt he takes to his mountain clients, we trust he will find leisure to do so; and that from their proofs and protests, deeds and declarations, tacks, tailzies, and testaments, he may spare a little time for their Feys and their Fairies, their Witches and their Warlocks.

* In Ancient Greece, each district had a separate *dialect*. So it is also in Scotland; and the same word in different quarters has different significations. At Paisley, by the term *Ordinary Trade* is meant a *Weaver*; at Edinburgh, the same expression means either a *Writer* or an *Advocat*.

THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE.

Continued from Page 111.

“  **“**Evening as we were sitting down to our homely meal, Pauline and I were alarmed by the trampling of horses close to our cottage; and presently our door was opened by a well-drest man, who delivered into my hands a lovely little infant, for which, in the ever-honoured name of my dear lady, he besought my protection. He excused himself from explaining particulars, but informed me, that it was the wish of his lady that you should be kept, as long as possible, ignorant of your real parents; nor was I even permitted to reveal your name under any circumstances whatever. The only memorial of your identity is a small locket which you will find in the drawer of that little cabinet, the gift of your unfortunate mother to my wife: by that token you may one day be discovered. Till then rest satisfied; and remember, my Matilda, in all your hours of adversity, that a *suprême* Power guides your fate, and that the Supreme Judgment is unerring:—learn, then, to bear with resignation whatever ills may befall you!”

Matilda, unwilling to distress him with her own emotion, suppressed, as much as possible, her feelings; and his increasing illness took from her all other concern, and she attended him with unceasing care. Her tender zeal soothed the pains of infirmity, but could not prolong his existence beyond its limited period; and, a few days after her arrival at the cottage, Leonard expired in her arms!

Overpowered with grief, Matilda continued motionless at the bed-side of Leonard, until awakened to a painful sense of her desolate situation by the old woman who had attended him since the death of Pauline;—who wondered, she declared, what good fretting and crying there would do.

Matilda, thinking it advisable to make this woman her friend, rose from her suppliant posture, and, wiping away her tears, assured Maud she would do whatever she thought best: then, with forced composure, seated herself at the table, and affected to partake of the repast with which Maud was plentifully regaling herself. Her politeness gratified the old lady, who, in her turn, began to take more complacent notice of her companion,

"And, so, miss," said she, in a voice rather softened "you have lost your father!—Ah! well—it's a sad thing, to be sure; but, pray, what is it you mean to do now?—you are not strong enough for hard work."

"Any thing, good Maud," replied Matilda; "I am not ashamed to earn an honest livelihood by labour, should I find it necessary."

"That's right," replied Maud; "for most girls now are too proud or too lazy to work. When I was a girl——"

Matilda, unwilling to hear the recapitulation of her youthful exploits, interrupted her, by saying—"Truly, Maud, my situation is a melancholy one!"

"Melancholy enough!" returned the old woman shrugging her shoulders, and looking apprehensively around; "for my own part, I don't much like moping here with a coffin in the room;—'tis very dismal, and I hope it will be soon removed."

To this *feeling* harangue Matilda made no reply. The next words of Maud caught her attention:—

"To be sure," resumed she, "I could tell you of a situation, where you would not be very hard worked; but that would not be much better than burying yourself alive."

"Name it, I entreat you," said Matilda, impatiently.

"It is to take charge of a mad lady," said Maud.

"A mad lady!" re-echoed the disappointed Matilda; but recollecting herself, she resumed:—"but is she very bad—incurable?"

"Santa Marie!" exclaimed the woman, crossing herself;—"how should I know? I will tell you all the story—then you may judge.—A great baron, William de Barome, I think his name was, rebelled against the king of England; and, after affairs were settled, refusing to give up his son as an hostage, was ordered by John into confinement, with all his family. The baron, however, made his escape; and it is supposed that the lady found means to dispose of the child, for neither have been heard of since: she is now under the care of Sir Roger de Lacy, and is reported to be raving mad. I have a sister who has attended her these two years, in a lone Castle: but she writes me word that she is tired of the solitary life she leads, and means to resign her place, though she does not care to leave the poor soul without an attendant, I would offer myself to

supply her place, but am too old to go travelling about now: so I think you might undertake it, if you are not afraid to cross the sea."

"Never fear," said Matilda: "if you are willing to recommend me, I will not let trifling obstacles impede me."

They then parted—Maud to arrange her household concerns, and Matilda to inspect the cabinet mentioned by Leonard. Within the drawers she found the locket described: it was in the form of an eagle supporting a coronet; the wings of the bird beautifully shaded with coloured gems; the coronet of rubies; on the back was a device in dark hair, with a cypher, W. B. In another drawer she found a folded paper, in which was gold and silver coin to the amount of about one hundred and fifty pounds; and a plait of light auburn hair. On the envelope was written, in the hand of Leonard—"The gift of my lady to Pauline du Pont; preserved, entire, for the use of her daughter Matilda."

Matilda was sensibly affected at the benevolent intentions of Leonard, and her tears flowed unrestrained.—Knowing it would not be in her power to take the large cabinet with her, she packed her little memorials in a separate case, and prepared to give orders for the interment of Leonard. When his remains were consigned to their native earth, she felt all the affliction of a daughter. The debt of gratitude paid, Matilda waited, in anxious suspense, the answer to a letter of introduction which she had written to Mrs. Barlow, Maud's sister; and tedious did the time seem that intervened. At length her uneasiness was removed by the arrival of a favourable answer from Mrs. Barlow, who readily resigned her office.

In a few days all was ready for Matilda's departure, and her passage taken in a trading vessel then bound for England. In respect to Maud, Matilda presented her with their little cottage, and all the effects they possessed; and, after writing an affectionate farewell letter to Lady de Warrenne, visited the grave of Leonard, and bedewed it with the tears of sensibility; then, with a heart more oppressed than usual, stepped into the boat which was to convey her to the ship. A faint sickness came over her as she was lifted up the side of the vessel. The sailors paid her every attention, kindly seated her on deck, and, wrapping a watch-coat round her, left her to her own meditations; while they, with cheerful hearts, weighed anchor, and, in a favourable gale springing up, soon lost sight of land.

Fortunately there were other female passengers on board, from whom Matilda experienced the utmost kindness during her sickness, which was excessive; and her joy was great, when, after a tedious passage, they arrived at Torbay, from whence she could proceed with ease to the place of her destination.

At the place appointed she was met by the man who was sent by Mrs. Barlow to conduct her to the Castle, and who had been several days waiting the arrival of the ship. He greeted her in his uncouth dialect; and Matilda, sick, spiritless, or probably not comprehending him, mounted the horse provided for her in silence, which the man, offended at her reserve, did not attempt to break: in this cheerless manner they travelled near fourteen miles across a country rugged and barren. Accustomed to a warmer climate, Matilda found the cold bleak air intense; but the man, hardened to his native soil, felt not the inconvenience that her repeated shiverings declared her to suffer.

At length they arrived at the gates of a large gloomy-looking Castle. Her conductor, alighting, sounded a horn, which, echoing through the vaulted roofs, made the heart of Matilda shrink back, appalled. After waiting a considerable time the rusty hinges began to creak; the gate was opened, and a woman made her appearance, who soon announced herself to be Mrs. Barlow.—Casting her piercing eyes upon the trembling girl, she muttered something in a disconcerted tone; and, with a slight inclination of her head, led the way into a small saloon, furnished more commodiously than could have been expected from the external appearance of the building. When seated, Matilda had an opportunity of observing her companion, who, in her turn, paid no less attention to the dress and person of her guest.

The personal attractions of Mrs. Barlow were by no means prepossessing; her tall bony figure could boast but little elegance or symmetry in the formation; and a pair of sharp-twinkling grey eyes, divided by a nose of enormous length, gave little charms to a countenance furrowed by age.

"You may well be surprised, child," said she, observing that Matilda surveyed her with a look of astonishment. "You may well be surprised, I say, that a person of my pretensions should bury myself in this frightful solitude to associate with none but lunatics or ignorant country

boors: but, I assure you, so far from wishing to enter the gay world, it is my sole desire to hide myself from the sight of man, where I shall be sure to avoid the temptations which delude so many of my sex into the paths of vice.—but, I declare, I find this incessant confinement too much for my spirits, and my constitution, naturally delicate, is materially injured; so that I am glad you are come, for you look so dismally, that this place will be quite in your own style.”

Matilda, in hopes to escape from her affected hostess, complained of fatigue, and requested to retire. Mrs. Barlow, with much good-nature, made her some tea, and then conducted her into a neatly-furnished chamber, where she told her she might rest that night, but that on the next she must take possession of her chamber.

Matilda gladly wished her a good night. After offering up her orisons to Heaven for her safety, she prepared to take that repose which she was so much in need of. In the morning, Mrs. Barlow came into her apartment, and ordered her to prepare to visit their unfortunate maniac.—Matilda instantly dressed herself, and followed her conductress through a long gallery, hung round on each side with whole length portraits of the celebrated warriors who had distinguished themselves in the family of De Lacy for centuries past. The next apartment they came to was a kind of armoury, from whence issued a pair of folding doors, through which they passed. In a magnificently furnished room stood a sofa, upon which reclined a lovely woman, in an elegant but careless undress. She raised herself at their entrance, and fixed her eyes on Matilda with a vacant stare, who beheld with lively compassion her piteous state. Her hair, a bright flaxen, hung dishevelled over her face and neck, and the most perfect insensibility sat on every feature.

Matilda softened into tears; gazed mournfully on the fair sufferer, who was tying in careless knots her long tresses. Mrs. Barlow soon contrived to draw Matilda from the room, and, leading her through the several apartments, instructed her in the nature of her new situation.

“This room,” said she, speaking of one adjoining that in which they had left Lady Barome, “you may consider as your own: within it is the one where my lady sleeps; beyond it is a library, where you will find drawing and writing materials; the picture gallery is your boundary, you are never to pass beyond, except on parti-

cular occasions. Whenever you want any thing, ring the bell, and Margery will attend you. Your sole business is to dress and undress my Lady, walk with her on the ramparts, a privilege she is necessarily allowed, and attend her at meals: the rest of your time you may occupy as you please. She is attended once a week by a physician, and sometimes Sir William takes it into his head to visit the Castle; on these occasions you must keep yourself as much as possible secreted. Margery will tell you of their approach."

The comfortable air the place wore, to what she had been led to expect, filled her with a gleam of satisfaction; and the hope that her assiduous care might, in time, assist in recalling reason to the unhappy lady, made her determine to brave all other disagreeables, and she acquainted Mrs. Barlow with her settled resolution to attend upon Lady Barome.

Mrs. Barlow departed the next day, and Matilda repaired to the apartment of her Lady, and assisted her to rise, who soon after sat down to her breakfast. A harp stood in one corner of the room, which Matilda, after running her fingers over the chords, found to be in tolerable tune. As Lady Warrenne had taken great pains to instruct her on that instrument, she was rather a proficient, and soon struck off a lively French air. The next which she chose was a plaintive, affecting strain, which she accompanied with her melodious voice. Wholly absorbed in her pleasing occupation, she for a while forgot her accustomed attention to Lady Barome, who had risen from her seat, and hung enraptured upon Matilda's chair. Perceiving the effect of the music, she continued to play, without appearing to notice her. In a little time she perceived the tears fall slowly down her cheeks. She then ceased playing, and Lady Barome, clasping her hands together, exclaimed—

"Oh! you are an angel!"

Matilda, joyful at her approaching return of reason, took this opportunity to inform her of the change of her household; but ere her tale was finished, the wandering senses of the beauteous sufferer were again fled. From this time Lady Barome had many short lucid intervals, during which she seemed to manifest the strongest partiality for Matilda, who omitted nothing that could contribute to soften the severity of the malady.

Lady Barome, being once more than usually tranquil said to Matilda——

“ I will now shew you my favourite spot, where I pass the only happy hours that I can experience in this miserable captivity.

She then led the way to the picture gallery, where the first portrait that engaged the attention of Matilda, was that of a warrior, whose stature was almost gigantic. His features were boldly delineated, but his eyes seemed to gleam with cunning malignity.

“ That,” said Lady Barome, shaking and averting her head, “ is my jailor, the owner of this Castle;—the Marquis De Lacý. Observe the youth who is trying on his helmet, while he wields his enormous sword, which he seems gloriously to bear.”

Matilda needed not to have this object pointed out to her; her eyes were already fixed on a youth of graceful deportment, upon whose open countenance a glorious ardour seemed diffused, while his eyes were raised to the spectator with a look capable of inspiring the most enthusiastic sentiments of admiration.

“ That,” said Lady Barome, “ is his son; the youthful and reputed amiable Valtimond.”

They then passed several not worthy of notice. At length she stopped opposite a picture representing a lady and gentleman, who hung with apparent fondness over a lovely infant.

“ That is my sister with her husband and child.— Another time I may, perhaps, be able to reveal to you the story of my misfortunes. But this,” cried she, breaking from Matilda, and throwing herself on her knees before the portrait of a gentleman, “ this engages all my attention!”

Matilda, with terror, perceived the wildness of her looks, and attempted to raise her; but she gave a tremendous shriek, exclaiming——

“ Ah! barbarous!——attempt not to tear me from my lord——my husband!——I will stay with my William!——Hark!—his groans——oh! they have murdered him!!—Great God, he dies!”

She fell prostrate on her face. Matilda, struck with affright ran into the adjoining room, and rang the bell with

violence. Margery instantly appeared, who assisted to carry their lady to bed, where she continued some time in frantic delirium. Nature was at length exhausted, and she sunk into a torbid slumber.

During Matilda's residence at the Castle, Sir Roger had never once troubled them with his visits, and her time would have passed comfortably enough, had Lady Barome been in a state of convalescence. As it was, she worked, read, or (what she particularly delighted in) walked in the picture gallery, where she would incessantly dwell on the features of young De Lacy.

"Surely," said she mentally, "this youth cannot possess the base qualities of his father! He looks amiable and engaging."

Then she would seek to divest her mind of this fascinating object, by surveying the other portraits, but in vain; she as constantly returned, and again her eyes were rivetted on the attractive Valtimond.

Lady Barome, in one of her rational intervals, proposed walking on the ramparts, to which a door opened from the armory. Thither they bent their steps; and, as they walked to and fro, Lady Barome turned towards Matilda with earnestness, and taking her hand pressed it between her own.

—"My good young friend," said she, "I now feel myself so composed, that I will relate to you the sad history of my life, and of the misfortunes which have caused me to be in this melancholy situation."

Matilda endeavoured to dissuade her from such a trying task, fearing she might be overpowered with the recollection of her sorrows. Lady Barome, however, desired her attention: she then began the following recital.

"My sister Madeline and myself were the only children of an illustrious family. Being the youngest, I was consequently the favourite. The indulgence I received from my parents caused me, at an early age, to possess a spirit and sense of dignity too much for my years; which spirit has ultimately proved my ruin."

"My sister's beauty and unaffected modesty soon procured her a train of admirers; the most favoured of which was Arthur de Warrénne, Earl of Surry."

Matilda started; but Lady Barome, not perceiving her agitation, continued.

——“ No obstacle intervening, they were married, and retired to their family seat. I loved my sister, and most severely felt the separation, being the first we had ever experienced. As I had lost the dear friend and companion of my youth, I was not sorry when my hand was solicited by William Barome, a baron of great possessions and respectable character; and I consented to an immediate union with him. It was my misfortune to lose my parents, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, about this time. The tender and assiduous affection of my husband in some measure consoled me under my grief, and the birth of a charming boy completed that happiness which I could not but know with a man possessed of the excellent qualities of my William.

“ Alas! our felicity was but of short duration. After the rupture among the barons, the tyrant John demanded hostages for our fidelity, and messengers were dispatched to seize our son. Frantic with rage, I bade defiance to his power, and refused to deliver him up. My husband applauded my resolution, but the offence was too great for pardon. Our estates were confiscated, and an order sent to take us into confinement. For myself I cared little:—my husband and my child claimed all my attention. Our house was surrounded by guards, and I was forced into a carriage with my infant. I demanded my William.—‘ Oh,’ replied one of the wretches, exultingly, ‘ he is safe enough: his Majesty has taken care of him, and served him, as he ought to serve all such rebels!’

“ I shuddered at his barbarity, and turned from him with indignation: he perceived it, and cried, exultingly—‘ Oh-ho! lady fair, your high spirit will soon be brought down: a few months confinement under our good Roger De Lacy will teach you how to carry your head so lofty?’

“ Ah! too well I knew what I had to expect from him, I had once already offended him, by repelling the freedom of his behaviour to me, and he had vowed revenge. I gave vent to the bitter anguish of my soul in a flood of tears, with which I bedewed the face of my hapless babe, and continued in sullen silence till we reached this castle. You may suppose that I was surprised at the elegant accommodation prepared for me, as I knew from the King’s man-

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date, which I had insisted upon being shewn to me, that I was to fare as a common prisoner. I suspected to what cause I was to attribute this extraordinary attention, and sickened with horror at the suggestion.

"The preservation of my child now became my sole study, as I felt a dread, lest the revenge of De Lacy should extend to the deprivation of his life; and I necessarily dissembled the abhorrence with which I received the vile proposals he incessantly persecuted me with, till I could devise some means for the disposal of my child.—Fortunately, the gentleman to whose care I was first consigned was a humane man. I had often observed the tear start to his eyes at my frequent exclamation of distress as I contemplated the sweet face of my smiling infant. Emboldened by his apparent compassion, I ventured to offer him a diamond of considerable value, provided he would carry my child to a place of security. He kindly promised that he would; and, with a heart torn with anguish, I took a last embrace of my darling—Oh! my William!—my infant Raymond!—never shall I see you more!"

"Raymond!" re-echoed Matilda. "Ah! such was the dear child I left. Say, dearest Madam, what memorials did you leave with him?"

"But one," replied Lady Barome;—a chain of silver fastened round his neck: but that may, by various accidents, have been lost."

Matilda was instantly convinced of his identity, and falling on her neck, sobbed out—

"Yes, my dearest Lady, it is your son—your own Raymond!"

She then related to her the history of her own life; concluding with an assurance that it must be no other than the son of Lady Barome which had been discovered by De Warrenne.—"The immense distance being the only consideration."

"That I can well reconcile," said Lady Barome: "the man was a Frenchman; and his desire to return to his native country might the more eagerly induce him to take charge of my Raymond: besides, the difference of his age when I parted with him, and that when he was found by De Warrenne, shews, that he must have been kept by the poor man some time. Indigence might, at last, oblige the

poor wretch to dispose of it in that manner." The probability of this reconciled them to the certainty.—
"Surely," cried Lady Barome, "just are the dispensations of Providence!—Warrenne knows not whose child he has adopted, or, in his zeal for John, he would immediately deliver him up to his persecutors."

The joy of Lady Barome now dissolved in tears, and she seemed more settled than she had yet been since Matilda had been with her. She soon insisted upon going to the gallery where she contemplated the picture of her husband with calm tranquillity; in short, Matilda began to hope for the perfect restoration of her senses, and listened, with a mixture of joy and apprehension, to the sequel of the tale, which Lady Barome took an early opportunity to continue.

"I was," she resumed, "so much afflicted at the loss of my child, that I refused all manner of sustenance for several days, during which time De Lacy failed not to torment me with his detestable passion. On my knee did I implore him to have compassion on my deplorable state, and entreated to know the fate of my husband. He seemed softened, and informed me that Barome had escaped from Corse Castle, where he had been confined, and was supposed to have taken refuge with my sister in Ireland. This intelligence gave me great satisfaction; but, as all communication was cut off between myself and family, it was impossible for me to hear any more authentic account.—Confinement, and incessant persecution, so harrassed my spirits, that my constitution suffered. The woman you found here was placed about me, and her continual murmur and ill-humour contributed to increase my own melancholy reflection, soon brought me to the miserable state which you found me in, and, by your tender care, have so far mitigated."

She then embraced Matilda, who congratulated her with sincere pleasure upon her health being so happily reinstated.

One day, while Lady Barome was enjoying her usual stroll with Matilda upon the parapet, they distinguished from afar a party of horsemen advancing towards the Castle. Two, habited in a superior manner, were engaged apart, and seemed in earnest conversation.

"What means all this!" cried Lady Barome shrieking, with dread: "I fear it bodes no good.—'Tis De Lacy; he comes, I dread, with no good intent."

Returning rather precipitately, her foot slipped, and she fell with some violence against the moulding which surrounded the parapet, and received a contusion on her head, which bled copiously: Matilda bound it with her handkerchief, and conducted her to her chamber. The numbness occasioned by the pain threw her into a dose, and Matilda quitted her for a moment to peruse a book.—Passing through the gallery, she instinctively stopped opposite her favourite picture. Again she examined it with scrupulous attention:—

"Charming Valtimond!" she exclaimed, involuntarily: "can such a countenance conceal a depraved heart?—Impossible!—Surely, were he to behold the suffering Lady, he would be melted into compassion.—Ah! would I could be convinced that he were as amiable as the canvas presents him attractive!"

"Who could be otherwise when attending to so sweet a monitress?" cried a voice from behind, which almost caused her to sink to the earth.

Turning, she beheld a youth whose features and figure soon convinced her that he was the original of the picture she had been admiring. Her quick glance struck respect into him. His first address had seemed to betray a deficiency of politeness; and, sinking on his knee, he caught her hand, and with a soft persuasive tone continued:—

"In Valtimond De Lacy behold one who pities, and is willing to relieve, the sorrows of the unfortunate Lady Barome, as far as his duty to a parent and a Sovereign will permit."

Matilda's confusion and surprise was at first so great, that she could not directly recover herself sufficiently to reply in the manner she would have wished. At length she withdrew her hand with an air of assumed severity, saying—

"For your purposed kindness, Sir, in the name of Lady Barome, I return you thanks; be assured, however, that you shall never be reduced by us to the necessity you imply. But rise from your suppliant posture; it but ill accords with your rank.—I am but a domestic in this fa-

mily; excuse me, then, if I withdraw. Your business may require privacy, and my attendance may be necessary upon my Lady."

With a reserved curtsey she then quitted the gallery, leaving Valtimond astonished at the beauty of her person and the dignity of her mein. He had, from motives of curiosity, wandered to that part of the Castle in hopes of catching a glimpse of Lady Barome, whose stay (with all the palliation given when related to him) greatly interested his feelings; and he determined to be of service to her.

Matilda, breathless with agitation, returned to the apartment of Lady Barome, and, finding her awake, related to her what had passed.

"Who knows," said that Lady to her, "but Heaven has raised us up a friend in this young man?—my heart whispers me that he is generous and feeling."

"So does mine," thought Matilda; "but I dare not trust its pleadings."

In the evening they again took their ramble in the battlements, and with no small surprise saw the whole cavalcade depart; De Lacy having had but one short interview with his prisoner, in which she affected great indisposition.

"Alas!" said Lady Barome, "all our hopes are futile!—Valtimond has thought no more of us. Perhaps we have been deceived in our favourable opinion of him."

Matilda sighed; her eyes pursued the horsemen; and a tear of mingled disappointment and despair trickled down her cheek. Complaining of the coldness of the night air, Lady Barome consented to return; and, shortly after, neither being disposed for conversation, they retired to rest.

Matilda, in vain, strove to sleep: a thousand ideas, painful and oppressive, obtruded on her mind, and kept her waking the whole night. At an early hour she rose, and, to divert her uneasiness, repaired to the gallery; when, to her infinite abashment, Valtimond, whom she supposed to be far distant, was the first object that met her eye!—She turned, covered with blushes, and would have retired. He eagerly caught her gown.—

“Why, lovely girl, this abhorrence of De Lacy!—why fly a friend who only wishes to serve you!”

“Oh, Sir!” cried Matilda, do not detain me: this is not language for me to hear. I beseech you to let me go;—Lady Barome is waiting for me.”

“Then conduct me to that Lady,” said Valtimond: “let me personally assure her of my intentions in her favour. I would fain impart consolation to her wounded mind.”

Matilda paused a few moments, unresolved in what manner it would be most prudent to act. After some hesitation, she said——

“Pardon, Sir, my irresolution; if it gives offence, I shall be concerned; but our situation is peculiarly delicate; However, placing the fullest confidence in your honour, I comply with your request:——follow me.

She then proceeded, followed by Valtimond, to the great chamber, at the door of which they met Lady Barome, who had risen, and, impatient at the absence of her young companion, hastened to seek her.——She started at the first sight of the stranger who accompanied her; but, soon guessing who it was, with calm dignity demanded his business.

The countenance of Valtimond, hitherto flushed with hope, now fell.——“Alas! Madam,” cried he, “how shall I be able to deprecate your anger, for the presumption I have been guilty of in thus intruding on your privacy! I have, though unknown, unfortunately incurred your displeasure. I see, by the coldness and disdain with which you treat me, that you think me arrogant and unfeeling. Believe me, I came not here to offer you insult, but to convince you, by the most fervent protestations, that you have but to command me.

Convinced, by the respectful manner of his address, and the expression of ingenuousness upon his countenance, that he was interested in their welfare, Lady Barome extended her hand to him in token of friendship: he prest it to his lips, and vowed, with energy, to protect her with his life from injury. They soon became mutually pleased with each other, he having first obtained permission to visit them next day, to contrive plans for their future welfare.

Valtimond waited upon them the next day, and Lady Barome acquainted him with those circumstances of which he was ignorant ; as, also, with the history of Matilda, concealing only the name of Arthur De Warrenne.—He heard her with unconcealed emotion, and again renewed his offers of service, of which Lady Barome immediately availed herself.

Fixing her eyes with expressive earnestness upon his face, she said——“ I believe your protestations sincere ;—prove my conjecture ;—just liberate us from this confinement :——you have the power.”

Valtimond started ; he turned pale ; and his whole frame shook with visible agony. He could only articulate——“ Fatal request !”——then, striking his forehead, he continued——“ Idiot that I was !—Could I not have foreseen this !”

He then rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty and irregular steps : then, reseating himself, and turning to Lady Barome——

“ Severely, indeed, Madam,” said he, “ have you tried my friendship. Think not, however, that my reluctance to comply with your demand proceeds from personal apprehension——far from it : I am apprehensive that you would not find the plan you propose so entirely devoid of evil as you seem to imagine.—Your friends are all scattered, and, should I liberate you, it must be under the solemn restriction,—not to attempt a recovery of your rights until the public affairs are more tranquil. Judge, then, should you be pursued and taken, what you have to apprehend from the vengeance of my father, and the resentment of incensed Majesty !——What could two beautiful and defenceless females do in such a situation ?—Ah ! rather let me persuade you to continue where you are, at least a short time longer. Nothing shall be omitted by me that can contribute to your ease or comfort : you shall enjoy unlimited liberty, and, by your generous forbearance, confer upon me the highest obligation.”

While speaking, he turned his eyes full upon Matilda with melancholy languor. Her's were suffused with tears, and she seemed to wait, in painful anxiety, the answer. Lady Barome seemed much affected by his pleading, and, after a pause, said——

"Selfish as I must appear, and painful as it is to me to be so urgent, I must, yet persist in my request, confident that that alone can secure my peace! I must, furthermore, beg to conceal from you my plans for our future destination."

"You do, indeed, distress me!" exclaimed Valtimond.

"How am I to act?" rejoined Lady Barome.—Why did your generosity prompt you to encourage hopes which your resolution would not serve you to realize?—A time may come when I can make you reparation for the services you may render me."

"Talk not of reparation, Madam!" cried Valtimond, with an energy that made her start:—"that is impossible."

"'Tis well, young man," said Lady Barome, with indignation; "we are your captives. You may sport with the feelings of an unhappy woman with impunity."

"Dear Madam!" said the terrified Matilda.

"Gracious God!!" interrupted he, wildly, "have I deserved all this?—Yes, Madam, you shall be obliged!—but, alas! pardon, and pity my desperation!"

He rushed out of the room, leaving Matilda petrified with terror. The exertions she had made were too much for Lady Barome; and she fell into hysterics, one of which it was a considerable time before she recovered. Matilda was herself very weak and low; she felt her heart strongly interested in favour of the young De Lacy, and she trembled lest he should fall a sacrifice to the fury of his father. She, however, received some satisfaction, from learning of Lady Barome that it was her intention to pass over to Ireland, and seek refuge with her sister, where, in all probability, she might find her husband; and Matilda waited the return of Valtimond with impatience.

All the next day passed—no Valtimond appeared; and they began to imagine that he had repented his forward zeal. At last their hopes were revived by the sound of his footsteps across the saloon.—Matilda's heart beat high with expectation. He advanced; his looks were wild and disordered; and, throwing himself on the sofa, he took a bundle from under his cloak.

"There, Madam," cried he; "I have complied with

your cruel request. And, now, may I supplicate you to think sometimes with pity on the unfortunate De Lacy, who, in losing the gratification he had expected to find in your society, will experience the most poignant affliction."

Lady Barome rose from her seat ; she extended her hands to him, while she could no longer suppress her tears.

"Generous youth ! my prayers, with those of Matilda, shall always be for your happiness."

"Refrain, I entreat you," he replied, "this kindness ; I can better bear your anger ; that but excited me to prove myself worthy ; this shews me the irreparable loss I am about to sustain."——Then, taking the parcel,——"Here," he continued, "are two peasant's dresses ; in these, you may pass the borders in safety ; and in the channel are vessels bound for any part.——In two hours I will attend you."

He then quitted the apartment.——With palpitating hearts they engaged the intervening time in disposing of the few clothes they were able to secure, and other trinkets of value. The habits Valtimond had procured so effectually disguised them, that they had no fear of detection.

The appointed hour soon arrived. Valtimond was punctual : he engaged their silence. Then, extending one hand to each, he led them down the staircase, and from thence went through a back door, of which he only possessed the key. The clock just struck ten as they passed the postern gate : all was still ; and the moon which rose with unusual lustre, seemed to light them on their melancholy way.——The hand of Valtimond shook as it drew that of Matilda's under his arm ; and her heart beat with responsive vibration : but all observed a profound silence. Matilda raised her eyes to his face, and was struck with the pensive sadness pictured there.

They soon reached the creek, where they engaged a fishing boat : the drowsy watermen were with some difficulty awakened. Valtimond again pressed the hand of each to his lips ; a tear fell unperceived upon that of Matilda's, and, lifting his eyes to Heaven——"May the Almighty protect you !" was all he could utter. His voice faltered, and, clasping his hands together with a look of despondency, he quitted them.

With difficulty the fair adventurers supported themselves into the boat, which immediately pushed off from land. Matilda indulged her heart-felt grief in silence, not willing, by her own complaint, to dull the bright hopes she saw Lady Barome was cherishing. The dashing of the oars sunk them into a mournful reverie, from which they were roused by the discordant voice of their guide, who informed them of their approach to land.—After taking some refreshment in a paltry inn, they obtained a carriage to Barnstaple, from whence they embarked in a vessel for Dublin harbour. The seas ran high; but the adventurous travellers, fearing to betray their sex by unseemly terror, stifled their fears, and withdrew, as much as possible, from the observation of the other passengers. Their voyage was quick and pleasant, and with joyful hearts they beheld land, and greeted, with thanksgiving for their safety, the Hibernian shore.

It was full eight miles across a bye country to Warrenne Abbey, from the place where they landed, and, as evening was far advanced, they entered a little hut that stood upon a dreary moor, and requested to pass the night there.—The mistress of the humble mansion surveyed them with a scrutinizing look, long before she would give consent. The meanness of their habit did not sufficiently disguise them, so as to obscure that native dignity of manner which even procured respect from this uninformed cottager; and her natural hospitality overcoming her distrust, she cheerfully set before them her usual meal of potatoes, rye-bread, buttermilk, and whiskey. Throughout the whole hut there was an air of neatness and order, which, from the appearance of six children, who were running about without any other covering than a shift and short stuff petticoat, could hardly have been expected. The youngest of these, a fine rosy-cheeked boy, climbed on the knee of Matilda, and insisted upon cramming a piece of raw turnip, which he was voraciously devouring, into her mouth. The woman, perceiving he was troublesome to her guests, instantly sent them all out to bring in firewood, though the mud at the back of the house was full a foot deep.

Lady Barome was astonished at the hardness of the Irish peasantry, of which she had never before been a witness; and the woman, pleased at the notice she took, was going to exemplify it, by relating innumerable anecdotes of the

strength, sense, and agility of Shannon. All this was very uninteresting to her guests, who demanded whether she knew the situation of Warrenne Abbey?

“ Know it ! ” exclaimed the woman : — “ Arrah ! and to be sure I do, if I know the nose on my own face ! — Why — we were tenants to the poor dear Lady who is dead ; and a swate pretty sowl she was, by my faith ! ”

“ Dead ! ” cried Lady Barome. — — — “ Oh, Heaven ! ”

It was with difficulty she kept from fainting, while her loquacious hostess continued : —

“ My Lady De Warrenne has been dead these fourteen years ; and the Abbey is now the property of Sir Arthur De Warrenne, my late Lord's brother. ”

The woman was too much absorbed in her own story to notice the agitation of her guest, who was wound up almost to madness by this second shock. — The woman resumed : — — —

“ Not that we are so proud of the change, — neither was he ; for he soon after took a deadly hate to this place, and went away, God knows where ! and left the Abbey to the care of an old monster, who won't let nobody go in ; and, God knows, nobody wants to go in, — not they ; for it seems there has been foul work ; and it is said that the poor dear Lady's **ghost** walks there, with a child skeleton in her arms ! ”

Lady Barome uttered a cry of horror, and sunk speechless on the earth. Matilda, fearful of discouraging her, told the woman that they were related to her late Lady, begging to be left alone with her brother. The woman readily complied, and Matilda soon succeeded in recovering Lady Barome, who threw her arms around Matilda's neck, exclaiming —

“ Ah ! my sweet friend ! what will now become of us ! — Would that I had been persuaded by the prudent De Lacy ! ”

Matilda sighed, involuntarily. — — — “ Dear De Lacy ! ”

“ Ah ! ” cried Lady Barome ; — “ wretch that I am ! — I now see all. — And have I made you miserable, my only friend ? — You love De Lacy ! — Speak ; — confirm my fears ! ” — — — Matilda trembled.

—“What is it you ask?” she demanded.—“To say I admire him for his noble conduct towards us, would be but to express a mercenary idea.—How were it possible for a girl of my abject fortune to aspire to De Lacy?—No!—no!”

Tears choked her utterance. Lady Barome became frantic.

“Why not?” cried she:—“you are worthy of him.—Were he to desert you for want of birth or fortune, he would be undeserving of your affection.—But I see how it is. I have destroyed all your prospects of happiness; and, think not that I will live to bear the self-reproach, which thought alone must bring upon me!”

Matilda flung herself at her feet.—“Talk not thus! my beloved Lady! Live yet for your son—your Raymond, —We may yet be happy!”

Lady Barome recovered some composure. At last, turning suddenly to Matilda, she said—

“Have you courage to follow me in a bold enterprize?”

“Do you suspect me capable of deserting you?” rejoined Matilda.

“Pardon me, my love, if I have hurt your feelings; but, what I require of you is such an extraordinary request—it is—to accompany me to the Abbey, where, I think, I can procure admittance. My design for such a proceeding, is, to discover whether any traiterous practices have been made use of to deprive my sister of life.”

Matilda endeavoured not to dissuade her from the enterprize; she had never been accustomed to entertain fears of supernatural agency, and was not in the least appalled at the idea of residing in a haunted Abbey. She, therefore, assured Lady Barome of her readiness to attend her; and they continued fixing plans for their conduct, till their hostess summoned them to breakfast.

The woman, agreeable to a request made by Matilda, sent her eldest son with them to shew the way; first assuring them that they never would get in. They offered to reward her for her trouble: this she resolutely declined, protesting that she had as much money as she knew what to do with; and, for the rest, St. Patrick would reward

her.—They then departed, preceded by the lad, who now and then pointed out to them the beauties of the surrounding country. The road was rugged, and they felt themselves extremely weary by the time they came within view of the Abbey. Having no farther occasion for the boy, they dismissed him, and seated themselves upon a fragment of the fallen ruins, to survey, at leisure, the stupendous edifice.

Warrenne Abbey was situated upon the summit of a stupendous crag, whose foot was washed by the foaming channel. The lofty turrets seemed almost to touch the heavens with their spires. Infinite labour and expence had been bestowed on the workmanship, which displayed the full glory of Gothic magnificence; but time had destroyed the workmanship of the most eminent architects; and those niches which had once been filled up with the statues of illustrious heroes, now afforded a secure asylum to birds of ominous note, who chose their habitations far from the haunts of man. All the eastern wing seemed a terrific pile of ruins: the rest, though in rather better preservation, still wore an air of cheerless desolation. The high fretted grating opened into a set of dreary cloisters, through which the eye vainly wandered to find an object capable of inspiring a pleasing sensation; and the hearts of our heroines sunk within them, appalled, as they surveyed the gloomy pile. Lady Barome rung the outer bell, the vibration of which was lost in immense distance. After a considerable time had elapsed, the tardy Cerberus made his appearance at the gate, and, in a voice petrifying to the ear, demanded the occasion of this unusual disturbance.—Matilda took upon herself to answer; the faltering tongue of Lady Barome denying its office.

“We demand admittance here,” said she, exalting her voice to the most manly pitch she could assume, “in the name of Sir Arthur De Warrenne, Lord of this Castle, whose vassals we are, and from whom we are sent with dispatches; but, being basely robbed on our journey, we request admittance, until such time as we are sufficiently refreshed to return and obtain fresh supplies.”

The man shook his head with an air of incredulity.—“Where,” he asked, “is the signet by which I may know you to be the vassals of Sir Arthur?”

"Have I not told you," replied Matilda, haughtily, "that we have been plundered, even to our very garments, and have obtained those we now wear from some charitable peasants? Pr'ythee make no more grumbling, but admit us, for my comrade is very ill."

The man, after much grumbling, opened the gate, and they followed him through the long range of cloisters. After many turnings, and intricate passages, they came into a small vestibule, where at his desire they seated themselves. He then quitted the room, and soon returned with two bottles of wine and some biscuits; then, desiring them to help themselves without ceremony, began to ask a thousand questions concerning his master's family, all of which Matilda answered with such ingenuity, that he no longer doubted their identity. They, in their turn, endeavoured to put him off his guard, and make him betray the secrets of his office; but of this he was particularly careful, and they dared not betray their own ignorance, by any direct interrogations. He appeared to be about fifty: his black scowling eye (for he possessed but one) was almost concealed beneath his dark bushy eyebrow, except when he glanced upon his timid guests. His mouth was of enormous extent, and, for lack of teeth, his lips had fallen in so as to convert every smile into a ghastly grin. His voice was guttural and hollow, and his whole deportment every way uncouth and disgusting.

When they had finished their refreshment, he took a lamp, and, rising from his seat, muttered—"Follow me." They obeyed with a tolerable grace, and followed him, and soon ascended a flight of steps that wound all the way in a spiral form. They arrived at last in a suite of spacious apartments, one of which he opened, and, shewing them in, lifted his lamp, saying, in a tone of exultation, "Here, my lads, you will sleep securely."

They shuddered as he placed the lamp on the table and withdrew, locking and bolting the door on the outside.—As soon as they were convinced, by his receding footsteps, that they were alone, Matilda and Lady Barome employed themselves in surveying the apartment allotted to them. From the situation of the spot, they conceived that they were in the eastern wing, of the ruined state of which they had been before apprised. What few fragments of furniture remained had been so much neglected, that even the

materials of which they were composed were not to be distinguished. A large marble slab was the object on which their lamp rested, and a mirror that hung over, which extended to the ceiling, reflected to them their own pallid countenances. The room was hung round with tapestry, representing the landing of Julius Cæsar. The windows were high; and closely crossed with iron bars, so as to exclude all prospect and light from without.

In a recess of the apartment stood a pair of folding doors, secured by a strong iron lock. These immediately became objects of curiosity to Lady Barome, who meditated in what manner they should be able to open them.—Fortunately, in the pocket of her vest Matilda found a clasp knife, which she recollected to have taken from the young Shannon, who was playing with it, and, fearing he might hurt himself, had unthinkingly put it there. With this they alternately set to work, and with indefatigable labour, the wood being much decayed round the lock (their impatience overcoming their prudence), with a violent effort they pushed the door open. The current of air instantly extinguished the lamp, and they were forced to wait, in horrible uncertainty, the return of day. It was then too late to pursue their purposed investigation, as at an early hour he summoned them to breakfast, and informed them, that he expected they would return directly after.

Lady Barome cast a desponding look at Matilda, who replied, that it was impossible for her comrade to travel in his present state; and that, for his own part, he should not think of quitting them: that he was certain Sir Arthur would think more favourably of them, than to expect such a thing; and concluded by begging one day's further respite. After some consideration he complied with their request.

The day was passed very tolerably, the man kindly shewing them all the magnificent apartments in the Abbey, some of which were beautifully furnished. When they retired for the night, they were again secured within their chamber and immediately, with more precaution, began their purposed investigation. Their lamp emitted but a feeble gleam of light, and the surrounding gloom rendered the objects rather difficult to be distinguished. They first entered a gallery which seemed to wind round the suite of apartments; and along this, they groped a considerable

way, when Lady Barome suddenly struck her head against something with force, and received a severe blow : this upon examination, proved to be an iron balustrade to a staircase, which the steepness of the steps rendered almost inaccessible. They ascended, but not without occasionally pausing with apprehension to listen. All was solemnly still.—The staircase terminated in a small door, the which they were obliged to stoop to pass : they had scarcely entered, when, to their inexpressible horror, the figure of a man appeared, bearing a lantern!—Fortunately, excess of terror prevented them from uttering any sound ; and the man passed without once raising his eyes, and, descending the staircase, quickly disappeared.

“ Let us return,” said Lady Barome. “ To-morrow we will resume our search : at present we are in a defenceless state. The figure was, I am convinced, human ; and we have nothing to dread from supernatural objects whom we have never injured.”

“ True,” replied Matilda ; “ and, as to weapons, the armed heroes in the chancel can, I believe supply us.—Some villainy is, I am convinced, on foot, if we are not ourselves the objects.”

They then descended with alacrity, and, returning to their chamber, secured, as well as possible, the folding-doors, and betook themselves to that rest which they found extremely necessary.

In the morning, Lady Barome, to give more colouring to their tale, did not quit her chamber ; and Matilda again apologized for the trouble they were obliged to give their host, who, now off his guard, occupied himself without much attending to her. This was all Matilda wished ; and, seizing eagerly the first opportunity, she secured a sword and lance from the chancel, which with the utmost secrecy she conveyed to their chamber ; the man trusting her to carry her comrade food.

At night they were again locked in, and lost no time in exploring the gloomy passages which they had passed the night before : they discovered the mysterious door from whence the figure had issued the preceding night ; and Matilda, with desperate courage, entered. The apartments here wore much the same air of desolation as the rest ; but, passing a door that would otherwise have been undiscovered

ed, a faint moaning caught their ear. With palpitating hearts they stopped to listen;—the sound ceased. Again they proceeded; when they heard a quick rustling, and something in white brushed hastily past them, and darted the lamp from the hand of Lady Barome, who uttered a loud cry, and sunk terrified to the ground. Matilda felt for her friend, when she found her arm arrested by an icy hand, while another passed slowly over her face;—her whole frame shook with a convulsion of horror. Again the small door opened, and the figure of the man re-appeared. Matilda instantly sprang forward, and, siezing him, flung him to the ground.

“Wretch!” she exclaimed, with astonishing heroism, “what means all this?—Instantly surrender yourself, or expect no mercy!”

Revived at her well-known voice, Lady Barome sprang from the ground, and with all her power ran to the assistance of her friend, and recognized in their prisoner the person of their host: they each held a sword over him, while on his knees he supplicated for mercy. Matilda took her belt from her waist, with which she bound his hands, while Lady Barome did the same by his feet.

Their attention was quickly drawn from this object by one of a more extraordinary nature.—A tall, elegant figure, clad in white, appeared, and, throwing back a long veil, which concealed her face, discovered the meagre countenance of a woman: “sharp misery had worn her to the bone.” Advancing towards them in haste, she exclaimed —“Brave youths!—I believe you to be my friends, and claim your protection for the injured Countess De Warrenne!”

Lady Barome ran towards the stranger (who was fearfully retreating), and exclaimed, in a voice of joy——“It is — it is my long lost Madeline—my dearest sister!”

Excess of happiness is seldom productive of fatal consequences, or such would have been the result of a meeting too pathetic for description.—Matilda, not quite so much intimidated, advanced to their trembling culprit, and demanded on pain of death, who was in the house beside himself. The fellow declared solemnly himself was the only one, and promised faithfully to offer no resistance. Not perfectly satisfied with this, they secured him as w

as their united strength would permit, in a chamber, from which there was no outlet; and, leaving him what food they judged necessary, they turned all their attention to Lady De Warrenne, who, to gratify their feeling concern, immediately began her narrative as follows:—

“The news of your misfortunes, my dear sister, weighed heavy at my heart, to augment my unhappiness, in a few short months a malignant fever deprived me of my husband. Barome had just escaped from Corfe Castle, and implored me that I would screen him, if possible from the malice of his enemies; of which I had the mortification to learn, that my brother-in-law, Sir Arthur, was the most inveterate. All would have succeeded to our wish; but Sir Arthur, unfortunately, for reasons after disclosed, made his appearance here: the suddenness of the visit inexpressibly confused me, and the embarrassment which I laboured under was very visible. He seemed thoughtful and morose;—he took up his abode some time in the Abbey, under pretence of a wish to afford me consolation. At this time Barome was obliged to confine himself wholly to his apartment, and we only obtained interviews by stealth.

“One day we were mutually lamenting your misfortune, and mourning your unknown fate, when the voice of Sir Arthur at the door, demanding admittance in no gentle tone, threw us into the utmost consternation. He repeated his desire in a voice still more authoritative, and William had but just time to conceal himself under the tapestry; when De Warrenne, with furious force, burst the door.—With calmness I demanded the occasion of this outrage, when Sir Arthur, with a look of malignant fury, insisted upon knowing with whom I had been conspiring. My change of countenance implied the truth of his accusation, and I sunk, overcome with fear, into the next vacant seat.—he took advantage of my terror, and raising the tapestry, discovered Barome, who sprang forward, and aimed a pass at him with his sword. I find that Barome did not personally know his adversary; yet apprehension for what must ensue threw me into strong convulsions, which ended the contest, and Barome escaped. I was put to bed, and continued in a most alarming state till the next day, when I gave birth to a female infant.—I soon learned to my inexpressible horror, that I was accused by Sir Arthur of leading criminal intercourse with a domestic. Vain were

my protestations of innocence, as I refused to disclose the name of the man found concealed with me."

Lady Barome wept at the sufferings of her sister on her husband's account; and Matilda, struck with a confusion of ideas, could scarcely refrain from interrupting the interesting recital.—Lady De Warrenne continued:—

"I was forced to endure still harder trials.—To my great surprize, the physician who one day attended me presented me with a note containing these words:—

'Dear and generous Sister,

'My gratitude compels me to risque my life in your service. Could a discovery of myself avail, I would immediately reveal it; but I well know the degree of our sufferings would be augmented by such a proceeding. I find that an infernal scheme is plotting against you; if you would mitigate its severity, hesitate not a moment in delivering your daughter to the bearer of this note. I am in waiting to receive it, and will carry it where you direct. Leave with it some memorial by which it may be recognized, and leave the rest to me.—I am safe—depend upon my fidelity.

'BAROME.'

"Thunderstruck with this intelligence, I hesitated not to comply with the injunction, let the consequence be what it might. I, therefore, hastily wrapped the child in a mantle, and, tying the little locket given by you at parting round her neck, directed the person to fly to our estate in Chantilly, and place it in the care of my old faithful servant Leonard du Pont."

Before another word was spoken, Matilda fainted in the arms of Lady Barome, when, opening her vest, they discovered, suspended round her neck by a piece of ribbon, the identical locket!—No farther confirmation was necessary to convince Lady De Warrenne, who flung herself upon the lifeless body of her child, and gave free vent to her luxury of joy in tears.

Matilda, opening her eyes, fixed them on Lady De Warrenne, and, sinking on her knees, implored her blessing.—"Never, never, my beloved parent," she cried, "will we be separated!—no more shall the barbarous Sir Arthur persecute us.—We will seek the King, and of him implore protection and redress."

This pleasing discovery unfitted them for any further conversation; and they agreed to defer the remainder of Lady Warrenne's relation till they had contrived plans for their future disposal. Agreeably to her desire, the man was restored to liberty, who, in consideration of the great rewards offered him, consented to act entirely as they desired only taking the necessary precaution of securing him when they retired to rest.

Scarcely had they composed themselves to rest, when they were alarmed by a loud clamour at the Abbey gates, as of several horsemen, who loudly called for admittance. Fear so totally overcame all the inhabitants of the Abbey, that neither had power to ask their business, each fearing it to be some one in pursuit of themselves.—They had not long to consider, for, with a tremendous crush, the outer gates were burst open, as were, immediately after, the inner, and a large party of men entered the chancel.

Fear took from them all power of motion. Their apprehensions were raised to the most alarming height, when they heard the various footsteps ascending the staircase, and the voices of men in deep consultation. They had by this time thrown on a few clothes; and, the door of their apartment flying open, a party of armed men rushed in, who instantly started back on beholding three defenceless women.—A moment discovered all; and Matilda was prevented from falling to the floor by the supporting arms of De Lacy!—Her wandering senses were soon recalled by an exclamation from Lady Barome, of—"My Lord!—my husband!"—and instantly beheld her clasped to the bosom of her William, who hung enamoured on his long lamented Lady.

The recognition on all sides was joyous; and when Lady De Warrenne presented Matilda to him as his niece, and heiress to the house of Warrenne, he embraced her with rapture. Joy lighted up the countenance of Valtimond, and he paid his congratulations in a manner that plainly indicated the interest he took in her fate. The ardour of his speech revived in her breast emotions, which, though they had subsided while engaged in soothing the misfortunes of others, had never been totally extinguished; and she cast her eyes to the ground visibly embarrassed. Till then they had not regarded the attendants who continued in the room, and who had stood amazed spectators of the forego-

ing scene. They were ordered to withdraw, and forage the Abbey, for wherewithal to make cheer, to which they were conducted by the man whom they had truly affrighted by breaking open his prison.—When they had withdrawn, mutual and heartfelt congratulations again passed, which soon subsided into curiosity to know the cause of this extraordinary revolution. Each agreed to relate what concerned themselves, and the ladies having repeated their tale as before, Lady De Warrenne resumed:

“ Fortunately I acted as directed; the faithful physician received the child, and conveyed it out under his cloak, unobserved. When he next visited me, he told me that he had delivered it into the hands of my brother and assured me, on his honour, of its safety. I now felt resigned to whatever fate might await me, since my child was secure beyond the reach of Sir Arthur’s malignity.—My fortitude was soon severely tried: De Warrenne entered my apartment one day with a malicious air, and, seating himself opposite to me, said——

‘ So Countess, I understand that you have sent away your child.—May I demand the cause?’

“ I answered him with scorn, that I was in no wise accountable to him for my actions; that he was my guest, and, I was sorry to say, no longer an agreeable one at the Abbey.—He bit his lips, and muttered something inwardly; then, rising said——

‘ Well, Madam, you may repent this:—in the first place I desire you will deliver up to me the keys of your cabinet.’

“ This I peremptorily refused. He gave me a look which almost annihilated me, and, securing the door, pointed a dagger at my breast. Terrified at his menacing aspect, I promised compliance:—he removed the murderous weapon, and, taking the keys from my trembling hand, he proceeded to open all my drawers; and, having ransacked them over, tied all the papers together, and quitted the room exulting in the prize which he had so treacherously obtained, and secured the door on the outside.

“ Shocked at this inhuman treatment, I endeavoured to burst the door; my feeble efforts were insufficient, and, exhausted with rage and grief, I flung myself into a chair.—presently I heard some one at the door, and the ma

you found here entered, desiring to know what I wanted, —I desired to walk down stairs: he shook his head:—

‘ No, no, Lady; not quite so fast. If that is all you want, you need not trouble yourself to make so much noise.’

“ He was then about to depart;—I caught his arm, and, falling on my knees, entreated him to tell me why I was kept a prisoner, in my own mansion.—Great God! what was my agony when I found I was doomed to perpetual confinement; that I was looked upon as an adulteress, and as the murderer of my child; and that the base Sir Arthur had seized upon all our extensive domains and property, in right of his brother, deceased, being myself considered as dead to the world!—It is miraculous that I preserved my reason under these complicated evils: I endeavoured to convince the man of my innocence; but he was too stupid, or too cunning, to heed my protestations; and I likewise found that he considered me as a lunatic. I, however, gathered from him at different times that De Warrenne had given him a strict charge not to let me escape, nor to suffer any one to see me: neither was he permitted to quit the Abbey himself upon any account; what provisions were necessary being supplied from the market-town by a peasant boy, who put it through a small grating, without ever entering the Abbey. All ideas of escape being thus excluded, I had nothing left to do but endeavour to reconcile myself; and I looked forward with eagerness to the period when it might please the Almighty to terminate my wretched existence.”

Here Lady De Warrenne ceased, and her auditors could not but admire the resignation she had displayed while suffering under the greatest affliction, and were no less grateful to Providence for thus happily terminating them.

(To be continued.)

(Lon. Mag.)

THE CURSE OF GOLDENGAME.

“Remove not the old landmarks ; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless.”

Proverbs xxii. 10.

THERE is a part of Suffolk known by the name of the “dairy district,” which, to the curious in the pastoral branch of domestic economy, presents all that is interesting in the care and pasturage of cows, and the production of the richest cheese and butter. When you pass from the land of the reap-hook and plough-share into the region of natural grass and perpetual pasturage, you cannot be insensible that a corresponding change has taken place in the manners and bearing of the people. It is true you will find no vacant shepherds piping in the dale, nor meet with flocks which seem fond of any other melody save that of the running brooks, where the grass is abundant and the wild yellow clover green and savoury. The herds of cows—the ring-straked, the speckled, and the spotted, seem a most laborious grass-devouring race, bearing no resemblance to those more favoured animals which browse with such delicacy of taste, and low so melodiously, over the bloomy fields of some of our pastoral bards. If they are not of a strict pastoral kind, and cannot claim descent from those flocks to which Apollo piped and Daphnis sang, they are nevertheless a fair and a stately breed—of the colour of the richest cream—with an appetite which seems unclayed with the balmy morsels of the fields, and with udders ample and distended, nearly touching the ground, and seeming ready to shed at every step the fragrant treasures they contain.

When you advance into the country, and the sharp edge of curiosity is somewhat blunted, you will find leisure to observe that each subdivision of the district has a system of management peculiar to itself. In one place a scrupulous observance of old pastoral rules prevails ; in another, the indiscreet goddess, Chance, seems to have acquired the mastery ; while the thirst of gain predominates on a third division.

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It is of the division over which Mammon was then waving his banner that our story must speak ; and as it must speak with a tongue some sixty years old, we may suppose ourselves wafted back to that period, and that we are looking for the first time over the immense patriarchal establishment of herds, and hinds, and bondwomen. In other lands the cows roamed at large, feeding in groupes by the brook-banks ; but here they stood fastened to rough wooden mangers, in rank succeeding rank, with cut grass before them, and a moveable fence of rods or reeds to protect them from the wind. Many men and maidens attended to the filling or clearing of the mangers—or moved the fences, as the wind shifted, or knelt—or, to borrow a northern word, “hunkered” and filled their innumerable pails with milk. Others at home, on the cool tiled floors of the dairies, transformed, in many a reeking pan, the new milked-milk into curds, pressed out the whey with their hands, and filled the cheese-moulds, and placed them under the cheese-presses. Another department presented some dozens of busy hands extracting, with many a plunge and pull, the butter from the cream—washing it in cold spring water, and dressing it out in all its attractions for market. Over the whole, one or two old, considerate, calculating female spirits presided, and seemed, by their smooth shining looks, and round plump forms, something like suitable personifications of those savoury commodities—butter and cheese.

The house, or rather hall, to which all those herds and hinds belonged, merits some notice. It had been in other times a dwelling of note. It was built chiefly with beams of framed oak, richly carved in a deep sharp old Saxon style, with high peak ends and latticed windows, and with many marks of original grandeur and antique beauty about it. Those who are anxious after

day and date for all the labours of man may obtain a useful lesson in the controversy which then burned, and which still smoulders, concerning the age of the hall. On that very morning in which a man somewhat curious about truth would desire to commence this desultory but remarkable tale, it happened that the antiquity of the hall had engaged the attention of two persons, who, summoned on other business, sat under the southern porch-way, side by side. From this place they had a view of a wandering stream—which had obtained the name of the Larke, from emitting, as it ran, a kind of melodious din among its pebbles; they had also a view of many clumps of very old and stately oaks, and of a distant field grazed by numerous cows.

"It is, indeed," said one, who had all the tokens of the pastoral charge of souls about him, "an ancient and a venerable place—tradition hesitates about the date of its foundation, and certain of those sages, the antiquaries, have written very learnedly and unintelligibly about it. In groping after its date, they have filled their hands with idle controversy, and, in a style swollen with Norman and Saxon names, have floundered on till they are stayed by the very reasonable legend of the Wolf and St. Edmund's head—and there have they halted for breath before they take another step up the dark stair of conjecture and absurdity." "It would perhaps be presumptuous," said his companion, who seemed, by his shrewd and suspicious eye, to be one learned in the law, "while such a controversy pends, to offer the opinion of one so simple as myself: but to eyes less inspired indeed than those through which antiquaries look, the house seems of the age of Henry VII. The arms of the noble name of Bennet may be seen very curiously carved amid the interlacings of vine and ivy-leaves, while over it is the figure of a wolf couching with a human head between its paws, which it may be either watching or devouring. The wise on those matters say it is the wolf and the head of St. Edmund—while the simple, and therefore unwise, say it is the arms of the corporation of weavers—a wolf's

head with a shuttle in its mouth." "Are ye sure," said the divine, "that the leaves are those of the grape?" "As sure," said the lawyer, "as that grapes never grow without leaves." "Then," said the divine, "this throws some light on an old boast, that the lands of Framlingham, that now flow with milk, once flowed with wine." "Ah! the old vine terraces of Framlingham," said the lawyer, "which, planted by the Romans, intoxicated the Saxons, and filled the monks with delight, and the nuns with joy. Those were merry times, Mr. Horegrove; but merry times never last long. And I am afraid, after all, that this English wine would feel sour to the fastidious lips of the present generation."

At this moment a female shriek was heard in the hall, and the person who uttered it came suddenly out, sinning one hand upon another, "Come, start ye!" said she, addressing at once the divine and the lawyer;—"Come, stir ye—stir ye: the breath will be out, and the devil will be in, and Colden-game-hall will lack a master, while ye sit here talking of Framlingham oaks and Robin Grande's vine terraces. He's gasping his last gasp, and no a sensible soul near him to hear the last words of an expiring sinner!" The room into which they rose and followed this unceremonious messenger was a small chamber, hewn out of oak as hard as iron, and as black as ink; and lighted by a small window half shut up with a vine run wild. In an old stuffed arm-chair—with arms, and mottoes, and texts of scripture, strewn over it, they found a hale-looking old man, who, with clasped hands, and an unsettled wildness of eye, sat gazing round and round as if something visible to him alone flitted from place to place, and was giving him great pain.

"Where is Elias, my son?" said the old man;—"when the wind is shaking the fruit tree, he should be near to gather the fruit. You are welcome, Mr. Horegrove—if that's your name—and you, sir, are welcome too—ye are the new-come lawyer—ye came here when the Norfolk breed of cows came—and the dairy district has never thriven since. We come weeping, Mr. Hore-

grove, into the world; and we go groaning out; and of all that we love, we can take nought with us. I wish the curse of man and of God would remain behind on the earth with them who brought in the brindled breed of cows. But when will moaning mend us—the fair fields and the pure gold we have sinned our souls in seeking must bide where they are. What could I do with the broad lands of Coldengame in another world? And now I think that's nearly as good as a sermon, Mr. Horegrove; I knew all you would say, and said it for ye, and so I bid you good morrow. And now I think on't, ye may as well take Mr. Windlas the lawyer with you—I hate the breed—I hate the breed. Will the pleasant lands of Coldengame not descend with the old name of Neyland, unless it's scribbled on a sheep's skin by a knave? I hate the breed—I hate the breed. The Lord deliver the pasture-lands of the old district from priests, lawyers, and the brindled brood of Norfolk. Away with you! Away with you!" They rose, and went away.

A tall handsome young man now entered the chamber; he advanced to the chair, took the sick man by the hand, and turned his head away—to hide the tear which was not there to drop. "Elias Neyland," said the old man, "I must leave the green pastures of Coldengame and the clear stream of the Larke, and all my milch-cows—and a fairer brood never nipt the morning grass, nor yielded milk to a maiden's hand—I must leave them all, Elias—and leave my gold, and my gains, and my thrifty bargains, and the prospect of large increase, and all to a thriftless and a prodigal son, who spent four-pence half-penny at last Ipswich fair, and drank the cream off yesterday morning's milk. Men will say, as they hold out their fingers at thee, 'There goes waster Elias, the only son of old saving Edward Neyland.' Ah! Elias, Elias, what made ye of the silver six-pence I gave ye on your birth-day—ye will break your father's heart, Elias."

"Father," said the youth, "your days may yet be many; and you may live to add field to field, and sum to sum; and the delight of gain and the

gladness of riches may be yours for a score of years. Father, your reproach is unjust. I have learned to make money work while men sleep—I beat Gisleham at bargain-making; I took in Gripington in open barter at noon-day, and fairly outwitted Cresswell out of one of his best heifers. I cannot pass along the street on a market-day but I hear men whisper, 'That's young Neyland of Coldengame—a flint—a nail—a file—his father's a cloud raining manna compared to him—he has an eye like a cormorant, and every finger is a fish-hook.' " "My son," said the old man, "my heart is cheered—ye are indeed my child. Ah! I thought ye had a touch too much of your mother—a wise and a thrifty woman, Elias, in all things, save in giving her cheese-parings to the parish poor, and wearing laced head-gear on holidays—her extravagance has shortened my days by five years and upwards. Now, Elias, lad, I have some words to say, to which ye must listen. When ye hear that Duke this, and Earl that, and Lord the other thing, recommend a new manger and a new cheese-press, and an improved creaming-cup, and new grasses, and new broods of cows—even laugh, and bide by thy wise father's plans. Mind them not—these are mag-gots which breed—and where's the harm—in great men's heads—but great men's heads, Elias, are as empty as a milk-pail before milking-time. It was bidding by one wise plan of thrift, that raised me from a poor herdsman to be proprietor of Coldengame, with some pretty slips of pasture about Cranesford and Thrandestone. I wish that cursed cough would keep away, that I might engrave the description of the kind of cow which filled my pails and pockets upon your memory."

The old man coughed long, and then re-commenced his train of advice. "My favourite cow had no horns—horns will gore others of the herd, and spill the pails of milk. She had a clean, clear throat—a small dewlap—a heavy belly—a ridged back—a large carcase and thin legs, with a hollow chine and a snake head. Her udder was big and her milk-veins large; her eye was greedy, and her colour was the

hue of her own cream—what I call a golden cream. Thy mother favoured the brindled sort—but my dying word will be a cream, a golden cream. She will yield eight gallons a-day, and her milk will cast a coat of cream over which a mouse might walk dry-footed. That's the cow, Elias, for the world—will ye learn the description by heart?" The heir nodded assent, and the old man continued. "Now I think I may give a thought or two to the other world—to the state of my soul, as Parson Horegrove says—not that I have so much need as many others, for I have ever kept matters close by the head there. I went regularly to church—I gave Lady Religion her just dues—and her dues are far from light." "Ah! father," said Elias, "the church is a greater cormorant than the state: she claims and takes all the gains of Coldengame every tenth year—I think her company might be spared." "Spared, lad!" said old Neyland, "fiend make their skull into a skimming-dish for the caldrons of darkness, that would wish otherwise. To the church and state, my child, I have ever given as little as I could—they have always put a greedy hand into our pockets—and if the parson's prayers can be useful where I am going, it is more than I can credit. I shall soon see. Now, Elias, I have ever kept nature in as with a bridle-hand. I have not dined—nor horse-raced—nor fought cocks—nor bulls—nor sworn an oath, save what was for my own advantage—and swearing can hardly be regarded as sin where the gain is great."

As he spoke, a footstep was heard in the passage—the door of the chamber opened, and an old woman, tall and erect—with a look keen, shrewd, and sarcastic, walked up to the sick man. She seemed the votary rather of some obsolete order of devotees than the wife of a pastoral farmer. She wore a long dark mantle, with open sleeves, that almost reached the floor—it was drawn close round her neck, terminating in a small ruff; while a little black print bible, clasped and cornered with silver, hung by a chain from her girdle nearly as low as her feet. "Edward Neyland!" said she, regarding the old man

with a look which seemed to make him creep together with terror; "Edward Neyland, the hour of death is come—let it be the hour of retribution and repentance also. Need I tell you who I am, and what my meaning is? In the dark hour of night, when one child lay in its coffin, another was dying in my arms, and my husband lay in his shroud by my side, ye went and moved our landmark, and robbed the widow and the fatherless of a fair inheritance. When ye justified your villany by a false oath, did ye think ye imposed on God as ye imposed on man? Arise! Edward Neyland; ye have yet strength left to do an act of justice—arise! and replace the landmark—and if ye die in righting the widow and the fatherless, ye may hope for grace—but ye are incapable of repentance—ye will die in sin—and I am come to curse ye where ye sit."

Young Neyland stepped in between his father and this stern old monitress; and, looking her full in the face, seemed willing to impose silence on her by his looks. She was not to be so daunted—there she stood like the pride of old English virtue and truth personified, while the demon of gain and rapacity seemed represented by the other. "Young man," said the old woman, "I read your heart—it is leaping with joy at the hope of a speedy possession—and ye curse death as dilatory, and think the grave and the pit are slow in claiming their morsel. There ye stand, anxious to succeed to the gains of that wretched old man whom God smote with a year's blindness, yet he repented not—with a year's madness, yet he cried not for mercy—and when he restored him to his faculties, did he bless the hand of heaven, and rue the wrongs he had done to the widow and the orphan? From that infirm portion of clay I hope not for restitution—let him go unworthily and unblessed to his grave—where the loathing worms will spare his poisonous carcase. But from you, young man—gripping and greedy as you are, the only child of one whom God has sent among us for a curse—I expect—nay, I demand justice—and see ye delay it not. Now mark my words. The tongue that never spoke

on the side of mercy and truth before, will command you to do justice to me and mine—obey, and thy days shall be long in the land—refuse, and within the light of one short moon ye shall be summoned before an inexorable judge, and an end shall be of thee and thine.”

“Woman, woman!” said Elias, “dost thou think, with thy clasped book at thy belt, and ungracious words on thy tongue, to dismay me? Ye have been long known for one who could do no good for yourself: and whenever you have seen a neighbour prosper, lo! ye came and clasped your hands and shouted, ‘He has robbed the widow, and plundered the fatherless; and there he rides gallantly with the Lincoln green coat and silver buttons, who deserves to be made a tassel to a gibbet.’ Had honest men their will, ye would pass the herring-brook, dame, for an ill-wisher—and a prayer of evil prayers.” “The herring-brook which ye will pass,” said the old woman, “will be that brook which runs down the valley and shadow of death. The old tree is rotten and ripe, and the fire will soon catch its branches—the young tree looks green and fair—but the axe is whet, and a stroke shall strike it low, when there shall be none to raise it again. And the last words ye shall utter will be, Ruth Rushbrook said it.” And she awaited no reply, but strode out of the room.

Elias, after having fastened the door, to secure himself from farther intrusion, returned to his father; but the looks of the old man were changed—his face was dark, his eye was wandering—and his voice sounded like an echo among the tombs, “Elias, my son, come near—death is more fearsome than I thought—and though I wished once to groan out my last, leaving ye owner of all the fair fields of which I am master, I find it may not be. Ye may mind how sore your mother pleaded near her last gasp to be kind—honest was the word—to the widow and the fatherless babes—she died with the word landmark, and with the name of Rushbrook, on her tongue. Now, Elias, I have often tried to do the honest deed myself—and one summer morning, before the sun or the seed of man, save myself, was up, I went out

to replace the landmark—but the fields looked so green and fair, and my cows seemed to graze with so much rapture, that my hands refused an act of kindness to my soul. I have sometimes thought that Satan—ye have heard the parson preach about him, my man, and how he dwells in a bottomless pit, where the heat would melt the buckles in your shoes—I think Satan himself painted the widow’s fields with a richer hue, and dyed the grass with a more beauteous dye, in order that the temptation might get the better of my wish to be merciful. Lord! lad, if I thought that the fields are not so rich as I imagined, may the fiend make my right leg bone into the drone of a Scotchman’s bagpipe, if I would not, this precious moment, restore them to widow Rushbrook! Lord help me, and have I sinned my soul for seven sand hills instead of seven good pasture parks. Tell me, Elias, my lad, were they clothed, think ye, by the Tempter, in that long and beautiful herbage, in order that I might sell him my soul for a simple luck-penny?”

“The cows,” answered Elias, “love the fields—and their milk is more abundant and rich from that pasture than from others—nine gallons a-day, and a pound and a half of butter, each, can be no work of the fiends—else he’s a kind fiend to us.” “Spoken like thy father’s son,” said the old man; “and now hearken to me. All my neighbours know me for a close-handed man—and may be some suspect I am no honest man than an honest man ought—now mind my words. Ye will soon have riches—ye will want only a fair name and a fair fame—and these are far easier to be had than the broad lands of Coldengame. When I am cold—and no sooner—send for widow Rushbrook, and send for some of the old wise heads of the district. Quote some two or three words about grace and mercy from scripture—thy mother’s bible is sewed up in the sleeve of her damasked gown—I sometimes take a look at it myself. And, now, I think on’t, ye will find my shroud lying beside it—thy mother shaped and sewed it for me—blessed be her thrift—and—what was I talking about?—Aye—and

ye'll say that your father felt the conscience pang, and commanded ye to restore the two fields to Ruth Rushbrook which he had retained—retained, Elias, is a soft word—now this will open the world to thee with a fine sound—Ruth will be delighted, and the world will forget the father for the sake of the son, and your fortune will bud forth and flourish—and ye will be Sir Elias—or wherefore not Lord? But what see ye at the window?—ye will see the green fields when I am dead and gone."

"See at the window?" answered Elias; "if yonder's not Gaffer Grippagen driving his brindled Lady Mary over the Larke to our cream-coloured Cush—he'll steal the breed—Father, d'ye think ye'll not die till I come back?" And away he started, muttering, "One may find an old man of sixty-eight again; but when shall I find two fair fields such as Suffolk cannot match?" A full hour elapsed before he returned—he went not near the Larke, nor sought he after Gaffer and his brindled Lady Mary—but he ran away to look at the two fields which were to become the property of Ruth Rushbrook. He paced them from end to end, and from side to side, and shook his head and muttered, "I will keep them though the dead should rise and demand them." He examined the sward; it was rich in natural clover, and savoury with the sweetest grasses, and tempting to the lip of all cows, whether cream-coloured or tawny. He muttered again, "Plague on't! must the price of his repentance come out of my pocket!" and, with a firm resolution to retain them, he returned to the chamber where the dying man lay.

The hand of death was fast subduing the strength, and softening the hard iron spirit, of his father, "Elias!" he sighed, "are ye come? Oh make the two fields four if ye would have your father to find rest in his grave." "Father," said the youth, "can ye tell me how many stone weight of cheese ye sold to Gabriel Grippal, of Ipswich? he's dead, or become bankrupt—and—either the devil or the lawyers have the picking of him—it matters little which—it's a sore loss." "Elias," said the old

man, "I sold him twenty and eight stone—half money down—but, oh! death's dealing with me, and he's a hard creditor—I wish I could put over the winter—I think I could drop away with less reluctance in the spring. Make the four fields five, Elias—I shall sleep the sounder for't—there's no sleeping in hell-fire, if all tales be true. Save us! what put that in my head?"

"Speaking of hell-fire," said Elias, "are ye sure that Stephen Elborde, whom men call Steenie Hellbird, may be trusted, father? He has a doctor and an attorney with him—and the priest rode down the bridle-road this morning. He'll confess him, and bless him; and for a piece of gold give him absolution for all his sins, and send him gaily to heaven, though he had stolen the whole county of Suffolk, and moved all the widows' landmarks between this and the Land's End. It's a religion that accommodates itself to men's dispositions and desires, better than any form that I know of. But touching old Elborde, depend on't, his lease is near run—I saw smoke in his chimney at six this blessed morning—a sign that some unthrifty thing is about to happen." "Elias," said the old man, gasping for breath—"listen to me—make the five fields seven, and add to them one hundred pieces of gold—and then I think men will bless me when I'm in the grave—and I may take heaven in my own hand. Send for Ruth Rushbrook, I say." "Father," answered Elias, "where have ye hid the rights of Framlingham lea, the title deeds of Grublington? and I have not seen for a twelvemonth, and more, the silver token by which ye hold of the crown Lily-acres and the six fields of Skimagain." "Elias," said Edward Neyland, his visage sharpening in death, and his last respiration rattling in his throat; "seven fields, I say, and one hundred pieces of gold, to Ruth Rushbrook—do as I say, and God and my spirit shall bless you. Keep them—and I shall come from the dead and disinherit ye: keep them, and the widow's curse, which missed me, shall fall on you: keep them—and God shall make ye a wonder and a warning to all children who disobey their parents:

keep them—and thy young blood shall be spilt on thine own threshold, and thy habitation shall be in hell!” He fell slowly back, when he had done speaking—his lips quivered, and a slight convulsion was visible in the fingers of his right hand. “Father,” said Elias, “answer me but one question—how many—God! it will never do to die now, and so many things unsettled! Father, I say.” The old man gave a groan—expanded his hands, and sunk down and expired. “Father,” continued the son, “where’s the old cheese-mould hid, that’s full of coined gold? No, no; he won’t answer that. Father, where’s the key that hung at your belt, and opened the oaken chest in the dark closet?” and he laid his hand upon a bunch of keys, which hung at the old man’s girdle. “He heeds not the rattle of his coffer keys—he must be far gone: Father, father,” he wrung his hands—“and have ye died without blessing me! I’ll answer for’t, he’ll never speak on this side of time more. There’s a pretty piece of business. An he would open his lips again, I would give the widow back a couple of parks to hear but the sound of his tongue.”

The young owner of Coldengame stood pondering for a minute’s space, at last he shouted, “Mardel—Mardel, ye snail—come here—I have something to tell ye, and something to show ye, that will make ye pleased and sad—Mardel, I say.” In answer to this rude summons, a very old woman—a sort of domestic drudge, made her appearance, shaking the husk of flax from her arms, as she came, and murmuring at being taken from her task. “Here ye grumbling gammerstang—hold him in the chair, till I search for the keys, and lock up the house, and see what I am to call my own. He has been spending money lately as if it had not come by the sweat of the brow—it was no good symptom of health when he became a spendthrift.” “Troth, and that’s true,” said the old domestic; “I saw him, no farther back than Tuesday, give a quarter of a pound of cheese-parings to a beggar’s brat; and a bit of money—it could not be less than a half-penny—to an old man with a white head, who begged hard and long—he

has been spending hard lately—but he sleeps soundly. Eh! Elias, this is not the repose of sleep, but of death—if ye keep Coldengame till he awake, ye’ll be lord long enough. I trow it was not for nought that the bats fluttered, and the daws screeched, when I kindled a fire in our chamber-chimney yesterday. And now I think on’t, I saw two ravens sitting on the house-top, when I rose this morning—a sight I never have seen since Crombie the Scotch cow died—I think I cried away all my tears then—for I can hardly find one to drop by my old master’s side.” And she put her hands before her face, and raised up a kind of low and melancholy cry—but no drops of sorrow came.

Word soon flew over the district that Edward Neyland was dead—mourning made no struggle for mastery with mirth—one would have thought that a millstone had been removed from every bosom. The hinds swore deeper oaths, the maidens sang merrier songs, the dogs barked in chorus, and the very cows seemed to feel an increase of gladness as they tasted the rich pastures. “And so old Coldengame’s dead,” said one rustic; “if the devil keeps cows, let him make Ned the cowherd—and there will be more wit in hell than I wot of if he fails to nick him out of some of the best calves.” “Aye! dead!” said the second rustic; “dead as a door nail—my dream has had a glorious clearing up. I dreamed I saw old Coldengame dished out like a roasted pig at a bridal dinner, with a sprig of rosemary in his mouth, and the devil dining on him in the shape of a great hooded crow. And speaking of bridals, when will little Will Chessel be married? The parish gives away the bride, and the magistrate recommends the nuptials—and a ripe morsel for the altar she is.” “Ripe for the altar!” said a third rustic; “as ripe as old Coldengame was for the grave. They say that after he died there remained a fiend within him that made him move, and his lips to mutter—but it must have been a conscientious fiend, for when old Mardel laid him in his last linen, they say he started half up, and cried. ‘Ruth Rushbrook’s landmark!’ Now d’ye

think a dead man's word will stand law?' "Who the devil doubts it, man?" said a fourth rustic; "a thing that won't stand in common sense, will stand in law—and precious good law too. I wish I had a dead man's word for a thousand pounds—I would put it into old Fishhook's hand—he would make me good money out of it." "But have ye heard," said the fifth rustic, "that old Neddy-nick-the-Devil's to be buried like a man of high degree—like a Bennet or a Mordaunt—a hearse and four horses, no less, to draw him! and ranks of people with torches. Gore! an it will be prime sport to see old Carrion-crow, the cow-feeder, laid in the vaults among our lords and nobles. All's one to the worms—a king or a cowman—and wherefore should I grumble? Are ye going to the foot-ball match to-night, twelve on a side, o'er the moonlight lea? Moll Grabbert will be there—and Nan Reamen-cap will be looking on; and our side will do their best." "Foot-ball!" said the sixth and last rustic; "who would go to foot-ball, and old Coldengame going to be buried! Folk expect he will come to life again—d'ye think he'll leave the world, that he loved so dearly, in this quiet and easy way? And if he were so disposed, d'ye think mother Biblebelt—old Ruth Rushbrook, will let him slip decently under the sod, without giving him her benediction? Have I not both seen and heard her stand at Coldengame's chamber-window at midnight, and shout, 'A widow's curse! a widow's cry! and a widow's tears! Cursed be he who moveth his neighbour's landmark, and robs the widow and the fatherless!' Every body knows the curse of Ruth Rushbrook—who has not heard the curse she has pronounced on the house of Coldengame? and they say it is fulfilling."

On the day when this conversation happened, an unwonted crowd of people had assembled at Coldengame hall. A hearse, nodding with black horse-hair, and streaming with tears, stood in the midst—and so naturally were the tears painted, that the young heir, and all his dependants, considered weeping a mere superfluity. Elias was decorous

in his grief—his grief was beyond tears. He drew on his father's boots, and strutted from room to room, looking at every step on this paternal benefaction, which fitted him, as the apothecary remarked, as a mortar fits a pestle. He endowed his person in an ample coat, with sleeves like carronades, and buttons like butter-prints—and threw aside the lappets, to display a scarlet vest ornamented with tarnished lace, which had descended into the family, in a somewhat oblique way from Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree, witchfinder to good King James, who burned and hanged those only possessed of a rich wardrobe and a familiar spirit. The new-born pride of a miser broke out, as it ever breaks, in fits of extravagance. In every chimney there burned a fire—in every window there burned a light—the crows, startled by the unaccustomed glare, rose from their roosting places, and screeched out, according to the interpretation of the crowd, "Fire! fire!"

Hunger and thirst, on that auspicious day, forsook the mansion where they had been born, and fled out of the district. The roasted oxen smoked—the brown ale flowed—and a little rill, that runs in the neighbourhood, lost its ancient name, and assumed that of Brandy-brook—so much was its current augmented by the liquor which drunkenness spilt.

It was past eleven at night when the hearse began to move, and the torches to stream towards the place of burial. The abundance of meat and drink, and the mirth which got the better of sorrow, gave it more the look of a wedding than a funeral. All the pastoral chiefs of the district were present—they gazed on the singular extravagance of the scene—wondering in what it was all to end. Many of them afterwards acknowledged that a presentiment of some coming calamity pressed upon them. "I'll tell ye, neighbour," said one; "I like none of these grand processions. Why should the living waste their means on the dead? Lay me in white linen—let a kind neighbour or two bear me to the grave—let a short prayer be said over me, and let a cup of good ale go round—for sorrow is ever dry—and that's the way Dick

Dilsey, of Ashbocking, wishes to be buried." "And a wise way it is," said another pastoral proprietor; "the good green sward, say I. Plague on't, if I would like to be laid up like one of death's cut-and-dry morsels for the worms, in a mouldy vault. It may do well enough for the lords, and the nobles, and other folk with carcasses which disease has rendered uneatable. But a man as wholesome as a breeze in May—as fresh as a new-moulded cheese, and as sweet as new-churned butter—a ten-foot grave, and a green sod for him—and that's what Hodge Guthram, of Thrandestone, thinks." "Ah! but, man," said John Chokeband, of Latheringham, "ye speak like one of the simple men of Suffolk, who wished to be kings, for the sake of living ever on sweet cream and cheese-parings. Young Coldengame is laying the foundation-stone of a house that is to give knights and nobles to the land. Ye will see him soon in a carriage with three churn staffs and a half cheese for a coat of arms; and his motto will be, 'My father's cat liked his neighbour's cream.' And ye know well, neighbours, this is more than likely. A crescent has been suggested instead of a cheese—the moon is made of green cheese—therefore men call her the Suffolk lanthorn; but I have counselled him to stand by the cheese—I am a plain man, and like comprehensible things."

They had now reached the churchyard—a romantic burial-ground, overshadowed by lines of lofty elms, underneath the boughs of which flashed a succession of torches. By the same wavering and uncertain light the relics of an ancient gothic church might be seen, and rank after rank of tomb-stones, recording the resting-places of the old worthies of the district. Before them yawned the vault destined to receive the first of the house of Neyland that had ever been buried in lead; the pilasters of the door gave room for two mourners with enormous torches, between which the coffin, richly covered with velvet, was borne down the broad stone stairs. A line of mourners, and a stream of torches, followed; and round the whole, the hinds of the dis-

trict gathered, gazing at the piled-up coffins of their old nobles, and wondering what took old Ned Neyland, the cow-feeder, among them.

The clergyman, with a voice which to those in the open air sounded as hollow as the proverbial voice from the grave, proceeded with the burial service; and, lifting up a handful of the dust at his feet, was about to cast it on the coffin, completing the symbolical presentation of sepulture—dust to dust. He was startled—and his hand stayed by a human figure, which, shrouded from head to foot, started from among the piled-up coffins, and cried out, "Edward Neyland, I forbid thy body to lie here!" "It is Ruth Rushbrook," whispered a voice or two, scarce audible with shuddering. "Woman," said the clergyman, with a mild beseeching voice, "I desire you to depart, or be silent—let dust be laid to dust—let the body, out of which the spirit has passed, moulder in peace. War not with inanimate clay! 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'" "Hark ye, Sir Priest," said Ruth, "I interpret not what heaven says of a scene like this, but I will tell you what a frail and injured mortal thinks: that whoso lays the dust of the unrepenting sinner—the robber of the widow and the fatherless—the mover of his neighbour's landmark—whoso lays him, with words of scripture and with prayer, to mingle with the dust of the high-born, the high-souled, and brave—doth a wrong which will bring vengeance down on the living, and fierce judgment on the dead. Lay him among the sordid and the vile—lay him in some dark and sequestered nook, over which an honest man's foot will never tread—and let all men look at his grave as they pass, and point the moral to their children with the infamous name of Neyland."

The clergyman stood with the dust in his hands looking on the rapt and enthusiastic woman. The young heir of Coldengame was alone unmoved and undaunted. "Get thee gone, foul woman!" he said; "wilt thou tear the morsel from the grave?"—"Wretch!" said Ruth, "the power is not given thee to harm one hair of my head. Remove thy hands, and give ear one

moment. Vengeance for a wrong which made me and my children beggars has been my earnest cry to heaven, morning, noon, and night, for many, many years. Listen—will you obey your father's dying words? will you restore the seven fields to the widow and the fatherless? Behold ye all, how hardened he stands, and answers me not; while one may number seven, will I give him before I speak in other words." And she paused and stood, with her eyes closed and her arms extended. More than the time she named had elapsed—she broke out with a startling cry, that made the church-yard echo. "Elias Neyland—before man, and before God, I warn you that the curse which I invoked on Coldengame is about to be fulfilled. A blow shall come in the dark, and no one shall know the hand that dealt it. Arise!" and she struck the coffin with her foot; "Arise! let a spirit come forth, an evil spirit, and smite and destroy—let the name of Neyland live no more on the earth." And gliding from among the mourners, she disappeared in the church-yard. One of the torch-bearers, at the entrance of the vault, uttered a cry as she passed him, more like the bellow of a startled bull than like the cry of a human creature. "Why, what the fiend makes thee afraid, man?" said his companion; "it's only an old woman, though a fearful one. What would you have said had you seen her ghost?" "Ghost, man!" said the other; "I would rather lay my head all night on Queen Mary's bloody stone at Framlingham than have seen such a sight—for if that was not old mother Biblebelt, I'm the Christmas flowering thorn of Parham, and no longer Bill Boxhall." "And what if it be, lad?" said the other; "old dame Biblebelt won't bite thee, man; hang it, ye'll drop the torch." "Bite me," said the first spokesman; "how could she bite me? for the old woman's dead—aye! dead—as dead as a post, and as stiff as a crutch, and as cold as a stone. What the deuce could she be wanting here! I'll hold thee it can be for no good—I shall find my brindied cow dead at the stake—or my wife Sue ready for her last linen.

And yet I'm not sure that she's dead either—I know she's bed-fast; and old dame Clenche, who makes the gossip caudle, told me that her glass was run."

One by one, the mourners quitted the vault—and two by two, they left the church-yard, and proceeded towards Coldengame hall, which lay a short mile distant. The heir of Coldengame was observed to linger in the vault—he was the last that left it; and as he passed through the church-yard, his face was flushed, his eye restless—he regarded no one—he associated with no one—but walked slowly homewards. It was on the stroke of twelve. The day had been unusually sultry, the cattle had sought the shaded parts of their pastures—had stood up to their bellies in the brooks, and the sun had gone down without leaving a cloud or a speck behind. But the eye of the experienced swain, as it skimmed along the hill-tops where the land and sky met, or rested on the darkening beams of the departed sun, foresaw an approaching storm, and secured his cattle, and called his children home. The sky to a late hour continued clear—you might have heard the Larke utter a loud murmur—gusts of wind shook the oaks of Framlingham, while the innumerable rooks which found shelter in the groves of the district sought out the most sheltered trees—they seemed to expect the sweep of the tempest from the east.

The mourners, or to use a more suitable word for those who sorrowed not—the guests, had all reached Coldengame, and were gathered round the tables—spice cake and dainties were ready; and the wine bottles stood in clusters, with their corks undrawn. Many a thirsty and expecting lip was there—and many an eye was turned to the door, expecting the heir—but no heir appeared—the church clock was striking twelve. A sudden rush of wind shook the roof, and made the wine-bottles clatter—flash succeeding flash of lightning followed—rain descended on the house like a brook; and the two tall oak-trees, which stood before the porch, were cast to the ground. The foot as of one running

was heard—and thick breathings—the sound echoed on the pavement—it was heard on the threshold—it ceased, and came no farther. “Some one has caught a fall,” cried old John Copindale, of Gilsingame; and he ran to the door; and there lay Elias Neyland over an old carved stone which stood at the porch—his eyes were dilated, his nostrils expanded, his locks standing in stiffened curls—it seemed that death had frozen him up amid a fit of moral horror—no one could look on him and keep from shuddering. They carried him into the chamber—they chafed his temples—they loosed his dress—no wound appeared—but life had utterly left him. At last a small wound is discovered in his left side—not straight, like the wound of a sword—nor round, like that of a ball; but forming a waving line, an inch in length, and deeper than it was necessary to go to expel life. Not a drop of blood flowed.

“Some one has stabbed him,” said John Bloodmore; “and the weapon has been a comical one—but crooked though it was, a straight piece of steel could scarce have been more handy.” “That’s no sword wound,” said old Guthram, who had been a soldier in his youth;—“no sword ever wrote its deeds in characters so crooked as that—it is a wound, nevertheless, and a deadly one. Who will heir the broad lands of Coldengame now?” “If it is not a sword wound,” said young Lackland, the poacher, “it is as little the wound of a ball—powder never gives lead the leisure to make such curious work. I wonder now how it has been done—it’s a pretty secret. It’s some o’er-sea fashion that’s done with little din. I’ll warrant, shot and steel will go out of vogue, like Robin Hood’s arrows.” “Lead and steel!” said Harry Hasleton; “any one may see it’s the work of a more ethereal hand than what deals with such weapons. It’s the death stroke of some evil spirit. Does it look like the deed of blade or bullet? Look at that face of horror—these eyes started in terror from their sockets—these hands clenched and convulsed—and that wound which refuses to open and bleed. It’s the angry spi-

rit of his father—it’s clear that no mortal could do the deed so deftly.” “Aye, aye,” said more mourners than one, “no doubt—no doubt—he was of a greedy and a sinful race—heaven has taken him into his own hand, and sent a spirit to smite him on his own threshold.” “It is the work of heaven, indeed,” said Mr. Horegrove, the clergyman; “and let the wicked be warned. With what weapon hath God smitten him?—with the weapon of wrath—the sword of fire. It was no evil shape that came—it was the spirit of the tempest—the storm blew, and the fire came, and it smote the clay, and the clay fell. The heathen hath said, what lightning strikes is a thing accursed—I will not say with the heathen, since the lightning strikes the green trees and the barren rocks; but I accept it as a sign of anger and sore displeasure—and all who hear me would do well to humble themselves in secret, and confess their sins to God, and seek for forgiveness.”

“Forgiveness!” said an old woman, a domestic of the house of Neyland, who stood at the door of the chamber, and heard imperfectly what the divine said; “would ye forgive the hand that slew the last hope of my master’s house? Ye call him griping, and hard-hearted; but had ye nursed him on your knees, as I have done—had ye carried him out of a dead mother’s bosom, and dandled him, as these two hands have, in the sunny air—ye would feel as I feel, and pity an old woman’s wail. Hold away, and let me look on him—the only one that never had aught but an open hand, and a warm heart to me.” And she stooped over the body, and shook her head sorrowfully, and dropt a tear or two.

The story of the death of Elias Neyland flew over the land with something like a supernatural speed; and every mile that it went, some wild and wonderful embellishment was added. In those times the old beliefs of the district were in active force—the minds of men had not been sobered down to doubt all, and believe nothing—the evil spirit of political writing was not then unchained and let loose among the

multitude ; and the fear of punishment in another world, for crimes wrought in this, was still the whip to hold men in order, which the poet has imagined. The tragic close of the line of Neyland was dramatised by the active imaginations of the peasantry. One had seen strange lights—a second had heard strange noises—and a third had seen a shape so questionable, that he had no doubt the spirit of old Neyland, invoked by the powers of Ruth Rushbrook, had come back to earth to punish a disobedient son.

Several of the ruling names of the district—the Chiltons, the Peytons, the Malets, the Winthorps, and Gurdons, were there along with Mr. Horegrove, the divine, when an old man came pressing forward, with the sweat of fear, as well as of haste, on his brow—he looked on the body, and said, “Who doubts that a supernatural hand was here? I myself have seen a sight which will be ever before me, were I to live these threescore years and seven.” “Old man,” said the divine, “remember that you stand before a body on which the hand of God hath this evening been, and that your words are for the ears of devout men—speak, therefore, advisedly—we seek for truth—we wish not to find romance.” “Romance!” said the old man, “what’s that? But if it be ought of a man’s invention, then I tell ye that truth is wilder than the wildest romance—truth, and truth only, shall I tell you.

“Look at this child;” and he held up an infant, which he had folded up very carefully in a long mantle; “and wonder not that I love it. The child grew weak, and began to fade away, and I wrapt it up as you see, and came to pass it through a cloven ash at Coldengame, as my fathers have done before me, when something evil had breathed upon their babes. I singled out a fair tree—a stripling ash—I cleft it with my own hands—and having blessed my babe, first I passed it eastward, with a prayer—then I brought it westward, with another prayer—and each time that I slipt it through, it laughed, and leaped for joy. So I tied up the young tree with a careful hand

—for as the wood grows together, so will my child recover. And I stood and blessed the tree, as the old story bids us—and looked upon it, that I might know it again. The church clock had warned twelve, when an owl flew by, and a bat followed—and a cloud came over the moon, and thick rain fell, and the wind was loosed, and thunder was heard, and fire from heaven ran along the ground. I trembled for my babe. But that was nought. What think ye I saw? Nay, I am not sure that I saw it, either—and yet how such a vision should come into my brain, unless it passed before me, I know not. Suppose that I saw it. Then ye may suppose me half way from Coldengame to the church-yard—and that, as I stood with my babe in my arms, I saw a fearful light running upon the grass. And then I saw the shapes or shadows of men coming—they were shadows if shadows can be without bodies, and they came all muttering, and muttering, and muttering—making a noise—like the twitter of wild geese when they hear a distant sound. I may not, dare not name them—for there I saw all the evil doers of the district—some dead many years, and some dead, as it were, but yesterday, and they went sweeping away towards Coldengame—and who d’ye think was the hindmost? who but old Ned Neyland himself. Why, the wickedest spirits should be last, let the divines tell ye—but there he was—much the same griping and deceitful look that he had when living. Had there been justice among the damned, he would have been at the head of them. I followed with my child—for why should I fear these babes of darkness?—and then I heard the cry that young Coldengame was killed on his own threshold. And now ye know as much as I do.” And when he had done speaking, he departed.

When all present had exhausted their conjectures, and the superstitious impulse was beginning to abate, they removed the body into a little chamber, with a window which opened upon the lawn; and returning to the wine, circulated the cup with a grave and a silent rapidity. The storm had for some

time flown by, the moon had resumed her reign, and you might have seen the rooks pluming their drenched wings, on the pine-trees, for a mile around. All the marvellous stories of the dead and the wicked, which the district contained—were told with many a comment—it was still two hours from the morning light. "There was wild Tom Grimstone," said one, "you know Tom—(Why this wine grows better) he was passing through Dowsley church-yard, when his foot took an old skull, and Tom tumbled. (This is what I call right stuff.) So he turned round, and gave it a blow with his foot. 'I would come and sup with ye to-night for all that has passed,' said Tom to the skull, 'if ye had the grace to ask me.' Now at midnight—(Another cup of wine, Gilsington, for I tell this story badly)—At midnight a voice came crying 'Come sup with me.' And Tom's grandame rose from her knees, and said, 'What voice is that?'—and the voice answered, 'Ah! had it not been for thy prayers, Tom Grimstone should have supped with me in hell.' It's a true story—I have heard it a hundred times."

Ere he had done speaking, a voice, to which two or three were instantly joined, cried, "In heaven's name, come here! Elias is up and gone, body as well as soul." All rushed into the chamber—it was floating with blood, but no body was to be found. "An evil spirit has entered the body, and walked away with it into the bottomless pit," said one.—"It is the hand of heaven," said a second. "The hand of the fiend, rather," said a third. "He has gone forth at the window," said a fourth, leaping into the lawn; "and here's his blood staining all the grass—like the blood of a wounded deer." "I have lost the trace now," cried a fifth; "he has sunk into the earth here—the blood is scarce cooled on the grass." "And here he lies," cried a sixth, "on this small narrow ridge—and half-a-dozen cows are running snuffing and marvelling round him; he's cold and stiff." "And there's a carved stone under him," said a seventh; "his blood has run freely over it—the curse of Coldengame's fulfil-

ling." "It is fulfilling, indeed," said an old pious man, whose white hairs had not been abroad in the night damp for fifteen years. "Here stood the landmark of Ruth Rushbrook; and here have I seen her kneeling, crying for heaven's vengeance on the spoiler of the widow and the fatherless. We buried the father yesterday, and here lies his only son to-night—his life's blood marking the boundary, and staining the stone land-mark, which in a fatal hour he removed. Let us carry this youth home; and when we see an evil deed done, and him that did it flourishing, let us think on the name of Neyland, and on the curse of Coldengame."

In the course of this wild story the current of the narrative has been allowed to meander according to all the varieties of popular belief. In telling a tale which is old and mysterious—and perhaps can never be unravelled—it is best to relate all the various versions and comments in the order in which they come: it forms a curious history of traditional belief, and affords an opportunity to a reader desirous of signalizing his own sagacity of coming to a conclusion satisfactory at least to himself. I have not ventured any opinion of my own—I wish not to be wiser than other men—such a distinction would be exceedingly painful; and I am quite willing to believe with all the varying traditions in the dairy district of Suffolk. Once indeed, in my youthful and undiscerning days, I had the hardihood to endeavour to draw aside the supernatural veil which belief had extended over the catastrophe of the house of Neyland—it was looked upon as an insult to the country—and I lost many a choice and wonderful legend—for the flowing founts of ancient stories instantly dried up—and I lost an annual present of two noble cheeses, which the rich pastures of Coldengame produced. When I had written thus far, I submitted my narrative to a worthy old pastoral proprietor of Suffolk, who was pleased to commend the spirit in which I had united all the circumstances and opinions together. The landmark, he assured me, is still pointed out by the peasantry, stained with

blood—no one presumes to touch it—for the spirits of the two Neylands are *laid* below it—and they would be let loose again on earth, were it removed. He had the charity to assure me, that he thought good old feelings and beliefs, and salutary terrors of evil, and dread of the invisible world, would be cher-

ished and strengthened by the publication of this legend—and he bade me hope that the proprietors of the butter and cheese portion of Suffolk would reward my desire to signalize their country by a mark of their respect worthy of my merit, and of their own unrivalled pastoral productions.

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THE DOOMED MAN.

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The Museum of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art (1822-1842); Nov 1, 1823; 3, 17;

American Periodicals

pg. 440

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE DOOMED MAN.

THE only passenger besides myself on board the *Susannah*, was a Miss Maria B——, of Port Glasgow, who, on the recent loss of her only parent, was going out to her sister, the wife of a wealthy planter, in Barbadoes. She was a good looking girl, and enjoyed

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a great flow of animal spirits, which made her at times very amusing; but, having been much spoiled with over indulgence, she was somewhat pettish and self-willed. Captain Gilkison, (the master of the vessel,) was a quiet, unobtrusive man, mild in his manners and address, with a singularly melancholy expression of countenance altogether unusual in a sailor: he seemed to have been much in foreign countries, and was the best informed and most intelligent seaman I ever happened to meet with in the merchant service. To the monotony and confinement of a voyage every thing affords an agreeable diversity. Miss B——, whose musical attainments were of a very superior order, sang charmingly, and accompanied herself on the guitar with great taste and sweetness. The captain also played the flute with more skill than is the wont of nautical people in general, so that with these resources, and the aid of books and conversation, we made the time pass pleasantly away, when the weather would not admit of our being on deck.

On the eighteenth day after our ship had left the tail of the bank, and had got into the warmer latitudes, it came to blow pretty fresh at nine P.M. with a long stretch of a swell from the S.W.—I had gone to bed, and had fallen into a sound sleep, when I was awakened about midnight with the noise of feet traversing the deck, the violent beating with a handspike at the steerage hatchway, and the rough voice of the boatswain turning out the middle watch with “All hands ho! tumble up, tumble up, ye lubbers!” I immediately sprang out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and made the best of my way up the companion-ladder, knowing there was something more than usual to do when the whole crew were called up at once. A good deal of bustle prevailed on deck. It had turned out what sailors call a coarse, dirty night, blowing very hard, and dark and dismal all round, except when a flash of lightning showed us the billows boiling and tumbling about us. The ship was labouring hard in a heavy sea-way, sending bows in over head and ears, and washing the forecastle at every pitch. The captain was standing abreast of the binnacle, and through a speaking trumpet was issuing his orders to take canvas off the foremast and ease the vessel by the head. I walked up to his side, and observed by the binnacle-light that his countenance was much agitated. Aware of the dislike seamen have, in cases of peril, to be interrogated and obstructed in their movements by passengers, I passed without accosting him; and, to be as much as possible out of the men’s way, retreated to the hen-coops at the stern, and, with considerable anxiety, observed his motions. More than half an hour elapsed, but still he kept his station; occasionally walking a few paces to and fro, then examining the compass, to give directions to the man at the wheel, and now and then throwing a glance over the lee-quarter. A shrill, whistling sound through the rigging—the clattering of blocks and slackened ropes—the creaking at the doubling of the masts, and the yards at the slings, now warned us that another squall was coming.

The captain hastily stepped to the light and examined his time-piece; I glanced my eyes over it also, and could distinguish that the hands pointed to one o'clock. I saw his lips slightly quiver, and heard him mutter as he put it up—"The hour is come now!" I felt a chilliness strike to my heart at these words—I thought our last hour was come—that the captain, conscious of the vessel's inability to hold together through the squall, had given us up for lost. I fancied even that the violence of the ship's motion had increased fearfully. My heart beat with a convulsive fluttering, as if I was in the act of flying, each time the vessel, left by an exhausted wave, paused—rose straining and quivering on the ridge of the succeeding one, and again with the rapidity of an arrow made a tremendous plunge into the hollow beneath. I tried to rush forward and learn the worst at once, but my limbs refused to do their office. I endeavoured to make myself heard, but my voice had forsaken me, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could not have moved had we been going to the bottom, and my only chance of escape lying in my own exertions. The squall had now reached us in all its wrath, and was hurrying us on with inconceivable velocity, when a flash of lightning, or rather a succession of flashes, like a sheet of fire, illumined the whole waste of waters around us. The captain was now standing within a few feet of me by the gallery-railings, gazing intently to leeward; when all at once he clasped his hands forcibly together, and with a groan of despair, and in a suppressed voice of agony, exclaimed, "My God! there he is again for the last time!" He remained a few seconds, as if regarding something possessed of horrible interest, then struck his open palms over his eyes, and wildly rushed down the companion-way. In vain I had followed the direction of his look, nothing met my sight but long lines of white waves, pursuing us with their deafening roar, and threatening every instant to break on board and engulf the vessel.—Having got the better of my own fears, I waited for some time in expectation of his reappearance, trying to conjecture the cause of such strange conduct, till, at length, unable to endure longer suspense, I got a lantern lighted at the binacle, and descended to the cabin. I found him on the after-lockers, with his face hidden in his hands: he raised it at my entrance, and I saw it was exceedingly wan, and that a slight shivering ran through his frame. "In the name of heaven, captain," said I, "what is the matter that you shake so, are you taken suddenly ill?" "Thank you, thank you, Sir," he answered, "I am well—in perfect health—but I have a feeling here," and he pressed his hand to his heart, "which you cannot understand, and the cause of which you would only laugh at, were I to tell it you." "I do not think I should," returned I: "this is no time for merriment; if the ship is in hazard, our danger is mutual, and I see nothing laughable in the idea of our going to the bottom." "No," he replied, "you mistake me, there is no fear of that, and if there were a risk, our danger is *not* mutual. The gale will now take off, and as far as

timber and iron goes we have as staunch a sea-boat under us as ever stemmed salt water; she will make better weather in a gale of wind than any seventy-four in the navy; she is well found above and below, and my crew are every one of them as true bred seamen as ever rove reef points through grimits. We are as safe as hearts of oak, in every sense of the phrase, can make us. No, Sir, that is not what troubles me. I now know but too well that I am a doomed man—I feel that my fate is sealed, and it is that fearful certainty which, with a weight like our best bower-anchor, presses on my soul, paralyzes all my faculties, and renders existence a curse instead of a blessing. I see that you think me raving under the influence of a distempered imagination. At one period of my life I was as incredulous as you, but woful experience has since taught me otherwise. I will explain myself more at large; but I must now go on deck till these squalls blow over, for nothing encourages seamen so much as seeing their commander vigilant in his duty; besides, were I known to be a doomed man, not a single hand would trust himself in the ship with me. I must, therefore, beware of giving them further cause to conjecture the reason of my abrupt retreat.”

So saying, he left me: and, finding all desire for sleep completely banished, I sat ruminating on the perversity of human nature—on the various means man falls on to embitter the brief tenure of his life, bringing imaginary evils and miseries in aid of those which we all too truly experience as the concomitants of our existence.

After a while the captain came below again; the gale had abated, and there was no immediate necessity for his remaining on deck. “And now, Sir,” said he, “if you feel no inclination for bed, and are willing to lend me your attention, I will recount a few of the leading incidents of my life, which will show you that a mariner’s superstition has nought to do with the affair.”

I was sent to sea at an early age, and bound cabin-boy to a barque belonging to S——, a small sea-port village in Ayrshire. I had for my fellow-apprentice a boy nearly of my own age, and my most intimate companion, called George Cuthbertson. Our parents were next door neighbours, and in habits of great friendship. We had been at school together—shared in the same amusements—had fought each other’s battles—and now felt happy that we were to acquire our nautical knowledge unseparated. We served our time faithfully; and when it expired, made several voyages to different ports of America and the West Indies. I was shortly afterwards made mate of the vessel, and we were on our passage to Smyrna, when we were captured by a French privateer off the Land’s End, and carried into Port Louis. Unfortunately for us, this happened at the period when Buonaparte permitted no exchange of prisoners between the two nations: we were, therefore, marched far into the interior along with several ships’ companies, and confined in the

fortress of Breal. I will not take up your attention by a recital of the hardships we endured during the five years of our imprisonment. Our treatment was more like that of brutes than of one Christian nation towards another; but Cuthbertson and I weathered through it, and that was more than hundreds of our fellow-captives did. Twice we made our escape, but were recaptured both times, treated with additional rigour, and threatened with instant death if we made the attempt again. Nevertheless, we tried it once more, with the resolution either to regain our freedom or perish. After months of cautious and unremitting labour, we succeeded in undermining the corner of our stone floor, and bored a passage through the wall at the bottom of the building. This outlet took us clear of the centinels, but still we had a descent of more than twenty feet over the face of the rock to overcome. There were eleven of us confined in the same dungeon, and most part of these were our own crew. We set all hands to work; soon cut up our blankets into strips, and formed a sort of rope by which we were to lower ourselves down. We all landed safe except our captain, who was a heavy man, and on that account agreed to be the last; he was not so fortunate. He had hardly descended half way, when his weight proved too great for the frail tackling; it broke, and he was precipitated to the bottom. No time was now to be lost—the noise of his fall would probably alarm the soldier on duty, and the guard would be down on us in the turning of a capstan-bar. We all, therefore, separated; each taking a different course, the better to elude pursuit, and every one shifting for himself the best way he could. George and I were just darting off, when the faint voice of Green the captain arrested our steps. “Jack,” said he, “and you Cuthbertson, will ye both sheer off like land-lubbers, and leave your old master and townsman aground here without ever lending a-hand to tow him off a lee-shore?” We were not proof against this appeal. Both of us esteemed him; and though we were in a manner giving up our only chance for escape, we had not the heart to leave him to die, without contributing what we could to his assistance. We tried to raise him on his feet, but in vain—he had broken his right leg below the knee, and could not move a step. What was now to be done?—every moment was precious—there was nothing for it but to get him on my back, which we did, and I fled as fast as the weight of my burden would allow me. Taking spell and spell about, we travelled till daybreak warned us to seek some place of concealment. We accordingly lay down in the middle of a large turnip field, and covered ourselves with the leaves as much as possible. When twilight came on, we again took up our charge, marched all night, and in the morning, found ourselves in a lonely little dell, overarched with trees and bushes, and with a small stream of water flowing through the midst.

I now found that our poor Captain had not much longer to endure his sufferings—his limb had swelled to a fearful size, with

the bone protruding several inches; it was prodigiously inflamed, and mortification had already taken place. "God bless you both, my good lads!" he murmured, as we laid him in a sort of recess under the bank, "God in heaven bless you! you have acted the part of sons towards me, and what I would have done by you had you been stranded in a strange land. I feel that my last yarn's spun out, and my glass run down—only I should have liked better to have been laid under hatches in my own country, and alongside of my own kith and kin. But there's no help for it! The old hull must break up somewhere, and it's all one whether she lies stranded ashore, or founders under the deep-sea waves. Tell them all about my mishap at home, if ever you reach it; and bid Will be kind to his poor mother and the little ones—and now give me a drop of that pure water to quench my burning thirst—fare ye well once more, and the blessing of heaven go with you!" He died in the course of the afternoon; in the evening we dug his grave by the margin of the stream—laid him in—and departed on our way. We travelled eight nights in the same manner, avoiding every habitation, and living on such wild berries and field roots as we could gather, till the ninth, when we reached St. Malo just as day was beginning to dawn. We proceeded directly for the harbour, where seeing a fishing-boat lying afloat with her nets on board, we jumped in—sang a French sea-song to deceive the sentinel while we pulled past the batteries—trimmed our sails to the wind, and stood out to sea.

Our good fortune still accompanied us; the wind held fair, and the next day we were picked up by the Huntingdon West Indianman, bound for Savannah-la-mer; the Captain of which purchased our boat, and gladly received us on board.

On our arrival at port, we found the bloody flux raging with such violence, that, during the time we were discharging the vessel, we buried the mate and two-thirds of our crew. Upon this the Captain offered me the birth, with orders to carry the ship round to Mondego-bay, and take in the produce of two estates there belonging to the owners. Cuthbertson had also got charge of a schooner for Clyde, which had lost her master, and he accompanied me round, as she was lying there too. The evening previous to his sailing, he came on board the Huntingdon, that we might spend one night together before we separated. It was one of the loveliest evenings I ever beheld. The sun had set behind the Blue Mountains, but the reflection of his parting rays still tinged with purple and gold the edges of the few light clouds which floated round their summit. A gentle land-breeze had sprung up, insufficient to ripple the smooth surface of the water, but capable of diffusing a refreshing coolness through our frames, wearied and exhausted by the day's labour. All our hands were ashore at one of the plantations, for the ship was anchored up a narrow creek; and the balmy fragrance of plants and flowers uniting with the solitude of the scene, shed a soothing influence over us. Insensibly

I fell into a train of melancholy musing. My mind wandered to the home I had been so long absent from. The dear friends I had left there—were they still in existence, and did they recal thoughts of their wandering sailor? We talked over our early days—of our scattered school-fellows—of our boyish adventures—of our more recent perils—and now of our parting.

“I wish I could persuade you, Jack,” said my companion, “to give up your birth here, and go home with me. One of your late crew told me that this ship would never see Old England again, for all the rats had forsaken her; and you know as well as any of us, that it is a sure sign the ending of the vessel is not far distant when they leave her.” “Well, let them go,” returned I, “and a fair wind to their tails! I care not though I never see a whisker of them again, we shall get the more beef and biscuit for ourselves in that case. I know it’s a common superstition among seamen, but do you think I am such a swab as to believe that a parcel of vermin can foretel a vessel’s fate? No, no, I have engaged to go the voyage, and, if that’s all, I’ll”——“Aye, but hearken to me,” interrupted he, “that’s not all. Many years ago, this ship left Nata, in the bay of Panama, with a quantity of specie for the merchants in London. They had not been long at sea when the mate and crew agreed to kill the captain, share the money, and turn pirates. He was accordingly attacked when he came on deck, but being a stout man he resisted, until, weakened by loss of blood, he retreated to the bows, where he was overpowered, murdered, and thrown overboard. The villains kept these seas in terror for some time; but at last, decoyed by a disguised sloop of war, which they mistook for a merchantman, they were captured, and the mate and five men run up to the fore-yard arm. Ever since that, the captain’s ghost haunts the vessel, but is never seen except to foretell some disaster, either to the ship or crew. The sailor who told me saw him that night we arrived at Savannah; and has not the prediction been fulfilled in the death of our men?” I could not forbear laughing at the conclusion of this story, to his great annoyance, for he gave implicit credit to such tales. I declared my total unbelief of supernatural appearances, and tried to argue him out of his faith in them, but to no purpose; he remained firm and fast. We had much discussion on the subject, by which neither of us was convinced; so, getting fairly tired of the topic, I proposed taking supper and turning in. I do not know how long I had slept, when I was roused by Cuthbertson shaking me violently, and exclaiming, “Rise, Jack, for God’s sake, rise, I have seen him!” I immediately started up; “Seen what,” inquired I, “what have you seen?” but the poor fellow was in no condition to reply—he had become insensible. I lifted him up, and carried him on deck, where, by the application of a little water, he soon recovered.

“After turning in,” said he, “I lay thinking on what we had been conversing about, till I worked myself up to such a state that I could not fall asleep. I tried repeatedly to banish it from my

mind, but in spite of all my efforts to get rid of it, it still recurred. After tossing about for some hours, I got so heated that I could lie no longer, so I thought I would rise, and take a turn fore and aft to cool myself, and see how the night looked. The moon was dim and hazy, and her light much obscured by clouds driving with great swiftness across her surface. The wind was all a-peak—for the fly of the vane at the mast-head was motionless and drooping. Not a leaf rustled on the tress; and I almost fancied I heard the rushing of the clouds as they hurried over my head. I never felt myself so impressed with the awful stillness of nature. I walked a good while to and fro, and then stopt and leaned over the bulwarks at the waist to watch the progress of the carries, wondering why they flew so rapidly above, when it was such a dead calm below. While thus engaged I chanced to turn my head, and thought I saw something white standing behind me. I started, and rubbed my eyes to ascertain if I saw distinctly, for I had walked the length of the deck only a few minutes before, and knew that our men had not yet returned. The story of the captain haunting the vessel now flashed across my mind, and the idea that I stood in the presence of an unearthly being created a feeling I cannot describe—my heart leapt to my mouth at the conviction, and a cold shivering thrilled through my body. I tried to shut out the vision, but my eyes were fascinated by some spell against which I had no power of resistance. As I continued to gaze it gradually became brighter and more defined, until I distinguished a human face, wan and ghastly—its eyes, lustreless and fixed, as those in the sockets of a dead man; and gore streaming from a wound over its temple. I shuddered with horror at the sight, my knees bent beneath me, and I was on the point of sinking down, when, rallying all my fortitude, with an effort of desperation I threw myself forward and attempted to seize it—but nothing met my grasp. Panting and breathless, a cold perspiration bursting through every pore, and with a feeling as if the scalp of my head was shrinking to nothing, I stopt and again looked on it. It stood without motion with its dull and lifeless eyes still riveted upon me. I could endure their gaze no longer—I felt my brain maddening with terror: driven to frenzy, I again darted forward, and tried to grapple with it; but without any sensible motion it receded as I advanced. and, the moon suddenly becoming obscure, it vanished from my sight on the fore-castle. A faintness came over me—I thought the ship whirling round—I staggered to the companion, but how I got down to the cabin I know not.” He ceased, and the agitation of his frame showed how deeply he was impressed with the reality of the apparition. I again ridiculed the notion of its having been a spirit, but rather some phantasy of the brain—a form conjured up by the force of an over-wrought imagination; and, perhaps, a particular reflection of moonlight might perfect the delusion: and I ended by swearing I would not trust the evidence of my senses, although my father should rise from the grave and present him-

self before me. "Well, Jack," he returned, "I'll argue the matter no more. I don't pretend to guess at the purport of its visit—no trifle would occasion its becoming visible to human eyes; but this I know, that all the powers on earth cannot shake my conviction of its reality, or prove it a mere delusion of sight. We are now about to part, perhaps forever; and if so, and I am permitted, I promise to be thrice visible to you before your death, if you are left in this world behind me." I laughed, and swore I should be glad to see him—that I should deem myself secure *till* the last visit; and moreover, that I did not value all the rats and ghosts on earth a rotten rope-yarn. Here we ended. The boats came off with our men, we all went to help the schooner into the bay, bade him farewell as he got under-way, and returned to our ship.

A few weeks afterwards we loaded, and left Savannah; and falling in with a Halifax brig, we were informed that war had been declared against the United States, whose privateers were swarming in all directions. One morning at daybreak we discovered a small cutter to windward; she was on the contrary tack, but in place of holding on her straight course, she kept yawing, and sheering, and gradually bearing down on us under English colours, and her foresail unset. Our men pronounced her to be American built, and seemingly a Charleston pilot-boat; but the captain, on the contrary, thought her one of the mail-carriers which ply between the islands, and shortened sail to send a boat on board to get the news. The jolly-boat was therefore prepared; but by way of precaution we cast loose our guns and prepared for engaging. As she neared us we could see but few men on board, which, with their manner of manœuvring, gave her such a suspicious appearance, that I proposed to fire a gun and bring her to: for at arm's length I knew our heavy metal was capable of blowing her out of the water; but if she got under our guns she might easily carry us by boarding. The Captain still hesitated, and desired me to have patience, but he had scarcely pronounced the words when a gust of wind blew aside the corner of the foresail, and disclosed the muzzle of a long swivel pointing out. There was no room for hesitation now—so I seized a trumpet, and desired them to haul their wind, or else we would fire into them. "Fire, and be damned," was the reply.

The sail was cast off, and the contents of the swivel, with a shower of small arms, poured on us. We returned the broadside; but it was now too late to do any service, for she was so close, and so much under us, that our shot went clean over them. We had not time to exchange another, ere she was laid athwart our bows, and boarding us by the bowsprit. I now left the gun I had been working, and called out for our men to stand fast; but instead of obeying, they ran below for safety, with the Captain at their head, leaving me alone on deck, and the colours flying. I saw there was nothing more to be done, so throwing away my cutlass, I was following their example, and had my back to the companion in the act of descending, when I was surrounded, and ordered to

stand. I cried out, that surely they wouldn't kill an unarmed man. "Then, why don't you haul down your colours?" replied one of the fellows, and fired his pistol right in my face. I gave my head a sudden jerk to one side, by which means the ball only grazed my teeth and went through my cheek, while both eyes were scorched and driven full of powder from the closeness of the discharge. I was knocked over, and fairly thought I was shot through the head; but in a little time I recovered, and finding the blood flowing from my mouth and cheek, I groped my way down the ladder, where, getting hold of a sail, I scraped off some tow, thrust it into the wound, and bound it round with a handkerchief. I next extended my search for my chest, out of which I took all my money, hid it about me, and lay down in my bed.

I remained undisturbed for an hour, brooding over the disasters such a short time had brought about, when I heard some one enter the cabin, and recognised the voice of the captain. "We have run ourselves into a fine mess, Gilkison," said he; "instead of our captors being Americans, I mistake much if they don't turn out a set of sea-sharks. They have been overhauling my papers above, and swear that there is money on board, and they threaten to make us walk the plank if it's not instantly delivered up. God only knows what I am to do! I brought out some gold privately on account of my owners, which I left at Savannah, but, like a cursed idiot, I neglected to burn my private instructions. They have lost two men by our fire, and that makes them like so many devils, which, upon my soul, I believe they are, for I never saw such a set of cut-throat looking villains of all colours between the gunnels of a vessel." "You may thank yourself for the loss of your ship," returned I; "but I can guess, if she had'nt been fully covered she would'nt have been given up so easily. However, you know your own course best—as for me, I am done for already; and it's all one whether I'm hove overboard a few hours sooner or later." We were here cut short by a rough voice ordering us on deck. Knowing there was no use in refusing, I rose, groped my way up, and stood holding by the companion-door.

"Well, my lads," said the same person whom I supposed to be the Captain of the pirates, "have you agreed to find the Spanish for us, or must we knock about for it ourselves?" "I told you before," replied the Captain, "that there was no gold on board, we left it—" "None of your infernal lies!" interrupted the other; "do not your own papers tell us to the contrary, and do you take us for such cursed fools, as to be gulled, like a parcel of land swabs, with a long-spun yarn? No, no, the devil a skulking I'll allow of in this ship!—It doesn't signify arguing the flash of a flint,—overhaul your secret stowing holes and bowse out the dust, or, by —, I'll make you walk the plank in the turning of an hour-glass." "I know I am completely in your power," returned the Captain, "to do with me as you will; but again I declare my utter inability to comply with your demands, since, to my knowledge, there is no

gold on board; but I am willing to give you a bill to any reasonable amount on the house in Savannah, for the ransom of the ship and cargo." "And how the hell is it to be paid?" rejoined the pirate; do you think we'll let you go ashore to send a cruiser on us? or land and be kidnapped ourselves? Never think of that!—The devil a ransom you would offer to pay if there was nothing in her; so, once for all, either bear a hand and turn out the clink, or take yourself over the side. What! you won't start then? we'll soon try that—hallo! Martinique, run out that plank there over the lee gunnel, and balance it fair." The command was speedily executed, and the Captain was again desired to go forward, but instead of so doing the poor man supplicated the more earnestly for his life. But he appealed to wretches devoid of feeling. Some of the pirates then laid hold of him to drag him to the plank. A trampling of feet ensued—a struggling and shuffling along the deck as if he was violently forced on, while he strove, with all the strength of desperation, to retard the fulfilment of his doom; all the time praying for his life in a voice of agony I shall never forget. "Stop the cowardly fellow's muzzle with the end of that marlin-spike, and belay his jaw!" roared out the commander,— "sink me, but you are a parcel of useless, good-for-nothing negers, without the pith of a louse, to let him hold on by those mainshrouds so long! By —, I believe he'll master every soul of ye—take him over the fingers with a cutlass, and make him let go that clutch of his—that's it—there now, run him out on the plank—that's sea—away with him!"

A heavy splash in the water told me that the unhappy man was indeed overboard. One long and piercing shriek, uttered as the stern of the vessel passed him when he rose to the surface, thrilled through every nerve of my heart. The ship was going fast through the water—his cries waxed fainter and fainter on the breeze—and at length ceased altogether.

Knowing it to be my turn next, I braced up my heart as well as I could, and prepared for my fate.

"Well, my young spark," said the pirate, addressing me, "what say *you* to it? are you going to be reasonable, and give up the gold; or are you ready to take a trip to Davy Jones's locker in the wake of your Captain? You see there is no use in shamming here." "You forget," said another voice, "that he didn't see the fun at all. I doused his glims with the flash of my cracker, when I thought I had sent the slugs through his lubberly brains. I can do that yet!—But in the mean time, since I've darkened his daylights, it is but fair I set them to rights again. Hand here that cutlass of yours, Martinique, and I'll give him a touch of it over the lids; I'll be bound I'll soon let in the light, and doctor him to his heart's content." With a shudder, I stood expecting to feel the sharp edge of the weapon drawn across my eyes, when their Captain interfered. "Avast a bit, Derrick! let the poor devil's blinkers alone while he tells us where the shiners are to be got." I now

related the circumstance of my having been picked up at sea; that I had been made mate in Savannah, and could know nothing about the gold. I tried to convince them that only a madman would risk his life to secrete property from which he could reap no benefit. But I might have saved my pains; I was no more believed than the Captain had been. "It's all a fair-weather story," said the pirate, "all blarney—but it won't go down! I see we are to get nothing by listening to your palavers. Walking the plank's a d——d deal too good—we'll have to go on another tack with you, my spanker, to bring you by the wind. Here, Cuba, and you, Juan, cast a single hitch round his head with that line, make one end fast to the mast, and heave the other tight with the capstan; we'll soon give him a close-fitting cap to make a clear breast in!" The negroes accordingly approached and laid hands on me to lead me forward, when just at that critical juncture, the man at the mast-head sang out, "A sail to leeward!" I was released and ordered below again, the crew were dispersed to rig out the studding-sails and clear for action, and in a short time I felt from the motion of the ship that she was flying under a press of canvass.

In a state of no small anxiety, hoping that the chase might prove a cruiser, I waited for hours, listening to every thing that could indicate what was going on. The bustle above had subsided, from which I inferred that the men were at their quarters; and I heard nothing but the steps of their commander as he paced fore and aft, conning to the steersman. At length a bow-chaser was fired: after a brief interval it was again repeated, and quickly answered with three cheers and a broadside. How my heart beat with joy at the sound! All was now bustle and confusion. Broadside after broadside was exchanged with fatal effect among the pirates; the closeness and precision of whose fire by no means equalled that of their adversaries. But to me the groans of their wounded was delightful music; and the crush of the balls, as they tore through the side of the vessel, filled me with ecstacy. The conflict continued with unabated fury; for the pirates, aware of their fate if taken, fought with all the desperate resolution of men reckless of death, till, receiving a tremendous broadside that made the ship almost heel gunnel-in, a terrible crash took place above, and the cheering of her opponent made me suppose that one of our masts was carried away. Our firing now became slack, and soon ceased altogether. Still, however, the uproar continued on deck—the hurried tramp of feet running here and there—the clamour of tongues—the bawling forth of commands which seemed unheeded, intermingled with horrible oaths and imprecations. At length, all this disturbance ceased at once, and I heard the stroke of oars alongside.

I now supposed that the pirates had surrendered, and that the other party were taking possession. I waited for some time, surprised that no person came below, till I thought I felt the cabin filling with smoke. All at once a horrible suspicion rushed across me, that the ship was on fire, and deserted by the crew; and that

I was left, alone and helpless, to be devoured by the flames. Overcome with the utter hopelessness of my situation, I staggered against the side—my brain quite bewildered, and my heart swelling almost to suffocation. In a few minutes I again became capable of reflection—a hope that I might yet be perceived, and rescued by the other vessel, darted like a ray of light through my mind. I started up, and hurried on deck as fast as my blindness would permit—I inquired aloud if any person was on board—but the groans of some dying wretch alone answered to my demand. I tried to run forward to the main-deck, but the wreck of the fallen masts completely blocked up the way. I therefore retraced my steps, climbed to the highest part of the prostrate spar—waved a small fragment of a sail over my head by way of a signal, and shouted with my whole force. Again and again I repeated my cry, listening between whiles with breathless attention for the blessed sound of a human voice returning my cheer; but all was silence, save the audible pulsation of my own heart—the fearful roaring and crackling of the flames—and the sputtering, hissing sound of the blazing tar. The ship had now swung round with her head to the wind, and the excessive heat of the smoke warned me that the fire had gained the quarter-deck and was swiftly approaching: to retain my situation was no longer practicable—nothing remained for me but to trust myself to the waves before it reached the powder-room. Without reflecting that I was only avoiding death for a few moments longer, and had no chance of ultimately escaping, I jumped down on deck—searched for a rope—tied it round a hen-coop, and lowered it into the water. I then slid down on the top of it—undid the line, and with my breast on the raft, and my legs in the water, propelled it from the vessel. In this half swimming fashion I urged it forward with all my might for a considerable time, till I heard the ship blow up. I now stopped to take breath, for my overwrought strength began to fail me. Several times I lost the coop, which I regained, after much labour and swimming about, only to be washed from it again. These repeated plunges were fast diminishing my little remaining strength—my grasp was becoming more and more feeble. The instinctive desire for preserving life which had led me to make such powerful exertions was now leaving me. I grew indifferent as to my fate—I cared not whether I lived or died. A languor, a listlessness, took possession of both mind and body. A sensation of drowsiness gently stole over me—I felt no pain—my only desire was to obtain sleep, and I was on the point of resigning myself to its influence, when the halloo of voices smote on my ear. Like a touch of electricity I felt a renewed vigour shoot through every nerve; again I strove, and clung more firmly to the coop, and returned the shout with all my remaining voice. But the momentary ebullition was gone—nature was totally exhausted—I could bear up no longer—I ceased to struggle. Again the waters flowed round my mouth—gurgled in my throat—closed over my head—I was conscious of gradually

going down—when, all of a sudden, something grasped me by the hair, and gave me a violent pull to the surface.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself surrounded by several people, who informed me that I was on board his Majesty's gun-brig, *Snarler*, whose boats had captured the pirates after their desertion of the ship, and on their return had observed and picked me up. Under the hands of their surgeon I soon recovered my sight, and, by the time we arrived at Halifax, I was as well as ever.

On my return home, I found Cuthbertson had sailed just before I arrived, and though we had both of us Clyde ships, we never had the fortune to be in at the same time; so we never met again.

It will now be eight years this season, since I got command of the *Severn*. I joined convoy at Cork, for North America, and sailed in company with a large fleet. We had baffling head-winds the whole passage, but we beat on till within a few days' sail of Cape Breton, when it came on to blow the hardest gale I ever reefed canvas in. The fleet was all scattered here and there, like a flock of wild geese, making the best they could of it. It was a fearful night—as black as pitch, and rendered more appalling by tremendous flashes of lightning at short intervals. I have weathered many a storm, but lightning so vivid and lengthened I never witnessed. The mate and half of the crew had turned-in for the second watch; I had, therefore, the charge on deck, and was scudding the ship under a close-reefed foresail, keeping a look-out on a light shown by some vessel close under our lee-bow, when, all at once, it gave a deep lurch to larboard, and disappeared. Whatever she was, I instantly knew that she must have broached-to, capsized, and was probably foundering; I therefore called to the man at the helm to haul his wind on the starboard tack, and keep clear of the wreck. This we had hardly accomplished, when a sheet of fire showed me a ship on her beam-ends, right under our lee-quarter. Every thing had been washed off her decks, with the exception of one solitary figure who stood holding on by the weather rails. He looked up to our stern lantern, as we rushed past him, almost to touching. The light fell, full and strong, on his upraised face, and uncovered head, and, to my grief and horror, I recognised the countenance of poor George Cuthbertson. Instinctively I threw myself half over the quarter-gallery—stretched forth my hands to snatch him from his perilous situation, and loudly called out his name. I make no doubt that he heard, and knew the voice of his old friend, for he gave a faint reply; too faint, indeed, for me to distinguish the words; but as a token of his recognition he opened his arms, as if to embrace me, waved his hand, and pointed homeward. I understood the signal—I essayed to countersign, but the vessel was again sweeping before the wind—and we left him to his fate. One minute afterwards, another flash showed me her main topmast-head disappearing amidst the foam of a tremendous breaker.

It was now that his last promise in Mondego Bay, so long forgot, recurred to my recollection. I pondered it over in my mind, and tried, as I had done then, to slight and laugh it past. I fancied I had reasoned myself out of my apprehensions, but a lurking tremor at bottom made me fear that the calm was only on the surface.

The whole fleet, after the gale, made their destination in safety, but the old Lion of Port Glasgow never cast up.

Time passed on, till that very day twelvemonth—when in such another gale, and at the self same hour, I again saw the Lion founder. But the vision was only disclosed to *my* eyes. That voyage I lost the Severn; she sprang a leak at sea, we left her with seven feet water in her hold, and just cleared her before she went down. I saw the same vision again, after the lapse of three years, and I was then wrecked on the coast of Holland. Now, for the last time, I have seen it this night.

I have long felt the withering touch of the finger of fate, but now the whole weight of its hand is on me. My existence has drawn to its final close, for I dare no longer disbelieve the warning. And better it is to die at once, than live thus in the continual fear of death. That which to others is enjoyment of life, is to me only a source of misery: surrounded by their families and kindred, they look through the vista of future years, and only see happiness waving them forward on their journey—but, sleeping or waking, in light or darkness, the vision of the foundering ship has never been from before my eyes. Oh, Sir! pray that you may never feel the curse of being a doomed man—to have the book of fate, as it were, laid open to you. From the careless, light-hearted rattling sailor, what a miserable transition to the gloomy, melancholy, wretched being that I now am. And yet at times I have roused myself to shake off these feelings, and, with the rich man in the parable, have said “Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;” but the response rang in mine ear, with a voice like thunder, “thou fool, this very night shall thy soul be required of thee!”

Here we were interrupted by the boatswain piping up the morning watch. The captain started to his feet, and went on deck to relieve the mate, while I again retreated to bed, and fell asleep, musing over the strangeness of the narrative.

When I ascended the deck next morning, I found a ship lying becalmed at a little distance from us, and Miss B—— examining her, with great delight, through a spyglass, full of conjectures as to her name and destination. The wind had died quite away, the sea was like a vast mirror all round us, and nothing remained to indicate the preceding night's storm. The vivifying influence of the morning sun and clear atmosphere raised all our spirits, and Gilkison even appeared in some degree cheerful. While we loitered about, giving our several opinions of the strangers, we

saw them lower their boat, row for our ship, and, in a short time, come along side. They proved acquaintances of the captain, and of Miss B——, homeward bound, and we welcomed them on board with pleasure. In the course of conversation, they expressed their regret at not knowing us sooner, or they would have brought a present of half a turtle to the cabin, and some fruit for Miss B——; but by way of making up for our loss, they proposed our accompanying them back to the John Campbell, to dine with their female passengers, and return in the evening. Miss B—— was all joy at the proposal; she had never eat turtle—and it was long since she had tasted West India fruits; besides, it would be such a delightful novelty to pay a dinner visit in the middle of the ocean. I declined the invitation, and went below to write letters home. On my return with my packet, I found the captain trying to persuade her to give up the thoughts of going, as it was dangerous to be in a small boat on the western ocean, if the wind or sea suddenly rose. But the lady could see none in the calmness and serenity of the day; she had crossed over to Roseneath many times when the sea was rough, without alarm, and never met with an accident. In short, her heart was set upon it, and go she would, even though it were in the stranger's boat, if he was so much afraid. This was out of the question—she had been particularly recommended to his care, and seeing her so positive, he gave up farther opposition. The jolly-boat was lowered and manned—Miss B—— handed down—the captain took his seat at the helm, and the bow-oar pushing off, they pulled from the vessel.

During the day the ships had drifted to a considerable distance from each other, but as the evening set in, a smart breeze sprung up, accompanied with a haze; however, we could distinguish our boat leave the John Campbell, who fired a parting salute, and then setting all her canvass, bore away before the wind. We also got under-way, and with easy sail stood on in the direction of the boat. The time passed in which we expected to fall in with her, but still she did not make her appearance. Becoming rather uneasy, I proposed to heave the vessel to, lest we should pass them in the dark, and to show lights; for the fog had become so dense that we could not see the length of the ship before us.

This was instantly done; and guns fired to direct them in case they might not perceive our lights. Hour after hour we passed in this manner, in a state of terrible anxiety and alarm. Daylight at length began to break—the fog had cleared away, and the mate ran up to the topmast-head with the glass, to have a better survey all round. The ship was also got under-way again, and we cruised about the whole day in all directions. But our search was fruitless. In due time the Susannah arrived safe at Barbadoes—but the boat and her crew were never more heard of.

H.

THE REPOSITORY.

" 'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
" Part of himself; the immortal mind remains;
" The form subsists without the body's aid,
" Aerial semblance and an empty shade."

THE APPARITION.

I am perfectly aware of the predicament in which I am placing myself, when in the present age of incredulity I venture to commit to paper, in all sincerity of spirit and fullness of conviction, a deliberate and circumstantial account of an Apparition. Impostor and visionary, knave and fool, these are the alternate horns of the dilemma on which I shall be tossed with sneers of contempt, or smiles of derision; every delusion practised by fraud or credulity, from the Cock-lane Ghost down to the Reverend Mr. Colton, and the Sumpford Spectre, will be faithfully registered against me, and I shall be finally dismissed, according to the temperament of the reader, either with a petulant rebuke for attempting to impose such exploded superstition upon an enlightened public, or with a sober and friendly recommendation to get my head shaved, and betake myself to some place of safe custody with as little delay as may be. In the arrogance of my supposed wisdom, I should myself, only a few weeks ago, have probably adopted one of these courses towards any other similar delinquent, which will secure me from any splanetic feeling, however boisterous may be the mirth, or bitter the irony, with which I may be twitted and taunted for the following narration. I have no sinister purposes to answer, no particular creed to advocate, no theory to establish; and writing with the perfect conviction of truth, and the full possession of my faculties, I am determined not to suppress what I conscientiously believe to be facts, merely because they may militate against received opinions, or happen to be inconsistent with the ordinary course of human experience.

The author of the essay on the nature and immutability of truth, represents Berkely as teaching us, "that external objects are nothing but ideas in our

minds; that matter exists not but in our minds; and that, independent of us and our faculties, the earth, the sun, and the starry heavens, have no existence at all; that a lighted candle is not white, nor luminous, nor round, nor divisible, nor extended; but that for any thing we know, or can ever know to the contrary, it may be an Egyptian pyramid, the king of Prussia, a mad dog, the island of Madagascar, Saturn's ring, one of the Pleiades, or nothing at all." If this be a faithful representation of Berkely's theory. it may be adduced as a striking illustration of the perversity of human reason, that such a man shall be deemed a philosopher, and persuade bishops and divines, in spite of the evidence of their senses, to adopt his notions, and deny the existence of matter; while the poor wight, who, in conformity to the evidence of his senses, maintains the existence of disembodied spirit, is hooted and run down as a driveller and a dotard.

Dr. Johnson's argument, that the universal belief in ghosts, in all ages, and among all nations, confirms the fact of their apparition, is futile and inconclusive—for the same reasoning would establish the truth of necromancy, witchcraft, idolatry, and other superstitions; but, the opposers of this belief not only brand as impostors all those who relate their own experiences of its confirmation—they not only repudiate the Agatho dæmon of Socrates, and slight the averment of Scripture, that Saul desired the Witch of Endor to raise up the spirits of those whom he should name; but they deny even the possibility of the fact. To admit a posthumous existence in the next world, and reject the competency of nature to accomplish a similar mystery in *this*, is surely an unwarranted limitation of her powers. Who shall circumscribe the metamorphoses of our being? When we start from the ante-natal void into existence, the change is certainly wonderful; but it is still more strange, startling, and incomprehensible, when we quit life in the fulness of intellect, and return into the invisible world. In the first case, we advance from nonentity to a very confined state of consciousness, to an animal existence, for an infant has no mind. That celestial portion of our system is evolved by the painful elaboration of time and of our own efforts—it requires a series of years to perfect its inscrutable developement; and is this sublime image and emanation of the Deity to be suddenly, instantly, degraded into a clod of earth, an inert lump of matter, without undergoing any intermediate state of existence between death and final resurrection? Abstract theory sanctions the supposition of ghosts; and, by what authority do we gainsay those who solemnly declare that they have beheld them? They never appear, it is urged, to more than one person at a time, which is a strong presumption of individual falsehood or delusion. How so? This may be the law of their manifestation. If I press the corners of my eyes, I see consecutive circles of light, like a rainbow; nobody else can discern them—but will it be therefore maintained that I do not? It is notorious, that in dreams, objects are presented to us with even a more vivid distinctness than they assume to the visual organ; but, it would be idle to assert that those configurations were not presented to us, because they were invisible to others. Our waking eyes may indeed be made the "fools of our other senses; or else worth all the rest;" granted; but still you may give us credit for the sincerity of our relation, for we pretend not to describe apparitions that other men have seen, but those which we ourselves have witnessed.

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization, which ensures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment.

Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom; nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary; and every thing seems to harmonise with their infliction; but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feelings at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantation strewed with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth: here a noble tree laid prostrate; and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil, (which were familiar objects in July last,) is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the cavalier and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement of the fact which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dullness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend, Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression, not so much from the possession of any wit or humour, as from his unaffected kindness and amiability, the exuberance of his animal spirits, the inexhaustible fund of his laughter, which was perpetually waiting for the smallest excuse to burst out of his heart, and the contagion of his hilarity, which had an instant faculty of communicating itself to others. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater: but, recollecting that I had left it in the house, discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no further notice, and proceeded towards the house, when as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and, as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence: I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

Indifferent as to death myself, I am little affected by it in others. The doom is so inevitable; it is so doubtful whether the parties be not generally gainers by the change; it is so certain that we enter not at all into this calculation, but bewail our deprivation, whether of society, protection, or emolument, with a grief purely selfish, that I run no risk of placing myself in the predicament of the inconsolable widow, who was reproached by Franklin with not having yet forgiven God Almighty. Still, however, there was something so awful in the manner of my friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window shutters as I

passed, and entering the room by a glass door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them, with every demonstration of terror and agony. Mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognized the apparition of my friend, sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to behold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but taken as I was by surprise, I confess, that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and, as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? He could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm, yet it was incontestable that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished, for Glanville, who has written largely on ghosts, expressly says—"that it is a very hard and painful thing for them to force their thin and tenuous bodies into a visible consistence; that their bodies must needs be exceedingly compressed, and that therefore they must be in haste to be delivered from their unnatural pressure." I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library—and, although the dog stood immovably still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turned back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there, in the full glare of day, did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having its eyes closed!!

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision, but summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here!"—when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"a leg of mutton, and caper sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me." "Good God!" I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really dead?" "No more than you are," replied the figure. "Some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples of Castle-street, not me, nor even one of my relations, so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me in the intervals of his ever-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Star-Cross to do me the same favour; that he had fallen asleep in the arm chair, while waiting my return from the grounds; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror, and his crouching to me for protection, when he recognised his chastiser.

A FORECASTLE STORY.

(Extracted from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.)

—“**B**UT avast with such nonsense, my hearts ! I were talking of **ghosts** and figures of the dead. Now, I'll convince you all at once, by telling you a real true story—one, my boys, that I can swear to, for I were told it by ould Oliver, the forecastleman, when I was hardly the height of a marlin spike : and since that time, which wasn't yesterday, I've heard it read in a book, and sung in a song. The song begins in this manner,—you must all have heard it—

Captain Oram went to sea,
Full of mirth and full of glee,
Him and all his ship's company,
On board of the Benjamin, ho !

Now, mates, I've seen the Benjamin often when I was a boy ; for she lay long an empty hulk in one of the Liverpool docks—nobody caring to have anything to do with her. And as for Captain Oram, I don't know what became of him, tho' I've heard it said as how he died raving mad.—But, avast, I've begun at the wrong end of my story. Now, pay attention, my mates, and don't put me out by any questions, and you shall hear all about it. You must know, that this same story was a mighty favourite of old Oliver's,—tho' he had hundreds of such like ; for I always did remark, that just let a fellow make the least mention of it in his hearing, and he in the humour at the time, and you'd set him a spinning at it directly, for all the world like a barge-mop, to your very heart's wish. Well, my lads, this same story of *his'n*, which we commonly used to call

THE BLOODY BREAD-BAG,

used commonly to make sail in this here manner, as I shall presently tell you.—Hem !

“ You must know, then, my lads, that the good ship the Benjamin, belonging to Liverpool, was a fine large smacking hooker, mayhap about 450 or 500 tons, which traded between that port and the West India islands, and was commanded by a fellow of the name of Jerry Oram, a butcher's son of Bristol ; a great horse of a chap as I've heard say, who had his star-board eye doused, and wore large red whiskers. Now, this same Jerry Oram, though an excellent seaman, was like too many of the same line, a complete knave,—by which I mean, you know ; as the saying is, he was a harbour-saint and a sea-devil ; quite a tartar of a fellow, that stuck at nothing, but treated those under his command, as soon's he got fairly to sea, just as it pleased him, pinching some of their grub, and denying their right to any grog,—starting and abusing others,—for he was very liberal both of his fists and his feet,—and almost constantly cheating some one or other poor fellow out of his wages. Numerous complaints had been made against him on these and such like matters to the owners ; but the rogue had such an invincible *cheek*, and so smooth and oily a tongue, that he got over them all, and came always off with flying colours ; nor was it until their best hands had left him that the owners would make the least inquiry into his evil doings. Well, at

last they did so, or at least they pretended to do so; and by dint of blarney, plenty of grog, and fair promises, the Benjamin was once more fairly manned, and set sail outward bound. No sooner had they cleared the Land's-end, however, than you'll not hinder Jerry from commencing the old game, so that by the time they arrived in Montego Bay, and had got rid of their cargo, most of his hands, heartily sick of his bad faith and ill usage, either cut their stick, or refused to go any farther with him. In vain did the owners there cajole and flatter them, and in vain did Captain Oram speechify and promise amendment; they were no longer to be deceived, and resolutely refused to handle another rope-yarn belonging to him. All that he could fleece out of them was, that they shouldn't leave the ship until he procured other hands from Port-Royal, for which place he immediately set out, the Benjamin meaning to stand athwart to the Gold Coast, in order to pick up a few hundreds of them there Black-moor devils,—what d'ye call 'em—which at that time were getting scarce in the island. Well, in a few days Captain Oram returned, bringing a gang of fellows with him who would not have adorned the thinnest shell of a French privateer that ever spread canvass in the Channel. They were a set of regular built tatterdemalions; of all colours, blacks, browns, reds, and whites, and of all countries, English, Dutch, Danish, French, Spanish, and Portuguese; and I really believe that the only handy fellow amongst them was my old mess-mate, Oliver, who had lost his own ship in a cruise on shore. No time was now lost in fitting out the Benjamin for her proposed new cargo, and preparing her for sea; and as the owners, at last, had begun to suspect that all was not perfectly fair on the part of Captain Jerry, they resolved to send a young gentleman along with him, by way of supercargo, to serve as a future check on his conduct. This young fellow, who was a man of colour, as they're commonly called, had been shortly before that married on a planter's daughter, and nothing would serve his turn, but, in a

foolish fit of fondness, he'd take his young wife out along with him; and, accordingly, in an evil hour as it afterwards proved, and just before the Benjamin got under weigh, who should come on board but Captain Oram and Master and Madame Morelle, as happy and comfortable as birds in May.

"Everything went on for a few weeks as smoothly as a pannikin of cocoa; for the supercargo had a prodigal sea-stock both of grub and grog,—Madame Morelle was young and trimly made, and had a devil of a fine pair of black top-lights,—and the Captain was Englishman enough, to be very fond of his grub, but still fonder and madder after a pretty smiling face, surmounted on a petticoat; so that thus all pleased with themselves and one another, who was like Captain Jerry and Master and Madame Morelle. Thus, all billing and cooing, they were as merry as crickets in a baker's oven,—and, of course, there was nothing but flashy dinners under the quarter-deck awning,—grog to the mast-head, and fiddling, dancing, and larking, to four bells often of the first watch. In fact, everything on board the hooker was so altered for the better, that, as old Oliver used to say, he'd likened her more to one of them trim, fancy, flashy gilded yachts his Majesty sometimes goes a-pleasuring in, than the old, rusty, sable-sided Ben of Liverpool. But too much happiness is not good, and, indeed, was never meant for this here world, you know; since it is ever followed, after a jolly dinner and a good blow-out of grog, with squeamishness of the stomach, languor of the body, and nausea and disgust of the mind; so that, tho' every thing rolled cheerily for a few weeks, 'twas well known it couldn't last forever, any more than we might now expect to be eternally in smooth water, d'ye see. Well, to be sure, all of a sudden matters assumed quite another appearance, the lively trio having seemingly all gone on different tacks; for the dinners and larkings were completely knocked off—Captain Oram became thoughtful and peevish, and began to his old game of knocking his fists about; and as for the supercargo, he seldom left his cab-

in, and when he did come on deck, 'twas merely for a short and hurried walk of an evening on the lee-side of the vessel, and then down he'd dive to his cabin again. As for Madame Morelle, she was no more to be seen than if she hadn't been on board. Some indeed, conjectured, that she wan't well, and that all the fuss and alteration in the manners of the skipper and his supercargo was on her account ; but this, Oliver used to say, was a thing that was all in his eye,—a mere quiz to gammon the flats,—being partly as true as it was false ; for he said it was true that the coldness which had arisen between Morelle and Oram was on her account ; but it was all a lie about her being badly, being confined to her cabin, much against her will, by the commands of her husband. Now, d'ye see, my lads, Oliver, who was a shrewd, silent, sly old fox, knew more of the secret than half the ship's company put together ; for, being captain of the hold, he had ear-holes and eye-holes abaft, whereby he could pick up bits of news whenever he pleased, that no other person knew anything of. Now, a short time after this dryness took place, he had been down in the after-hold putting matters to rights, when he heard the supercargo and the skipper at high words together through the bulk-head. He clapped his ear to his peepholes ; and, listening attentively, learnt, by what he could hear, that Morelle was jealous of the captain and his wife,—that he had been both accusing and abusing her,—and had been even so unmanly as to give her a smack or two with his fists ; when her cries had brought Oram to her assistance, who, instantly bursting in upon them, like a true fellow of Britain's own breeding, boldly stuck up for the lady. Bitter, and loud, and long blew the squall, till from one thing to another they took to their fists ; and then the shrieks and cries of Madame Morelle, as they immediately brought the doctor and the mates to separate the combatants, compelled old Oliver to retire from his peep-hole, though not before he perceived that Morelle had the worst of it, as every chopper the skipper gave him made the poor mulatto smell the deck

whether he would or no. Open war being thus declared, frequent squabbings took place every other day, either between Morelle and his wife, or between him and Oram ; with both of whom, however, he generally came off at the loss, seeing as how the lady had only to sing out to get assistance in a twinkling, and that he was neither weight nor mettle for the tremendous fist and powerful bottom of Jerry Oram.

“ It is impossible for me to say, my lads, for my part, whether all of you, or any of you knows any thing about this here black affair they call *jealousy*, or how severely it makes a fellow wince when his fancy-girl loses conceit of him and takes up with another ; but this I can tell you, (I speak it from experience, d'ye see,) 'tis the devil's own potion, worse than any rubbish the doctor e'er gave you,—and give it once a fair clutch of a fellow's heart, and he's as happy in future as he'd his feet in the bilboes, with not a morsel of grog allowed. Why, mates, I recollect as 'twere but the other day, how melancholious and unhappy I were, when that precious piece of roguery of mine, Bet of Yarmouth, gave me the slip, and chimed in with that ould humbugging land-lubber, Dirtybawks, our purser's steward : In faith, I took so terribly on as to be laid up in sick bay the best part of a fortnight, I'll warrant. But all that there matters not now it is over, and I merely mention it here that you may have some trifling notion of what a teasing, restless, murdering nature, this same *jealousy* is. Now, d'ye see, my lads, this here Morelle, the supercargo, as I mentioned, was quite eaten up with it ; for he were both jealous of his wife and the captain together,—and them there colour chaps, you must know, bred up under the glare of a tropical sun, are much more fiery-blooded than we are, and take on as smartly, d'ye see, as a blue-light on such occasions. This here being the case, then, everything on board went to sixes and sevens ; there was nothing but skrimishings and squabbings be-aft, and nothing but laziness, and mutiny, and larking, going on forward,—so that, as Oliver used to remark, the old Benjamin was never in

such a sad taking in her born days, going where and any way and every way the wind thought proper to drive her. Well, d'ye see, matters grew thus gradually a-head, every day getting worse and worse, when one afternoon, after a severe jawing and fisting match, up jumps Captain Oram on deck, and Morelle after him brandishing a cutlass. Well, mates, Oram wasn't the fellow that would ever say die!—not he,—never an inch of him, so you'll not hinder Jerry from springing to the arm-chest abaft and seizing another, and to it they went heart and hand, for all the world like two brave fellows, determined to settle the hash once and for all. Now, you must know, my lads, that though this here Blackee had neither the bottom nor length of arm to stand before Oram with his fists, yet he was to the full more than his match with cold iron in his paw, and, accordingly, made his slasher play round the skipper's carroty mop to infinite admiration. Long they fought, and wickedly; while all hands, gathered around them, were so confounded and astounded as never once to think of interfering. At last, just as every one thought that Blackee were going to carry the day, poor soul, as usual, away he went to leeward. He had received Jerry's assault with great coolness and dexterity,—had completely winded him,—and had just begun to ring the changes by touching him a smartish wipe or two athwart the bows, when, as the devil would have it, something or other taking his foot, down he came smack, and the skipper above him; who, not being in one of his pleasantest humours, speedily wrested the cutlass from his grasp, and gave poor Blackee a most desperate and wicked pummelling on the deck as he lay. Morelle, brave fellow, did the best he could, but he was by far too light for the skipper, who, having once got him under his ponderous and brawny beam-ends, was determined, like the Scotsman, to keep him there, and quilted away at the supercargo's carcass like Roger with his flail, as the song has it. He had certainly finished the black fellow at once with his thorough-bred Lancashire of kick, bellows, and bite, if, by the inter-

ference of his mates and the doctor, he hadn't been forced to knock off. However, in spite of all their speechifyings, he wouldn't allow the Doctor to overhaul him, but raving and foaming with passion, he ordered Morelle to be tied hand and foot, and thus, all terribly beaten and bleeding as he was, he was carried below, and locked up in an obscure birth, which no one had use for. On this same occasion, indeed, Jerry hadn't much to brag on, having got a pretty tidy handling; for besides a poke or two he had got in the carcass, and some smartish clips on his Dunstable, his face was so terribly mauled and jellyfied, that his toplights appeared to be battened in for ever. However, he was a strong man, and was soon on deck again, where he was often heard to mutter the most horrible and savage threats against poor Morelle, whom he still kept in the closest confinement, giving him his grub, and locking him up again, with his own hands. How he came on with Madame Morelle, I never heard say, seeing they kept all things snug to themselves in the cabin below: but it's likely all went well enough on in that there quarter, seeing she did certainly prefer this same Jerry Oram to her husband, notwithstanding of his large red whiskers; and I do not wonder at it, when, you'll mind me, the one was a skipper, and a stout-made free-born Englishman, and the other no more than a pen-and-ink lubber of a supercargo, and a blackamoor to boot, which made all the difference in the world, you know, to any one, far less to your girls of spirit, who generally know—that they do—how many pistareens are in a dollar. Well, d'ye see, maties, after this here furious squall as I've told you on, there was a long lull, when all of a sudden the news came on deck, first, that Morelle had got into one of them terrible things called fevers, and then some days after that he were dead for sartain; and sure enough a large box made by the carpenter, and said to contain his corpse, was committed to the deep that same day,—both the Captain and Madam attending, and appearing mightily sorry for what had happened. But the whole of this flummery was all in my

eye and Betty ; for I've heard my old shipmate often say, that he were free to give his Bible oath, that the never an inch of Morelle's carcase was in the carpenter's box when it went overboard, but the whole affair was one of Jerry's made-up stories to gammon the tongues of the crew, which, to be sure, will be wagging, let the sails blow to ribbons. 'This, d'ye see, was Oliver's notion of the concern, and there were many more such in the hooker, which I have forgot ; but it matters not, for they all agree in this, that Blackee by no means had gotten anything like fair play ; for he, poor devil, having always been kind to the hands while he lived, and by no means a niggard of his grog, had got many hearts as beat warm to him, while they could have chucked Jerry Oram to the devil. Well, d'ye see, my lads, what convinced Oliver in all this more and more, was, that some days after, being down in the hold, he heard the skipper unlock the door of Morelle's cabin as usual, and go in—then he heard the voices of him and Madame Morelle whispering—then he heard what he took to be the hissings, rattling, short, quick sobs or groans of a man that were throttling—then, after a long silence, in which he heard nothing but the scuffle of feet, he distinctly heard the skipper say, '*Bring me the bag, child ; he's snug at last*'—then he heard him again say, in answer to some whisper of hers, '*Confound his ugly carcase, the bag is too small—let us leave him now, Anabell, he'll make no noise, and I'll truss him up, and give him a passage in the mid-watch ;*' and accordingly the cabin was again locked up as before. After all this you may easily suppose, mates, that long before the appointed time, Oliver was at his post, and hadn't waited long ere he heard the skipper, attended as before, softly unlock Morelle's cabin, and go in—then he heard him using an axe, d'ye see, as thof he'd been cutting up junk—and then he heard them slowly and cautiously dragging something weighty along the deck, and the cabin windows quietly opened ; but he heard nothing more, having to cut his stick that same mo-

ment, for fear of Oram coming on deck and finding the after-hold open, you know. However, it would appear there was little danger of his doing so at that time, having seemingly other fish to fry ; for after waiting a while in his birth, and dousing part of his rigging, Oliver went upon deck, where he found everything quiet,—all the watch being asleep, except the mate who kept reckoning, and the man at the wheel. 'Hollo, old boy,' cries the mate to Oliver, 'what the devil's turned you out so early ? I'd think, for my part, you'd been as well in your hammock ?' To this, d'ye see, Oliver made some reply or other ; but that, and a great deal more talk they had together, I must pass over, for I've forgot it.—Lord ! Lord ! could you but have heard old Oliver tell it, how he would have scared you !—I can only recollect that the mate told him that for certain there was some devilry going forward in the cabin, for that just a short time before, the night being uncommonly quiet, having heard the creak of the cabin windows opening, he had gone to the stern, and looking cunningly over, he beheld the skipper and Madame Morelle pushing something like a well-filled bread-bag out of 'em, which fell heavily into the deep, and disappeared like a shot ; 'and ever since,' continued the mate to Oliver, 'he has done nothing else but bundle up and down the cabin-ladder there for water and has been knocking about the mops like the devil in a gale of wind. He told me, indeed,' says the mate to Oliver, 'that being unable to sleep after turning in, he had got up for the purpose of giving the infected cabin a rousing up, as he didn't like to hazard any of his cabin-boys' lives in the doing of it.—But I believe all this to be a lie, d'ye see,' says the mate, 'for I never yet saw Jerry so fond of doing anything, far less such a nasty job as the cleaning out of a dead man's cabin. No, no, in faith he must have some other rig in his eye, in all this midnight industry,' said the mate, "particularly when he is assisted in it by his fancy article. I only wish to God, Oliver, there mayn't be some-

thing foul in all this scrubbing.' To all this you may swear Oliver made no reply, but bidding the mate good bye, he returned to his birth, and turned in, thoroughly convinced in his own mind that Morelle had been murdered somehow or other.

"Well, my lads, this here Morelle being once out of the ship, and everything going on in a more quiet and orderly way, matters, d'ye see, assumed a more lively appearance, and the good old Benjamin, cutting through it with life and spirit, was soon at her destination. Here, having taken in some hundreds of them black devils as work in the plantations, with ivory and gold dust, they sailed once more on their return to the West Indies; and then began the rig of which I were talking to Davis there just now. I really can't say, as I never heard, whether there was any unusual appearance made in the cabin of a night or morning—if there was, they kept it to themselves, d'ye see, like many other things; but this one was certain, that now as they approached the spot where belike the deed was committed, the ghost of Morelle seemed to meet them half-way, and grew very troublesome, making a regular trip of the decks every middle watch, and playing the very devil in frightening all hands. It stuck to no particular part of the hooker, mind me, as a fellow might have supposed; but was sometimes seen walking forward, sometimes aft, and sometimes, for all the world as he had been alive, it would make a start away to some one or other of the tops, or disappear through the hold gratings amongst the negurs. Oliver told me he saw it once quite close to him and some others as were talking together; and he described it to be a tall figure, rigged out in white gear, with its head muffled up, which moved slowly along, carrying a bread-bag all over, blood under its arm, which it stopped and displayed to all whom it passed; and when it vanished, which it did often in a twinkling, you'd have heard strange noises, as thof it were the clang of forge-hammers, or the rattling of chains, mixed with loud peals of wild unearthly laughter, dismal shrieks, and low hol-

low groans. All this occurred so often, and so frightened young and old, that duty seemed once more to have come to an end, seeing the never a hand would stir his stumps to do anything with cheerfulness after sunset; and though Captain Oram and his mate did what they could in the jeering and chiding way, to knock this same terror out of them, all would not do; and so, d'ye see nothing was done that wasn't forced, and what they'd obliged to lend a hand to themselves. Now what made all this the worse was the coming on of bad weather; for by this time the season was far advanced, and little else was to be expected, you know. It is an easy guess story, then, my lads, to know what a sad taking the poor old Benjamin must have been in, having thus to encounter the heavy squalls, worse seas, and thunder and lightning storms of the tropics, with never a willing hand on board her to assist in the keeping of her snug. Captain Oram, his mates, and a few stout hearts more, to be sure, did do wonders, and worked for a while like jolly fellows, who feared neither ghosts nor devils; but it was impossible they could hold out so for ever, you know; and as the weather continued still in the same unsettled way, they soon began to fag and fall off, through sheer want of sleep and hard work.

"They were in this hard-up and dreary way one dismal, rainy, and squally night, and the few hands that would work, after making the old hooker as snug as they could, had just thrown themselves on the deck, under a tarpauling, in order to snatch a momentary repose, when the mate of the watch was roused to attention by a strange, hollow, and uncommon harsh voice, singing out from the maintop—*On deck, there!* Now you must know, my lads, that this same mate was none of your shilly-shally shore-bred fellows who start at mere trifles, but a regular thorough-bred sea goer, and had besides the character of having as bold a heart and as sound a head as ever the port of Liverpool produced; but what argues all that, when one's taken by surprise—and so, d'ye see, whether or not the ghost story had

come into his head, I'll not say, tho' it's likely enough ; but he were just standing firmly gazing on the top, waiting to see whether the bright sheets of lightning, which ever and anon were streaming athwart the horizon, would let him see who it was that were thus bawling before he would answer, when the same voice sung out a second time, *On deck, there !* still louder than before. He immediately roused his watch-mates, and had just begun to tell them the story, when all hands were astounded with horror, with hearing *On deck, there !* bawled out a third time in a most thundering manner. "What do you want ?" cried the man at the wheel ; when he was answered with a peal of the wildest and loudest laughter arising in the top, which seemed to sail away and die in the breeze. As soon as they had recovered themselves from the fright, for they neither heard nor saw anything more that night, they mustered their hands, and found all presant, excepting the Captain, who had stowed himself away below.

"Well, my lads, yon needn't fear but all this here story was fully and faithfully conned over to all hands by those who kept the watch ; and if things were bad before, you may swear that it made them no better ; every soul being now convinced that the **ghost** of Morelle haunted the ship,—and the devil of it was, no one either had the pluck to speak to it, or knew how to get rid on't. Some stont hearts there were, indeed, who seemed to think the story all a bamm, and even volunteered to go and sit in the top until the **ghost** made its appearance : but, avast, there, the nearer the time approached, the more their courage gave way, and the watch were jeering the arrival of the last of these bravaders on deck, when the old thundering voice sung out as usual, *On deck, there !*

"'Blast my eyes and limbs !' cried a forecastleman, jumping to the rigging, 'but I'll see this same bawler, be he the devil himself ; though I strongly suspect that 'tis some frolicsome whore-son making game of us all the time. Hark'ee, maties, keep a bright eye on the lee rigging there, that no man slides down, while I go aloft and examine

the top.' He had just begun to ascend the rigging, when the same wild and awfully loud voice sung out a second time, *On deck, there !* 'Ay, ay,' replied the undaunted forecastleman, redoubling his speed, 'I'll be with you directly, my hearty ; and if you're what I suspect you to be, the devil a rope's end in the hooker shall be heavy enough to lace your shoulders with.'

"He had now got his head barely above the top rim, and what he saw, Heaven only knows ; but with the eyes of all the watch anxiously fixed upon him, he gave a dreadful scream of horror, let go his hold, and rolled right overboard,—while, for the third time, *On deck, there !* resounded in all their ears, succeeded as before with the same wild laughter, mingled with shrieks and groans. 'Heaven have mercy upon us !' cried the mate, as the awful sounds died away, 'for this is no fool's trick.'

"The melancholy fate of this brave lad, who was beloved by all hands, entirely put an end to all duty and subordination ; so that the following day, the never a he of them all would enter the main-top, even in day-light, without the Captain, or some one of his mates along with them ; and when night came on, it was only by the Captain assuring them that he would keep the first and middle watches himself, that he could contrive to muster a sufficient number to agree to keep it along with him.

"Accordingly, Capt. Oram, accompanied by Madame Morelle, kept the decks the whole of the first watch, during which every thing was quiet and orderly. Eight bells were struck and gone, and he was just standing before her, advising her to go below, as the dew was beginning to be cold and chilly, when the whole deck again resounded with the usual cry of *On deck, there !* which whether it were the sound of that wild voice, or the sudden shock, seemed completely to paralyze all the powers of Madame Morelle, who immediately gave a loud shriek, and fell back into the arms of a female negress, her attendant, in a faint. As for Oram, he seemed to get rank raving mad on instant ; for leaving his wench to look

after herself, he sprung forward, and with eyes flashing fury on the top, he sung out, *Hilloah !*

“ By the Lord, lads, *he* hadn’ to wait for an answer.

“ *Stand from under !* was the terrible response.

“ *Let fall and be d—d !* cried the intrepid Oram, and immediately a Bread Bag was precipitated to the deck, streaming in blood, the mouth of which bursting open, a human head rolled out, and lay at his feet, which all the watch could recognize as that of the unfortunate Morelle. Oram gazed at the mangled remains for an instant, with a countenance in which horror, desperation, and madness, were strongly depicted, then cried, ‘ Hell and the devil ! are you there again ?—Away, away, blast you ! away, and be food to the first shark that meets you !’ In saying which, he first made the ghastly head spin from his kick like a football, then clutched like a fury on the Bloody Bread-Bag, and, with a strength almost supernatural, made it fly over the lee gangway. He now ran aft to where the doctor and some others were assisting the recovery of Madame Morelle, roaring out, ‘ Anabell, my dear wench, I have given him a passage again, and he’ll bother us no more—

What ! is she dead—fairly stone dead ? Have I done all this—Have I committed murder and thrown my hopes of Heaven at my heels for naught !—then die, Jerry, die and be’—and he instantly fell flat on the deck, in a state of complete insensibility. They were both taken below ; a fever was the consequence : and before they recovered, the Benjamin arrived at her port, and Oliver was one of the first to leave her.

“ Now, my lads, pray what d’ye think of my old ship-mate’s story ! wouldn’t it convince any fellow of any sense at all, that murder will not hide on ship-board, and that the ghost will never cease to haunt and flipper round the body, until it has got Christian burial ?—What say you. Davis, eh ?—for I see you are smuggling a laugh, and be d—d to you.”

Nothing was ever more true ; for Edward having hitherto succeeded with great difficulty in restraining his risible faculties, no sooner received this half good-humoured interrogation, than his mirth overleaped all bounds, and he now laughed away so heartily and so highly to the satisfaction of the mirth-loving Mahony, that he instantly joined in the chorus, to the infinite astonishment of the chagrined story-teller.

From Blackwood's (Ed.) Magazine.

TRANSLATION OF A MANUSCRIPT OF A FRENCH OFFICER KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

WHETHER the lines I now scrawl may ever fall into other hands besides my own, I know not. If not, the knowledge of my crimes and misery will go with me to the grave; yet I should wish it otherwise, because a relation so fatal as mine might be of use to others, who, like myself, are the slaves of passion. A true and faithful relation it shall be in every particular, because I have sworn to myself to conceal nothing. Names only are altered; not from any fear of the world's reproach falling upon myself, to whom it could do no greater injury than has already befallen me; but because I am unwilling that others who were innocent, should come in for a share in that reproach.

I was born in a village within a few miles of Bourdeaux, of respectable, though not rich parents. My father had been in trade, and was unfortunate, and having saved as much from the wreck of his fortune as would support his family with tolerable comfort in privacy, he wisely resolved not to

risk his all upon the doubtful prospect of making it better. He accordingly retired to a small country house, with my mother, myself, and four daughters, and there devoted his life to the care and education of his children.

Having learned by experience, that the commerce of France was not in so flourishing a state as to secure wealth to every speculator, and as his circumstances were not such as could authorise his sending me into the army, he determined to breed me up to the profession of medicine, hoping that I might soon acquire a competency, and so be enabled to provide a home for my mother and sisters, in case he should die before them. Would to God he had bound me apprentice to the meanest mechanical trade, or had suffered me to follow my own inclination, and gone as a volunteer into the service. But I am digressing. With this view I was instructed in the learned languages, and at the age of seventeen was sent to Paris for the purpose of studying my profession. O that I

had died before I reached it, and thus escaped the guilt and wretchedness which were my lot. But it was otherwise ordained, and I reached the metropolis full of all those delighted sensations which every youth experiences on first entering into life. Yet I was studious and regular in my habits ; for though I was naturally as much inclined to gayety and dissipation as any of my companions, I knew that my father was poor, and could with difficulty support me at the university at all. This knowledge, and the extreme love I bore to the most indulgent of parents, kept a continual restraint over my inclinations ; and I beheld my class-fellows go to balls, masquerades, and plays, without joining them ; not indeed with indifference, but with resignation. In this state of innocence four months glided past, during which, though I was not without many moments in which chagrin and discontent were the prevailing feelings in my breast, I never felt for any length of time what it was to be seriously unhappy. But at the end of that time a change took place in my circumstances, which to any other man would have been the cause of real and permanent happiness, and which to me was the cause of acute and permanent misery.

I was returning one night from a late lecture, through one of those dark bye streets with which our capital abounds, when the cry of murder alarmed me. I ran towards the spot from whence the noise seemed to proceed, and observed a single man struggling with three others, who had got him down and were trampling upon his body. Being armed with a heavy cudgel I immediately flew to his assistance, and with a blow stretched one of his assailants on the earth. The other two, terrified by the fall of their comrade, and believing, I suppose, that more aid was at hand, took to their heels ; and whilst I was employed in lifting the wounded stranger, the third likewise made his escape.

Why should I enter so minutely into the particulars of a transaction, which only serves to throw my future deeds

into a darker shade ? The man whom I had saved was the Cevalier St. Pierre, one of the most noble, most generous of human beings. He was returning from the Theatre of Feydeau, when the robbers attacked him ; and having warily defended himself, he was severely hurt in the scuffle. I conducted him to his lodgings in the place Vendome, and having promised to wait upon him next morning, I left him to the care of his servant, and took my leave.

On the morrow I did not forget my promise, and I was received with every mark of affectionate regard. St. Pierre was just three years older than myself, and was a captain in the 16th hussars. He was a man of good family and connections, and being likewise blessed with a heart of more than human mildness, he imagined himself under obligations to me too great for him ever to repay. He accordingly declared himself my friend, and offered to assist me to the utmost of his ability in any way which I should desire. My predilection for the army still continued ; I told him of it ; and in a few days I was appointed a cornet in the same regiment with my friend.

Conscious, however, that I had taken too decisive a step without consulting my father, I immediately wrote to him a full account of the whole affair ; not forgetting to dwell at great length upon the mighty interest of the Chevalier, and upon the glorious prospects which were now before me. The result of this letter I awaited with some anxiety ; but it was favourable, and my transport was complete. All was now joy and delight with me. St. Pierre insisted upon my sharing his lodgings, and as my excellent father, together with his approval of my conduct, had sent me all the money he could raise, both by his own funds and by his credit, I was speedily equipped in such a style as not to disgrace my new friend. By him I was introduced to the gay circle of his acquaintance—I was received amongst them much to my own satisfaction ; and in a few days the quiet retired

student of physic was converted into the polite and fashionable Cornet Dumain of the 16th hussars.

About a week after this change had taken place, I was conducted by my friend to the house of Madame St. Omar. It was a fete in honour of her daughter's birth-day, who had just completed her seventeenth year. The apartments were brilliantly illuminated, and crowded with beauty and fashion; but from the moment of my entering them I saw nothing save Julia St. Omar. I was introduced to her by St. Pierre himself as his preserver, and she extended her hand to me with a smile—O such a smile.—Years have elapsed, but it has never faded from my memory. I danced with her; St. Pierre was still too ill to dance; I spoke to her of fifty things, but my conversation returned always to the same subject. I watched her during the whole evening, and once or twice saw a blush upon her cheek when our eyes chanced to meet. I beheld St. Pierre pay her the most marked attention, and a throb of jealousy beat at my heart; but I repressed it, because I thought she received his attentions with coldness. I returned to my lodgings madly in love.

“You remember that lovely girl with whom you danced,” said St. Pierre, as we sat together next morning at breakfast.

“Remember her!” cried I; “I shall never forget her.” St. Pierre looked grave. “She is to be mine, my friend, on Monday.” “Your’s on Monday!” cried I, in a voice of anguish. “Yes, Dumain,” replied he. “Does it grieve you to learn that your friend is to be so soon made happy with the hand of the woman he adores?” “Oh, no, no!” I replied, scarce articulately; “I am happy, very happy, to hear you are so fortunate.”

I rose and left the room, for I could not dissemble to him, and walked out into the air to cool my brain and resolve upon something. To be unfaithful to my benefactor was impossible. I determined to stifle my passion in the bud, see her only once

more, and set off next day to join my regiment now on the Spanish frontier. Oh! that I had gone without seeing her.

In the evening I went to Madame St. Omar's, without communicating my intention to St. Pierre. Madame St. Omar was from home, but Julia was within. It was a balmy evening in May—she was sitting in an apartment which commanded a beautiful prospect of the garden of the *Thuilleries*—the casement was open, and the twilight was approaching. I besought her to sing, and accompany herself upon the harp. She did so. The song was of love, and I heard her voice tremble at that part where the poet says,

“Even in another's arms,
I'll think of thee alone.”

I was leaning over her entranced. It was too much for me. The arm which rested upon her chair slid insensibly round her waist, and I told my fatal secret. Oh, God! what shall I say were my feelings when I found my love returned. At first they were of rapture alone; but the next moment the recollection of my friend and benefactor came upon me, and I shrunk from her in dismay. She looked horror-struck. “But you are another's,” I cried, “and that other is my friend. Oh, Julia, let us be unhappy, but we shall never be guilty!” So saying, I snatched up my hat and hurried out of the house.

I flew to my lodgings, but my conscience struck me so, I could not face St. Pierre. Fortunately he was out, and was not to return till late next day. I sent him a hurried note, mentioning that I had received a sudden order to join; and leaving it upon his table next morning, I threw myself into a voiture, and without once stopping to rest, arrived at Bayonne.

Here I passed some weeks in great uneasiness of mind, which was not relieved either by the silly conversation of my brother officers, or the account of St. Pierre's marriage, which he in due time communicated. This last piece of intelligence, indeed, came upon

me like a death-blow ; for though I knew it must come, yet even that certainty did not lighten it. In this state I continued, without any comfort, except what I derived from the rumours now afloat, that our regiment was soon to join our brave army in driving the English out of Spain.

In about a month after I had quitted Paris, St. Pierre arrived, bringing with him an order to cross the Pyrenees. All was now bustle and preparation ; but for me, new troubles awaited me. To drown my sorrow I had plunged into dissipation, and was now so much in debt that I could not move. What to do I knew not. I could not apply to my relations, because they had not the means of extricating me from my difficulties. St. Pierre saw my distress ; for having left Julia behind him, we once more occupied the same lodgings. By inquiring among the other officers, he soon discovered the cause of at least part of my chagrin ; and this most noble of men, most generous of friends, discharged my bills, and set me at liberty to march with the regiment.

My business is not to describe scenery, nor to give a detail of the events of a campaign. With my own feelings alone am I concerned. Our march was long ; but, partly from the constant change of place, partly from the anticipations of glory I now experienced, the period which it occupied was to me like a gleam of sunshine in a stormy day. I was almost happy, that is to say, I forgot my sorrows for the time, and entered with cheerfulness into the sports and merriment of those about me. St. Pierre and I occupied the same tent. We were constant companions even on duty—for I was the cornet of his troop ; and we now loved each other as friends have seldom loved.

At length we reached the army. We found it in front of the lines of Torres Vedras, whither the English had retreated : and we confidently expected that our first assault upon these lines would drive them into the sea. We were disappointed ; for they main-

tained their position, and compelled us to retire. St. Pierre and I were together during the whole day, till towards the close of the action, when the throng of flying troops separated us. When at last we halted, I eagerly inquired for him. A soldier informed me he was killed. In the depth of affliction I sought the regiment, and what was my joy when I found myself locked in his arms. His horse had been shot under him, and his fall had given rise to the soldier's story.

In this manner nearly two years elapsed. At the close of every action St. Pierre and I sought each other, and met as those who love do meet when both have escaped impending danger. Our troops fought bravely ; but what could they do against a superior force, and an exasperated populace. We were driven from post to post ; our baggage was plundered and our wounded slain by the Guerillas ; till, finally, our generals were changed, and a retreat in form was begun. It was long and toilsome. Not a moment was given for repose—not a position was seized, though many strong positions were passed over ; and we who brought up the rear were harassed by continual skirmishes. At length we halted upon the heights of Vittoria, where we trusted that at least some time would be given for recruiting our exhausted strength. But we were deceived. The English attacked us when we dreamt not of being attacked, and our army was routed almost without resistance. The greater part of the cavalry had been already sent off to join the Emperor. Our's was almost the only regiment left, consequently upon us much of the toil of this day devolved. We did what we could to check the pursuing enemy ; but what could our exertions avail against odds so tremendous. After charging six times, we likewise fled. The enemy's horse followed. St. Pierre's troops rallied and charged, and I fell covered with wounds. St. Pierre would not leave me. He sprang from his horse, placed me before him, and holding me on, for I could not keep my seat, cut his way

with me through the middle of the enemy.

It was night before we stopped or my wounds could be dressed. I had fainted from loss of blood, and when the surgeon examined my hurts he shook his head. There were two sabre cuts on my head, and a ball through my right arm. From a state of insensibility I was quickly recovered, and put to bed; but I was given to understand that there was no chance of my recovery. Oh, that these prognostications had been realized. But let me proceed.

St. Pierre watched me with more than a brother's care; he sat by my bed-side, administered with his own hands whatever was ordered by the surgeon, and wept over me when he saw me writhing in agony. On the third day I felt so great a diminution of pain, and so overpowering a lassitude to steal over me, that I took it for granted the mortification had already commenced. Believing therefore that my last hour was approaching, I called for St. Pierre. He drew back the curtain—for he was watching beside me.

"St. Pierre," I said, in a feeble tone, "I cannot die without confessing to you my villainy and ingratitude. I love Julia—I have loved her from the moment you introduced me to her; and though I knew she was your bride, I told her of my love."

"My dear Dumain," cried the noble St. Pierre, "I knew it already. Julia, the morning after our marriage, confessed the whole transaction. Had I but known it sooner she should have been yours."

This was too much for me. I burst into tears, and, overcome by my feelings, I fainted. In dropping my head upon the pillow, the bandages gave way, and my wounds bled afresh. St. Pierre ran for the surgeon—he was not to be found; but accidentally meeting another, he brought him to my chamber. On beholding the manner in which my hurts were dressed, this surgeon lifted up his eyes in amazement; and stripping off all the ban-

dages, he re-dressed them himself, declaring that in a few days I should be able to travel. Before they elapsed I had recovered my senses—nor can I say whether the sensations I experienced, on hearing that my life was not really in danger, were agreeable, or the reverse. Now, indeed, I know well what they might have been.

I shall not dwell longer upon my convalescence. In a fortnight I was declared out of danger; but, at the same time, I was desired to return to my native place for the benefit of my health. For this purpose leave of absence was given me, and along with it I was presented with a troop vacant in the corps.

The evening before my departure, St. Pierre entered my chamber. "Dumain," he said, "let us forget the conversation which passed between us some time ago. I cannot now make you happy, neither am I happy myself; but let not any circumstance break off our friendship. In you I have the most unbounded confidence. In Julia my confidence is equally great. To convince you of this, I have desired her to pay a visit to an aunt of mine in Bourdeaux: you will therefore see her when you return thither. Tell her that I envy your wounds, as they have been the means of sending you to her."

What could I say in return for conduct so noble? I wrung his hand, but answered not a word. Oh, that he had put less trust in a villain!

I was received by my relations with the warmest affections. My battles, my wounds, my honours, my renown, were the sole subjects of conversation in the village. Julia, too, who was now with the Countess of —, sent to inquire after my health. I waited upon her next day.

When I entered the saloon, I was introduced to the countess, who soon retired, leaving us together. I trembled all over to find myself again alone with Julia. "Dumain," said she, "I have long wished for such an opportunity as this of speaking a few words to you. You have acted like a

man of honour. "There is now an insuperable bar between our loves, but we shall still be friends. Though I may not regard you with any warmer feelings, he assured of my lasting esteem and respect." She held out her hand to me with a countenance little moved, except that a faint blush partly overspread it. I grasped it warmly, but immediately checked myself. "Yes, Julia," I replied, "we shall indeed be friends, and our friendship shall be refined by the recollection that, had not circumstances intervened, it might have borne a dearer title." Oh, vain delusive thought, that where love has once been, it can ever give place to friendship.

No matter. We fancied ourselves friends, and nothing more. We sought each others' society with all the eagerness of lovers; and as my connexion with St. Pierre was well known, the scandalous world spoke not out against us. Weeks passed on in this delightful state. We were still innocent, yet we were every day more and more convinced of the real state of our sentiments.

I had been several months at home, and the period of my leave was fast expiring. The day of my departure was at length fixed—I had but one other week to remain. Would that I had died before that week came!

Let me not think of what followed. The thin veil which had hitherto hung over our eyes, the thought of a separation tore from them. We again confessed a passion doubly guilty, and, Oh God! Oh God! my friend was dishonoured.

When once guilty of such a crime as I had committed, how does the mind of a man become thoroughly depraved. I now thought of St. Pierre with aversion: I even wished, that on my return to the army I might find him no more. With this was joined a terrible apprehension for the consequences of my intrigue, and I left Bourdeaux with the thoughts of a demon rather than of a man. Poor Julia was, like myself, completely

wretched. O guilt! thy pleasures are short-lived; thy tortures are eternal.

On my return to the regiment, I found St. Pierre promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and loaded with honours. Our regiment was dismounted, and formed part of the force destined for garrisoning Bayonne, which it was every day expected would be invested. It was here I rejoined it. St. Pierre met me with open arms. He inquired after Julia with all the fondness of an affectionate husband, but I thought he looked suspicious while he spoke. Yet it might have been no more than the whispers of my own conscience, which gave him that appearance. Certain it is, however, that he was much changed. He was pale and thin; and though he still smiled beautifully when he spoke, it was languidly.

I had been above six weeks in Bayonne, when I received a letter from Julia, giving the most fatal intelligence. My fears were but too dreadfully realized. She was pregnant; I gazed upon the letter in a stupor. She conjured me to save her from infamy and death; she hinted some fearful things, but she proposed no plan. For me, my thoughts were too confused to arrange any thing like a plan. I thought of quitting my regiment, and flying with her to some foreign country. God! I even thought of assassinating St. Pierre. The former idea, however, was generally prevalent, but I had no time to realize it; for our garrison was driven within the walls, and the English army sat down before the place.

Let those who can, imagine what were now my feelings. Cut off from all communication, even by letter, with the woman whom I loved more than soul and body, and whom I had ruined. Ignorant even of her situation, and without the hope of being able to see her again, perhaps for ever; at all events, till it was too late to assist her, Half mad, I sometimes thought of deserting to the enemy; but what would they have done for me? A deserter would not be trusted with his

liberty. Yet I was forced to continue thus for upwards of a month. It was then we learned, for the first time, of the change in the government.

When the news arrived, St. Pierre came to me with a face lighted up with transport. "I shall soon be with Julia again," cried he; "and then I shall be the happiest man on earth." I turned away my face, for I dared not look at him. I attempted to speak, but the words died upon my lips. I rushed from the apartment.

I flew to the southern rampart, with the intention of escaping, if possible, through our own guards, and those of the enemy. It was evening; and just as I had reached the gate, I was met by an aid-de-camp, who told me what immediately caused an alteration in my plan. We were that night to make a sortie.

I hastened back to St. Pierre, whom I found busy in preparing for the business of the night. The order which he had received had effaced all recollection of the scene between us in the morning. The regiment was already under arms, and at midnight was to advance. What horrible ideas now rushed upon my brain. I even prayed that St. Pierre might fall.

At the appointed hour we attacked. There was no light, except what the stars emitted, till the heavens were illuminated by the flashes of our guns. The slaughter was great, because the combat was obstinate. At length we began to fall back. We were in the rear of the whole column. St. Pierre and I were together in the rear of all, mingling every now and then with the enemy. Yet neither of us was hurt, though I hoped that every bullet was destined for the heart of my friend. My wishes, however, were vain. We reached the gate. St. Pierre turned to me. "Now, Dumain," cried he, "all is over. No more chances of being separated from Julia." The name rung in my ears—a frenzy seized my brain—my pistol was in my hand—I fired—and St. Pierre fell dead at my feet.

Stupified with horror, I stood still, and the gate was shut upon me. The enemy surrounded me; they disarmed me without resistance; and I was conducted to their camp, a prisoner and a murderer. Oh what would I not have given for any weapon of destruction, that I might have at once ended my miserable existence. But they had taken mine away, and watched me so closely, that I could not lay my hand upon any other. My thoughts dwelt upon no other object but my murdered friend, till at last my intellect gave way, and I became a maniac.

How long I continued in this state, I cannot tell; but when I came to myself, I found myself in my father's house. There were several letters for me from Julia, which alone prevented me from putting my original intention of suicide into force. She was in retirement not far from Paris, where her situation could be perfectly concealed; and as her husband's death was known, her seclusion was not wondered at. She had heard of my illness, and only lived till she should know my fate, when, be it what it would, she was resolved to share it. If I lived, she would live for me; if I died, she would follow me to the grave, and sleep beside me there.

"Beloved of my soul," I exclaimed, when I had finished the perusal, "I shall live, hateful as life is, for thy sake. Murderer, villain, as I am, with thee I may yet be—oh no, not happy; but I may live."

Being now determined to preserve myself for the sake of her who was so soon to make me a father, I grew rapidly better, and was soon able to set off for her retreat. I found her within two months of being a mother. She knew not the circumstances of her husband's death; nay, she heard that I was taken in striving to defend him. "My own, my generous, my gallant Dumain," she said, "would have preserved the life even of his rival." Oh there were ten thousand scorpions in those words.

Time passed, and the great Napo-

leon again entered France. Devoted to the service of this master of war, I determined instantly to join his standard: but Julia besought me not to do so till we were united. I agreed to this, and lived in quietness whilst the army was collecting on the frontiers of Flanders. Did I say quietness: O no, the **ghost** of my murdered friend for ever haunted my imagination, sleeping and waking; nor did I ever know a moment's ease, except when I was listening to the harmony of Julia's conversation.

It was now within a very short time of the period of her confinement, when one morning we walked out together into a green field, adjoining the house where she lived. There had been cattle in that field all along, through the middle of which we were accustomed to walk without apprehension. But, unknown to us, a savage bull had lately been put in. When we were about the middle of the field it came towards us, growling, and pawing the earth. Julia was alarmed; nor did I feel very comfortable, as I had not even a stick with which to defend her. At last after tearing up the grass with its hoofs, and lashing its sides with its tail, it ran at us. I seized Julia's arm, and placed her behind a tree, entreating her, in a hurried manner, to keep that between her and the bull. I myself ran to meet him, and threw my hat in his face. It had the effect of turning him; but when I came back to Julia, I found she had fainted. I bore her to the house, but the fright, and the injury she had received, together brought on a

waded through blood, through the blood of the best of friends and benefactors, was snatched from me, just as I had fancied it within my reach. I gazed upon her lifeless body, still beautiful even in death, with all the calmness of a fixed despair. I took my hat, and quitted the house.

Mounting my best horse, I made all haste to the frontier, and arrived this morning in the camp. To-morrow will be fixed upon for the day which shall determine the fate of France, and to-morrow shall my eternal fate be fixed. It is now midnight; the night is tempestuous.

Here I broke off, for the **ghost** of St. Pierre at that moment appeared to me. He has told me that I shall fall to-morrow; but why did he: I had already so determined it. My blood runs cold! my hair stands on end! Can I be forgiven! No, no; the murderer, the adulterer, has nothing to look for, except——

Here the manuscript abruptly ends. All that can be said in conclusion is, that the body of the unfortunate writer, covered with gashes, was recognised by one of his old companions next morning. He has gone to his last account; but he has done well in leaving this recital as a warning to others.

A DREAM OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BEFORE I commence the following seemingly improbable narrative, it may not be amiss to state in what manner I became possessed of it. It was in the winter of the year 178—, that I was invited to spend the Christmas at a friend's house in Argyvleshire. where among other friends of my host, I met the celebrated Mr —, the Eastern traveller. Our mornings were employed in the sports of the season, each following his own inclination till the evening, when we all assembled round the blazing hearth, our conviviality heightened by our separation. Christmas festivities and conversation closed a most idly spent day, but such is the desire of man after novelty, that these amusements began to fade on our taste, and the winter night to pass heavily. It was upon one of these occasions our host proposed resorting to the old country practise of each person contributing, in turn, to the amusement of the whole, by relating some "wonderment" or marvellous adventure that had fallen under his observation.

Many were told, of which some assisted the amusement, and others contributed to the astonishment of the company. At length Mr — spoke in the following words—but I must premise that his manner of telling the tale materially assisted its effect. His singularly swarthy countenance, discoloured by burning suns, agreed well with the foreign air of his African robe, which he had

brought from Aleppo, and worn as a morning gown; and at each striking part of his narrative, his jet black eyes shone with a brilliancy that was remarked by the whole company, and, indeed, his whole appearance was that of a man who firmly believed what he was relating.

"It was whilst waiting for letters from England prior to my departure into the interior of —, that I determined to inspect the Pyramids, those celebrated monuments of gigantic tyranny and kingly oppression, whose origin and whose use seem equally unfathomable. I departed, accompanied by my English domestic and several Arabs, whom I had hired to assist me in my undertaking. The morning being the most pleasant for travelling, I set out before the sun had poured its meridian heat on the thirsty earth, and arrived at my destination in the evening, having rested during the heat of the day. The moon had already risen, and I took a dim view of those enormous masses whose effect is surprisingly magnificent in the paly beam. I wandered solitarily round their bases, while thoughts crossed my mind that renewed the **ghosts** or embodied forms of ideal being, which my imagination had so frequently created in my youthful days. The visions of infancy hovered darkly around me, the spirits of the mighty dead, though now forgotten, seemed to ride on the night breeze, whose feeble memories whispered to my soul, 'all is vanity.'

The stillness of the scene was only interrupted by the snarling bark of the hyenas, who lurked in the neighboring cemetery. Sometimes their hateful forms would be seen to glance from behind the dark shadow of a ruined tomb, and as suddenly lost in obscurity. The antiquity of the piles around me, the novelty of the scene, all combined to throw a sadly pleasing gloom over my mind, and I retired to my tent with feelings which I attempted to analyse in vain.

"The brightness of the morning sun dissipated the visions of the night, and I rose with renewed spirit to perform my undertaking. How different was the picture! the 'things of night' had faded away, and in their place all around seemed to rejoice.

"The trampling of steeds, the mingled voices of the many in various languages, announced the departure of the caravan. The camels were receiving their final burthen of water, and they drank deep and long, as if indued with a sense of the distance they were to proceed ere they should taste again. At another watering place, a party of female Arabs, like the shepherdesses of old, were watering their flocks, while the neighbouring city was pouring forth its thousands to their daily tasks.

"Having provided ourselves with lights and the usual accompaniments of explorers, we entered the largest pyramid at the usual place, and I proceeded on my search. The appearance of the first chamber was solitary and desolate, being filled chiefly with rubbish and remains of mummies, to which the barbarism of the natives and the curiosity of travellers had been equally destructive. Several small avenues lead out of this apartment, one of which opens into another, which had been opened, and the usual ravages had taken place. I discovered nothing but the remains of an alabaster sarcophagus and some bones, which I afterwards found to be those of an ox or a cow. The day was nearly spent in such researches, and the Arabs, who had never liked the undertaking, began to grow unruly. The fear of the

'Ghout,' who watched over the treasures they supposed I searched for, at length grew to such a height that they would stay no longer, and they left my servant and myself to prosecute our discoveries by ourselves. In truth, they could not have left me at a more inconvenient period, for I had observed some signs, which justified me in supposing, that I was near a large and unopened chamber. It was at the end of a dark passage, near the mouth of one of those wells with which the place abounds, which diffused a most noxious vapour, and it was only my ardent desire for discovery, that could have induced me to continue the operations I had commenced. My torches also were nearly all consumed, and I was obliged to send my servant for a further supply. While he was gone, I proceeded to introduce an iron crow into the interstices of the stone, for the purpose of wrenching an entrance, but the strength of the building opposed my efforts, and I sat down dispirited on a block of stone near the before-mentioned well. Here, in a short time, I began to feel the influence of its pestilential air, my head grew giddy, and I should have fallen from my seat, had I not, by a great exertion, roused myself, and proceeded in my attempt to force a passage. Whilst in the act of giving a tremendous blow on the stone, the agitation of the air extinguished my light, but the blow was not lost, for it fell and executed its object by making a breach in the barrier that had opposed my progress. As I was provided with phosphorus, I did not feel any alarm for the loss of my light, but proceeded to feel what effect had been produced on the wall. I found a large aperture, sufficient to admit me thro', and on introducing my head, I saw, or thought I saw, a light shining thro' a crevice at the further end of the apartment. Astonished at what I thought must be an illusion of the sense, I hesitated to kindle my own light, and cautiously entered the newly opened chamber. I found I trod on a fine surface, and on walking across it, applied my eye to what I

plainly saw to be an opening in a loosely built partition, which, as I leaned against, suddenly gave way, and I found myself the spectator of a singular scene. In an ancient and large chamber, on a couch of stone, I saw reclining the figure of a man, seemingly aged, though still vigorous, his long beard, 'a sable silvered,' fell in large and ample curls upon his breast and arms, and added to the effect of his countenance, which was strongly indented with deep furrows, that appeared to be produced more by sorrow than by age. From the ceiling was suspended an iron lamp of an ancient form, by the light of which I was enabled to remark the above particulars, and as its wavering flame flashed on the face of the singular being before me, it added to its deathly hue; indeed, I should not have thought him to be alive, had not his deep respiration convinced me of it. The appearance of the apartment assimilated well with its inmate; around the walls were several rows of mummies, some in a standing position with their faces uncovered, and the lip being fallen, gave them the appearance of grinning horribly at each other. I advanced a step from the place where, fixed with astonishment, I had remarked all this in far less time than it has taken to recite it; on a nearer view, I found that he was clad in the common dress of the East, and what particularly took my attention was, that on his uncovered and livid brow, was fastened a rudely partitioned cross of diamonds, seemingly of great price. Hardly aware of my intention, I stretched forth my hand to touch it, when, with a long, deep-drawn sigh, the sleeper awoke; he threw his dark eyes, which sparkled with a brilliancy that surpassed his jewelled front, wildly around him, and when they rested on me, he cried, 'What art thou come? destroyer, thou art welcome, then at last shall I be relieved from my burthen, be free as the winds of heaven. But if destruction be not thy purpose; if thou hast a nature that clings to the softer feel-

ings of humanity, why disturb my repose?' I must here state that he spoke in Hebrew, or rather modern Syriac, which I understand perfectly, having, before I left England, acquired the reputation of being profoundly acquainted with it. Seeing me about to reply, he continued; 'Nay, speak not; to gratify an idle curiosity, you penetrate the sanctuary of the dead, disturb the last mansions of the mighty, of the illustrious, of the great and good. Here, at least, I hoped to escape from the idle crowd whose thoughts are folly, and whose lives are but vanity. Thou seemest to stand astonished, but thy fears are the effects of thy ignorance. I am no being of immaterial mould, but, thank heaven, mortal like thyself, death must come at last and close a scene of lengthened misery; centuries are past since I have been an inhabitant of these vast piles, already ancient at my birth. Here from the glaring day I sought repose, but the undying worm was in my heart; sleep could not lull it, amid the crowd it was felt embittering every taste of bliss. Oh! the thought of R—— followed me every where. Mortal! these eyes have seen what man can never see, and like so meek, so forgiving, pardon; oh, pardon! But yon black fiend laughs at my misery, mocks my prayers, derides my hopes,—oh! 'tis bitterer than death to feel what I feel. Death, said I? fool, 'tis bliss to die; when shall I feel its sting, rejoicing in its agony? then, and then alone can I join those who long have left me a lonely wanderer on the earth. Oh! Mighty One, let me not live thus; no kindred can I claim—no living heart beats in unison with mine; no joys of home can warm my soul, confined within a fleshy prison, panting for freedom and for death. Mortal! I despised Him, reviled the Saviour of the world; then came the unchanging fiat, live and be a wretch. I vainly thought it was a blessing, not a curse; I will revel in delight, I said, all that earth can yield shall be mine, ages shall be born and follow

each other to the tomb, but I in never-ending manhood shall laugh at what strikes horror to every other heart. How futile, to think life or length of days can give happiness ! the partner of my heart died—I felt the pang—child after child fell in worldly strife, and I was left alone ; then first I felt the curse indeed, to be alone amid a crowd, to feel no interest in all that wakes the heart of man ; then I sought death and found it not : fire fled from me, water abhorred me, the depths of the great deep were known to me, the nameless myriads of its dens crawled around me, storms arose scattering navies to destruction and hurling me to land ; earth quaked—I leapt into its yawning bosom—even then, I breathed in agony to bursting—but the time was not come, the bursting volcano buried towns in ruins.—I was cast forth unharmed ; the breath of the desert knew me—the Zemoun blasted the caravan, and left me alone ; I touched the plague-spot, but it was innoxious—swords of men shivered over my head, nought could harm the devoted ; then I would pass my time in pleasure, but while woman

smiled, when the wine-cup sparkled in my hand, I felt the curse ; I sought wealth, and despised it ; I turned conqueror—slew my thousands, and was wretched ; I loved woman, and she died, I could not follow. Light grew hateful to my eyes, I detested man and his paltry wishes, I sought solitude amid these ruins, but here has he penetrated ; I foresaw it, and determined he should perish. I touch that stone, and these masses crush us both ; thou wilt die, but I must writhe in agony till he come.’

“ He moved, but I could not : every feeling was benumbed ; I gasped for breath, every thing faded from my sight, a confused noise of falling ruins was in mine ear : I fell, and knew no more. When I awoke, I was in my tent, supported by my servant, who said, after a long search he discovered me near the spot where he had left me. The next day I could discover no traces of the breach in the wall ; I knocked, but could make no impression ; and on relating to my servant what I had seen, he said I had been in a trance ; but I can never consider it such.”

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE TWELVE NIGHTS.

A Tale from the German of the Baron Carl Von Miltig.

"I CAN assure you, my dear master," said John, as he went on with the story, "that infernal noise, which has been at rest now so long, has broke out again this year worse than ever—I myself last night—"

"Well, you saw something, I suppose," said the chief master of the forests; "come, let's hear all about it—what was it?"

"No, Sir, I did not see, to be sure, but then I heard it."

"Oh! *heard* it—aye the old story—and when one asks what has been heard, it turns out to be some hollow knocking—or a rattling of chains, &c.—we know all about that already,—John, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But, my dear master, when I heard it with my own ears—"

"Never mind your ears—they have played you false—eyes, ears, nose, every thing deserts a man when he is once fairly terrified—he hears, sees, and smells, exactly as his fright makes him. And now let us have done with this nonsense; you know I am sick of it—I could lay my life the whole turns out to be the work of some wretched cat, or a few martins. I remember my father (rest his soul!) was once annoyed with some of these noises. He put a pair of good hounds into the ghost's room, and next day we had a whole family of martins lying on the floor. Some time after, a blockhead of a servant took it into his head to hear more noises—my father ordered him to receive twenty strokes with the cat-o'-nine-tails. I remember the whole hunt turned out to witness the execution. After that we heard no more of ghosts."

"I dare say," said John, grinning, "nobody would care to see any, after such a reception." He saw, however, it was needless

to contest the matter at the time: "besides," thought John, "though it roar and bellow, what then? The wing is uninhabited, we need not disturb ourselves about the matter." With this reflection, which he kept to himself, the old man left the room. He found several peasants waiting in the ante-chamber, who had business with Schirmwald, the head forest-master's secretary, and returned to announce them to his master.

"Send the Secretary here," said he. "He is not in the office," said John; "I saw him stepping across the court, with his music-books, to Miss Eleonora's room, more than an hour ago. I dare say they are singing or playing together, for he was there the whole of yesterday afternoon. Shall I call him?" The Baron muttered to himself.

"The devil has certainly sent that cursed smooth-faced verse-maker into my house. To think that this pale, moonshine-looking countenance of a fellow, without religion, and without conscience, should make his way into a girl's heart, and such a girl as my Eleonora. And is it possible that, for him, the noble, excellent Saalburg should be forgotten? Oh, woman! woman!—But I will expose the fellow—I will open her eyes—or my name is not Neideck."

The Baron, who had a bad custom of speaking before he thought, was promising more than he found it easy to perform. He was completely the slave of his daughter Eleonora, a beautiful girl, the image of his wife, with whom he had enjoyed eighteen years of uninterrupted happiness. Whatever Eleonora chose to command was done; he found it impossible to refuse her a single request, or to make use of a harsh word towards her. He saw the necessity, however, of exerting himself at present, and determined that Schirmwald should leave the house the moment that Saalburg, who had been fixed on, even from his childhood, as the husband of his daughter, should arrive. "Once let me see her Saalburg's wife," thought he, "and all will go well."

The door opened. Tall and slender, with something of a sorrowful and solemn expression in her countenance, Eleonora Von Neideck entered the room. Her dignified air, her dark clustering locks, shadowing her pale countenance, and falling on her shoulders, gave her the appearance rather of a sybil than the daughter of a German nobleman. But in the midst of the grace which characterized her movements, an attentive observer might perceive something of a theatrical cast—an affected elevation of language and manner, which in some measure impaired the impression which the first glance was calculated to produce. She was dressed in a black velvet robe, fitted closely to her figure, and fastened round the waist by a rich gold band and clasp. Long white plumes trailed downwards from her dark hat, and in her hand she held a riding-switch.

"Whither so fast, my daughter?" said old Neideck, feeling his resolution melting away at the sight of this beautiful vision. "To

"the free air," answered Eleonora; "I come to kiss your hand." "Oh, you are going to ride," said the father;—"quite alone?" "Schirmwald goes with me; you need be under no apprehensions." "Really!" "He who once saved me," continued Eleonora with dignity, raising her dark melancholy eyes to heaven, "who, at the peril of his own life preserved mine, may well be allowed to accompany me in a short ride."

The chief keeper of his majesty's forests bit his lips. "Saalburg," said he, "will be here immediately." "You told me so yesterday." "He loves you, Eleonora." "You told me that too." "And what will you say to him if it is so?" "I will tell him the truth." "Of course—but what is that—yes or no?" "No, father." "No! by Heaven!" He stopped for a moment. "You do not love Saalburg?" "Not at all." "You love,—you love,—what the devil is the use of going about the bush—you love this Schirmwald. Is it not so?" "It is so," said Eleonora, casting her eyes down.

"No, girl! It is not, it shall not be so—I shall bear it no longer. You forget your own honour and mine. It is the talk of the whole house: you sit, and sing, and harp, and make verses together continually. At first, I was pleased at your intercourse, for I thought it might be a means of improving your taste for music: I allowed the man who had been your preserver to be the companion of your amusements and your walks; but I could not have suspected that your infatuation could ever have proceeded to this length, and I feared to warn you, lest the warning itself might increase the danger;—and thus it is that you reward my delicacy and my confidence? Leonora, you know I love you more than I can express—you know I hate all compulsion, all unnecessary exertion of authority; but make up your mind, dismiss Schirmwald—marry Saalburg."

"Never, father,—my heart, my whole existence, are Schirmwald's."

"He is a miserable, deceitful wretch." "Calumny—calumny—it is the lot of the great and the good." "I have proofs, my daughter." "Forgeries, framed by the malice of his enemies." "But when you read the papers—" "I shall not believe them."

There was a moment's pause. The Baron resumed—"Promise me at least, that Saalburg—" "O see, father," said Eleonora, interrupting the request, "see how impatiently my pony arches his delicate neck, and beats with his hoofs on the ground to call me! And this clear, sparkling sun, and this blue heaven, and every thing so smiling, I can stay no longer."

She was gone. In a few moments the Baron saw her flying through the gate, with Schirmwald by her side. "There they go," cried the old man, "and I am left alone." A tear gathered in his eye. "Accursed delusion, that thus expels from the heart its best, and purest, and dearest feelings!"

He continued in deep thought, till the sound of a carriage

awakened him from his reverie. He looked down into the court. A cavalier sprung out. "Saalburg!" cried the old man, in an ecstasy of delight; "it is he himself!" and he ran down stairs like lightning.

"Welcome, my dear, excellent young friend—welcome! Whom have you brought with you?" "Frau von Rehfield, most excellent forest-master." "Is it possible? What! my sister, and Miss Rose, and Miss Lise, and all of them!" "Dear brother," "Dear uncle," resounded from all sides. "Paul, Christian, John," bawled Neideck; "where are all the fellows?"

The whole household soon surrounded the carriage, and found ample employment in unloading its contents. Besides the human inhabitants of the ponderous vehicle, a cat, two lap-dogs, a canary bird in a cage, and a whole pile of trunks and band-boxes, were dug out. At last, however, the whole party were safely landed.

"Where is Leonora—where is our dear cousin?" cried all of them, speaking at once. Her father was just commencing an apology, when she galloped up to the door. She welcomed her visitors, and while she thus gave way to the natural ease of disposition, she was enchanting. Saalburg could not withdraw his eyes from her beauty. She, too, seemed at first a little surprised to see the raw, wild stripling changed into a handsome man; but that emotion seemed to disappear, and she took no further notice of him. The father seemed only to admire him the more. His graceful figure, his countenance, in which sweetness was blended with firmness, his good humour and strong feeling, tempered by a knowledge of the world, enchanted the old man. He was determined that no other person should be the husband of Eleonora, and felt almost distracted with anxiety, till he should find an opportunity of telling him how matters stood. He had not long to wait, for the young man was as impatient as himself. But what were Saalburg's feelings, when the Baron informed him, that all the old ties of youth between him and Eleonora were dissolved, and that another now possessed her affections! Pride and anger contended in his heart, when he learned who it was that Leonora thus preferred to him. But Saalburg was prudent, as well as noble and honourable. Before deciding on his plans, he wished to know from the Baron whether there was any thing to be hoped for. Neideck told him, that, during the disturbances occasioned by the war, Leonora had been sent to reside with a relation in town, the young wife of old Count Horst; that, during her residence there, the round of idle amusements in which she mingled, the flatteries to which she was constantly exposed, and the influence of fashionable example, had entirely altered the native artlessness and modesty of her character. The tenderness of her feelings had disappeared,—she had become cold and affected,—the country wearied her,—the affection of her father she seemed to receive almost with indifference; she was also at that critical period when the heart must have employment.

By powerful recommendations, Schirmwald had contrived to get

admittance into her father's house. He had heard of her beauty and her fortune, and was resolved to hazard every thing to make the lady his own.

Neideck had received more than one anonymous intimation of his views, but he had paid little attention to them, partly because he believed it almost impossible that Eleonora could forget Saalburg, or give pain to her father by any opposition to his choice, and partly because he thought it still more improbable that any danger was to be apprehended from such a man as Schirmwald. And yet this Schirmwald, vain, ignorant, selfish, and (as he had more lately had occasion to discover) unprincipled, had succeeded, by an affectation of peculiar softness of manner, and a pompous display of fine feeling, in captivating the unsuspecting heart of Leonora.

It happened, also, towards the end of autumn, that Schirmwald, during one of his walks near the castle, had the good fortune to rescue Eleonora from the attack of a marauding ruffian, who had assaulted her in the wood. From this moment, the heart of Eleonora seemed to glow with the fire of affection. She seemed to think that even the warmest love towards her deliverer could scarcely repay the service she had received. She would no longer hear of her marriage with Saalburg. She admitted the goodness of his disposition,—but he wanted *mind*, and mind alone could make her happy.

“My dear Saalburg,” said the Baron, as he concluded his recital, “so stands the case. You see you have little to hope. Eleonora’s character, and the strength of this passion, make me fear that opposition—” “Would be in vain,” cried Saalburg; “you know, my dear father, that passion was never cured by contradiction. If it is possible to win back Eleonora’s heart, it can only be by taking care that not the smallest symptom of my design should appear. Promise me then not to allude in any way to our union. My relationship will account for my staying here a month or two. In that time, I shall be able to ascertain what I have to expect.”

The Baron promised the strictest silence on the point, and after agreeing to communicate to each other any thing that should happen, they separated.

At Neideck, every one was master of his time. The Baron went about his ordinary employments, without concerning himself about the movements of his guests, to whom an excellent library, a billiard-room, and every convenience for walking, riding, or hunting, offered a constant fund of amusement. From breakfast-time, when they all met together, every one might employ himself as he pleased until two, when the sound of the hunting-horn summoned them to table. They enjoyed equal liberty during the afternoon, till they met again at eight o’clock to tea.

Saalburg saw Eleonora daily, and met her with an air of composure and indifference. During their rides, in which he occasionally accompanied her, he was attentive, but not officious; and he seemed to pay no attention to the marked distinction with which she

treated Schirmwald. Thus the connexion between them seemed to have subsided into the calm, easy intercourse of mere acquaintance and politeness. The aunt and the young ladies, however, were not disposed to take the matter so coolly, and Saalburg found considerable difficulty in prevailing on them to be silent, as to the long-proposed union, and to leave him quietly to mature his plans.

One evening, he observed that Eleonora had evidently been weeping. Her eyes appeared inflamed, and during the whole evening it was impossible to draw her into conversation.

He soon ascertained the case from Neideck. The Baron, he found, had taken Schirmwald soundly to task, and had told him decidedly that he might look for another situation. Ill-humour, and scarcely concealed indignation, sat upon the Secretary's brow when he appeared at table, and Eleonora seemed to share his feelings. Saalburg gave up every thing for lost.

Grieved to the heart at the consequences of the Baron's impatience, he left the room. It was the close of a winter afternoon, as he directed his steps towards the waste and dreary park that surrounded the castle. The snow crisped and crackled under his feet, in the clear frosty air. The winter wind rustled through the bare boughs of the willows, where the ice-flakes now hung in place of the vanished leaves. The deep, melancholy stillness of nature harmonized with his dejection. In this thoughtful mood he continued to saunter on till he reached a grove of dark pines, under whose boughs, still green amidst the surrounding desolation, a little hermitage had been erected, in which a figure, dressed like a hermit, and moved by some machinery in the floor, had been placed by the Baron. Saalburg entered. Scarcely had he set his foot in the little chapel, when the figure rose from its knees, nodded its head, and opened the large book which was lying before it. Aware as he was of the deception, Saalburg stepped back involuntarily. At that moment his eye rested on a folded paper placed between the leaves of the book. He opened it. "A secret correspondence" was the first idea that occurred to him. But what was his astonishment when he recognised Eleonora's hand, and read the contents of the paper! "The idea of availing yourself of the common superstition of the Twelve Nights is excellent. You Fust, and I the Lady Venus! The terror in which the whole family will be placed will render it unnecessary for us to employ any other disguise than a white mantle. We shall take the road which tradition ascribes to the ghostly visitors. Let it be your care to provide horses. On new year's night at twelve I shall leave my chamber. The charge of imitating the uproar of the spirits I leave to you."

Saalburg stood for a moment to consider. The letter he saw must be allowed to reach its destination. Schirmwald, he had no doubt, would call for the paper, and he determined to continue in ambush till he should make his appearance. He pulled a withered branch from a tree, climbed up into one of the tall pines that overhung the hermitage, and effaced the traces of his footsteps be-

hind him. It was twilight before any thing occurred to break the silence around him. At last a footfall was heard, but it sounded heavily, like that of some labourer or servant. "The devil himself," cried a coarse, rough voice from below, "the devil himself only could find his letters in this dark hole; and after all, that rascal of a Secretary, perhaps, will never pay the postage. Prepare a horse indeed,—it is an easy matter for him to talk. He rides off, and leaves me to settle accounts behind him. But I am not such a fool as that, neither."

Lightly and slowly Saalburg glided down the trunk of the fir-tree. The fellow had already pressed the spring on the floor, and the hermit had opened his book. At that instant Saalburg seized him by the throat, pressing him with a giant's strength. "Silence, villain, or I will bury this dagger in your breast. You are lost, if I give you up to justice. I am the Baron Saalburg. Be candid; tell me every thing; conceal nothing, and I promise you twenty ducats."

"O God! yes,—noble Baron," whined out the poor wretch, "I will confess every thing—I am the poor woodman in the village,—for God's sake let me go,—you squeeze my breath out."

"Not a step till I know every thing," said Saalburg, throwing the struggling villain to the ground, and placing his dagger's point against his breast; "speak this instant; and if you dare to betray me to the Secretary, by my soul I will strike you dead like a dog, and accommodate your wife and children with lodgings for life in the town prison."

The man then confessed he had been employed by the Secretary to bring him the billet, and had been ordered, next night, at twelve o'clock, to have a horse saddled, and waiting behind the great oak in the park. As soon as the Secretary should come up to him with a lady veiled, and should give the word—"Give me the casket," he was to rush out, throw a mantle over her head, and carry her into a neighbouring thicket, where he was to leave her. He was then to meet the Secretary next day in Kirchberg, across the borders, and receive his reward.

"And how came the Secretary to entrust you with this commission?" inquired Saalburg.

"Oh! because I was engaged in the former business." "What was that?"

"About half-a-year ago, he made me purchase a uniform, and place myself, according to his directions, in the thicket near the Ellerbacher road. When Miss Eleonora came past the thicket, during her evening walk, I sallied out, and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Gold! gold!" Immediately Schirmwald, as had been arranged, came flying up, and attacked me; I took to flight. Eleonora called him her preserver, her good angel. The Secretary obtained the whole credit of having saved her. He got all he wanted. I got nothing. When I demanded my pay, he told me I was a year's rent in arrear to my lord, and that if I held my

tongue, he would give me credit for it in the reckoning,—if not, he would have me thrown into prison. What could I do? For the sake of my wife and children I was compelled to be silent."

"You are a pair of precious rascals," said Saalburg; "confound me if I know which most deserves the gallows. "Who is the lady whom the Secretary is to bring along with him to-morrow night?" "God knows," said the woodman; "some mistress or other; he has as many as there are sands on the sea shore."

Saalburg breathed more freely, as he felt that the exposure of this wretch was now so near. "Take this letter," said he, "to the Secretary, and tell him every thing is arranged. To show you that I intend to keep *my* word, take this purse. If you betray me, you know what you and yours have to expect. If your are honest, you shall receive your stipulated reward from me, the day after new-year's-day, at the castle."

Saalburg then let the man go, who departed with strong protestations of his honest intentions. He himself returned, slowly and pensively, to the castle, digesting in his own mind his plan of operations.

During tea, he kept his attention fixed on Eleonora, whose evident agitation did not escape his notice. The conversation, this evening, happened to turn on the great antiquity of the castle, and the strange looking colossal statue of Fust von Neideck, over the entrance, which looked as if it had been set up there to frighten away all visitors. "Oh! my dear uncle," cried Rosalie, "is it really true that Sir Fust and the Lady Venus walk about the castle? We have entered already on the twelve holy nights, and every evening I am in an agony." "Stuff—nonsense—confounded lies," muttered old Neideck. "But, uncle," resumed the obstinate young lady, "my aunt's maid—" "Aye, no doubt, she knows a great deal more of what takes place in my castle than I do." Rosalie was silent for a moment. Her uncle resumed, in a milder key, "Well, tell us what she saw; I see you are dying to be out with it." "Nothing, uncle, but she heard—" "Ho, ho! heard; the old story exactly. I wish to God I could hear no more of it!"

"But, brother," cried Frau von Rehfield, who had been longing for some time to take a part in the discussion, "if there is really nothing in it, why put yourself in such a passion? People will think some family secret is concealed under it. The servants merely say, that there are noises and alarms in the house, during the twelve nights, and surely there can be no harm in saying so."

"Aye but there is, good sister—I have no wish that the affairs of my house should form the subject of conversation in every ale-house. If this folly is not put an end to, the blockheads will go on frightening one another to death with their confounded ghost stories. Besides, I find that they make a handle of this to excuse a thousand faults and disorders."

"My dear Baron," said Saalburg, smiling, "I have little or no belief in stories of the kind. But that we may know at least what

tradition really says about the matter, I think you had better tell us the story—Perhaps it will tend to remove Rosalie's fright."

"Be attentive, then, all of you," said the Baron von Neideck, "and listen to the wonderful history of the KNIGHT FUST and the LADY VENUS, which took place, according to the best authorities, about the year 1109.

"Fust von Neideck was a wild huntsman, an approved sword and buckler man, and withal a most potent drinker. He became such a virtuoso in this last accomplishment, that his fame spread far and wide; and the consequence was, that in his thirtieth year, he could scarcely stand so steadily on two feet as other people on one.

"His unmarried sister, who lived with him, witnessed his progress in the art with great dismay, and often tormented him with her importunity to choose a wife from among the young ladies of the neighbourhood. She indulged the idea that the ties of love and parental affection would tend to weaken, in some measure, the influence of Bacchus. The Knight, however, was impregnable. He swore positively, that if the devil's dam herself should make her appearance, or Lady Venus of the mountain were to offer him her hand, on the condition that he should reduce his establishment by a single cup of wine, he would hunt them from the castle.

"His sister was silent. The Knight, however, had his weak moments, like other men, and his sister her own share of cunning, like other women. She contrived that a young lady, a distant relation of the family, whose father had died shortly before, should pay a visit to the castle. Weeks and months rolled away, and still she was an inhabitant of Neideck Castle. In short, whether the beautiful Herminia had really captivated the old toper, or that his sister had plied him with love-potions instead of Rhenish, so it was, that in the course of half-a-year, Herminia was lady of Neideck, without Fust's being ever able exactly to comprehend how the matter had taken place.

"The beauty of the fair bride must have been very powerful, or the love-philtres very strong, for Fust von Neideck actually continued sober for three days after the wedding. He thought himself entitled, however, to make up for this incredible abstinence, and, accordingly, on the fourth day, he caressed his pitcher more affectionately than ever. Herminia became indisposed—ill humoured; the Knight waxed more outrageous and disagreeable. His sister made the last attempt upon his feelings, by presenting to him the infant daughter which his wife had brought him: she conjured him to treat Herminia with more mildness, and at all events to continue sober one day in seven. It was all in vain. He repulsed his sister as if it had been her fault that Herminia had not brought him a son, and swore by all that was holy, that he would console himself for the misfortune of having a wife and daughter by an incessant round of hunting and drinking.

Never was a vow better kept. Early next morning he got so

deeply absorbed in meditation on the excellence of a flask of Rhenish, that his esquires found him speechless on the green before the door, in consequence of intense thought, which these irreverent knaves were impudent enough to call getting intoxicated with his subject. The instant the Knight awoke from his vinous reverie, he called for his bugle-horn and hunting spear, rode out into the wood—galloped about all day—and returned at night to renew his addresses to the flagon; and so the time ran on.

One clear winter day he had wearied himself with fruitless pursuit of a bear, in the thickest part of the wood. Squires and dogs were equally at fault, and the overwearied horse of the Knight, who had separated from his party, would move no farther. It was mid-day. Grumbling at his bad fortune, the Knight dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle towards a spot which gleamed out greenly through the withered trees, the sun having melted the snow that covered it. As he came nearer, he heard the murmur of a small stream, which, purling along, under the shade of water-plants and hardy evergreens, dropped into a rocky basin, and whose lovely sparkling waters formed a striking contrast to the dead wintry stillness of the surrounding desolation.

Fust resolved to let his horse rest here for some time, and threw himself on the wet moss to enjoy a similar refreshment. But a burning thirst would not allow him to sleep. Wine was not to be had, and unexampled as such an incident in the Knight's history, he was at last compelled to adopt the resolution of slaking his thirst with the pure element. But as he approached the brow of the small rock that overhung the basin, he saw beneath him, to his great surprise, a female figure, who seemed not to be aware of the presence of the intruder, for at the moment Fust approached, she had just dipped her delicate foot into the water, and evidently commenced her preparations for a cold bath. The beauty of the lady, and the strange time of the year she had chosen for that amusement, made the Knight pause upon the brink. She turned her eyes towards him, and Fust felt as if blinded by her beauty. He had never beheld such dazzling loveliness. A sort of exclamation, which he found it impossible to repress, drew the attention of the lady upon him; but the boundless amazement which was visible in his gaping countenance did not appear to be displeasing to her. She seemed in no way disconcerted by the gaze of the Knight, whose intellectual powers, never very clear, seemed to be totally clouded by the suddenness and strangeness of the occurrence. His whole soul was concentrated in his eyes. "I know thee well," said the beautiful bather, with the most silvery tones; "thou art Fust von Neideck, the bravest Knight in the whole province. Shame on thee—eternal shame, that thou dardest not follow me!" "And why not?" cried the enchanted toper. "Because thou art married," answered the lady, while her bosom heaved with a deep sigh. It never could have entered into the brain of Fust to conceive that his marriage could possibly stand in the way of any thing

he chose to do; and he lost no time in assuring the lady that he was hers for life and death, and firmly resolved never to set his foot in Neideck again, if she should think it necessary. As a proof of his sincerity, he leaped down from the rock and offered her his glove. "Well, then," said the lady, "I receive thee for my knight. Ever-flowing cups, successful huntings, and the open arms of ever-blooming maidens, await thee! Know that I am the Lady Venus.

"There in the forest my castle lies,
And swifter my steed than the night-wind flies."

"She clasped hold of him, and mounted, along with him, a gigantic horse, with bat's wings, and a head like a cat, which was pawing the ground beside them. Swift as a tempest, they flew across the park towards the mountain, which opened and closed upon the steed and its riders. One of Fust's huntsmen, who had come up, and overheard at some distance the conversation between that temperate Knight and the Lady, brought the melancholy news to the castle. His sister, after having a colossal statue of her brother formed and placed above the entrance, died of grief. The fate of the lady and her infant daughter is not known. The older branches of the family of Neideck being extinct, by the death or disappearance of Fust, the estates came into the possession of the younger, from which I am descended. Once in every year, however, during the twelve holy nights, do the Knight and the Lady revisit the spot where they first met, and sometimes they even extend their call to the castle. And so ends the story."

"A thousand thanks, my dear uncle," cried Lisette, "a thousand thanks for your story; now I shall sleep more quietly—wild as Fust was, I am glad to hear he was not a murderous old ruffian, as I had heard. I thought every night I should see the door open, and some horrible figure come stalking in, with its face all over blood, and so on." "Oh no—no!" cried Rosalie; "I had no fear of that, for you know the maid said the spirit goes always directly to Eleonora's chamber, which it once inhabited." "Excellent," said old Neideck; "very authentic indeed, and from the correctness of this part of the story I think we may form a tolerable idea of the rest. Now, I tell you, that, according to the old tradition, the spectre goes directly to the old chamber in the second story, where the genealogical tree hangs; from thence, through the door in the tapestry, down the concealed stair, into the vaulted passage that branches out under the park, and opens opposite to the Venus Mountain. As for Eleonora's chamber, and all that part of the house, it is not easy to see how the ghost could have inhabited them, since they were only built about a century and a half ago. Good-night, my dear children—sleep quietly." The old Baron took his pipe, rung for John, and marched off towards his bedroom.

The party broke up, leaving Saalburg highly pleased with his success. Without requiring to lead the conversation to the point,

he had gained the information he wished. But in order to make sure of the localities, he resolved to reconnoitre the spot. As soon as midnight came, and the inhabitants of the castle were secure, some soundly sleeping, and others not daring to move, through terror, he set out, provided with his sword and a dark-lantern, towards the spot. He had scarcely traversed the passages which led to the place, and reached the chamber, when his attention was attracted by a hollow-sounding noise, sometimes broken by louder sounds, resembling the roaring of a tempest. Saalburg guessed at once that Schirmwald was taking this opportunity of practising his part against the following night. The noise came nearer. Sometimes it sounded like the tread of many heavy feet along the passage; then it would die away, and shortly again it recommenced, as if a whole body of cavalry had been reviewed in the room below. At last it seemed to enter the room. Saalburg extinguished his lantern, and bent down in a corner till the impostor should pass. The figure, such as he could distinguish it by the dim glimmer of the snow-light from without, was Schirmwald's. The figure passed, and in a few minutes all was quiet. Saalburg rose from his hiding-place, and moved lightly and cautiously back to his room. As he passed the window of the staircase, to enter his room, he saw a light in the Secretary's apartment, opposite. "Aye," said he to himself, "we have both got home at the same moment."

The next morning was new-year's-day. With a feeling of deep anxiety and impatience for the issue, Saalburg rose. The morning slipped away in friendly meetings and congratulations.

Eleonora was indisposed, and did not appear at dinner. Schirmwald recited, with much emphasis, a poem of his own composition, in which he wished his patron, the Baron, and his whole family, all possible good fortune! Saalburg stood in astonishment at the composure of the traitor. The old Baron took the matter seriously—seemed much affected by the Secretary's effusion, and wished the whole party, Schirmwald included, many happy years, true friends, a good conscience, and every progress in the way of honour and good fortune. The nearer the important moment arrived, the heart of Saalburg beat more vehemently. They were summoned to tea, which was announced in Eleonora's chamber. She was reclining on a sofa, with considerable traces of indisposition in her countenance. No one, however, but Saalburg, seemed to mark her agitated appearance. The dark locks descending upon a face deadly pale, the dark silk dress fastened to the throat, as if for travelling, the thick shawl thrown negligently over her shoulders, convinced him that every thing was prepared for flight. "It is the last night in her father's house!" said he to himself, and it was fortunate that the imperfect light in the chamber concealed his agitation from Eleonora. He composed himself shortly, however, and approached, like the rest, to offer her his congratulations and

good wishes. "I thank you, I thank you," answered she with a faltering voice; my heart tells me I shall need them all."

The party separated early, to allow Eleonora to repose, after her illness. Saalburg flew to his chamber, buckled on his sword, took his lantern in his hand, and stepped gently towards the concealed staircase, determined to be first at his post.

When he entered the room, he looked eagerly around for the tapestry door leading to the stair, which he had unfortunately forgotten the day before to ascertain. His search was vain; the door was not to be found; and he found it would be necessary to wait till the door should be opened by the fugitives themselves. The first stroke of twelve sounded, and Saalburg, couching down in his ambush, concealed the lantern behind him. In a few minutes the uproar of the preceding night recommenced, and a congregation of horrible noises announced the approach of the modern

ghost. A pale feeble light shone dimly on two figures clothed in white. Saalburg took a pistol from his bosom, and cocked it. They passed across the room. Schirmwald pressed a spring in the wall, and a door flew open. At that instant Saalburg stretched out his arm to seize him. The slight noise occasioned by this movement alarmed the Secretary, who started back a few steps, and perceived Saalburg. "We are betrayed!" cried he, and fired his pistol at the Baron. Saalburg felt himself wounded, but without hesitating an instant, returned the fire. With a loud groan, the Secretary dropped, and a large quantity of gold pieces was scattered on the floor. Overcome by loss of blood, and the agitation of his feelings, the Baron also sunk senseless on the ground.

He came to himself in a short time. Schirmwald's lamp was burning by his side. His first glance was in search of Eleonora, who still lay immoveable on the ground. He raised her in his arms, without bestowing a thought on Schirmwald, and taking the lantern in his hand, he carried her to her chamber. The door was open. Her maids were fortunately still asleep. She soon recovered her senses. Saalburg would willingly have declined answering the questions she was disposed to put to him at that time.

"For Heaven's sake, Baron Saalburg," cried she, "one word only! Where is Schirmwald? What has happened to him?" "He fell by my hand," answered the Baron, reluctantly. "Impossible! it cannot be! you are mistaken! Did you not see the spectre that met us at the entrance of the tapestry door?" "I saw nobody." "The figure which drove me to a side, and as your ball whistled past my ear, seized on Schirmwald, dashed him down, and—" "My dear Eleonora, nothing of all this have I seen. Your overheated imagination has deceived you. Your pulse beats like lightning,—your senses wander. Be calm, I beseech you." "Saalburg, say then at once, what do you know of the unfortunate Schirmwald?" "Only that he is a villain, an accomplished villain, whom I will unmask to-morrow."

With these words, he left the room, and flew towards John's

chamber, whom he found awake. "In God's name, Baron, what is the matter? You bleed. I heard a noise, but I did not dare to waken my master." "Quick, my good friend, quick! Bind my arm, and then awaken the Baron." Both commissions were executed immediately. "Ask no questions, my dear Neideck," cried the Baron to the old man; "my wound is nothing; time is precious, follow me quick. John, light us to the chamber in the second story. I will tell you all as we go."

The astonishment of the Baron, when he heard of Eleonora's preservation, and the Secretary's villany, was inexpressible. They came to the spot, but Schirmwald was gone. No traces of blood appeared, notwithstanding the dangerous wound, which, from his groans, Saalburg concluded he had received. Nothing was to be seen but Eleonora's casket, which lay on the ground, and the gold which was scattered about the room. The door they could not find. Saalburg knew not what to think of the matter. One thing, however, was clear, that he had not to answer for the Secretary's death.

Early next morning, Heubach, the woodman, appeared to claim his reward. He received the stipulated sum, after confessing, in the presence of the Baron and old John, the whole of his connexion with the Secretary.

On looking over the forest-accounts, the sum which had been found scattered about the room the night before was ascertained to be wanting.

Neideck went to his daughter's apartment, determined for once to tell her, without hesitation or disguise, the extent of her error; but he found it unnecessary. Full of shame and repentance, she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged that he would allow her to retire into a convent. Neideck endeavoured to calm the enthusiast, and then proceeded to acquaint her with Heubach's disclosures, from which Schirmwald appeared in his true colours. Her confusion and remorse were indescribable. With tears of the deepest anguish, she threw herself on her father's neck, who thanked God that his daughter was now again restored to him. Saalburg's wound, and the delicacy which had induced him for some time to leave the castle, affected her deeply.

About three months afterwards, she requested her father to summon Saalburg to the castle. He flew thither immediately, on the wings of hope. Eleonora had laid aside all her affectation. "Saalburg," said she, with a gentle blush, as he entered, "you know that I have loved; but I have expelled from my heart the traitor who robbed me of those feelings which ought to have been yours. If my heart has still any value in your eyes, take it with this hand, and with it my warmest esteem—my tenderest affection!"

Saalburg kissed the offered hand with delight. "Eleonora," said he, "Fortune has lowered on me, once; now I can bid defiance to her frowns." And he pressed her to his heart.

THE GATHERER.

HAMLET AND THE GHOST.

When Kemble, in the zenith of his fame, played *Hamlet* at Newcastle, Bensley, who was the leading actor of that company, had the honour to be cast the *Ghost*. Kemble's high popularity made him, of course, a vast bug-bear in a country theatre; and Bensley was much annoyed at having to second the greatness of such an artist. Accordingly, he studied the part of the *Ghost*, having got but short notice, in great tribulation, almost up to the hour of performance; amazingly tormented by an apprehension that the affair would, in some way or other, injure his reputation. When the time came for dressing, his fears were not abated. He put on the *Ghost's* leather armour, which fitted him horribly—damning by turns, the *Ghost*, the armour, and the manager; and all the while, at intervals, repeating fragments from his part, as to his accuracy even in the text, of which he was by no means entirely satisfied. At length the curtain rang up, and it occurred to Bensley that a moderate draught, taken in time, might give him firmness; and thereupon—still repeating his part at intervals—he summoned the call boy to his aid. “Boy” (calling)—“mark me!” (repeating) “If ever thou didst thy dear father love,” (this was out of the character) “I am not in the habit of taking strong liquors on nights when I perform; but prithee go to the public house next door, and get me a glass of brandy and water.” When the brandy and water came, the first scene of the play being going on all this while, Bensley, who had still the book in his hand, studying, drank it off at a single draught; but, as he set the empty glass down, to his surprise and rather indignation, he perceived a strong red sediment lying at the bottom of it. Bensley was not a man to be trifled with. He immediately sent the glass back to “The Crown,” from whence it came; desiring moreover to know what the landlord meant by offering him so filthy a potation. Within the next minute he was called to go upon the stage; and still grumbling about the liquor and the character, he walked down stairs, and made his entry

as the buried Majesty of Denmark ; but, no sooner had John Kemble, with " Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us ! " started on one side, than his eye caught the landlady of " The Crown " in the wings on the other, wringing her hands, and throwing her person into all dreadful contortions, and calling on him for Heaven's sake to " come off." Bensley made up his mind, that the woman—as well as all the rest of the world—was frantic ; and went on with his part as well as he could, it being in that scene only dumb show ; beckoning and signing to *Hamlet* very solemnly with his truncheon ; and looking cannon-balls the other way at the landlady, who was so vociferous as to be heard almost at the back of the gallery.—At length the time of exit came :

" What the devil, madam, is the matter with you ? " " The matter !—Oh ! Mr. Bensley ! Oh ! forgive me—on my knees—miserable sinner that I am ! "—" Why, what in the name of the fiend ails the woman ; get up. "—" The glass—the brandy and water—the glass—red arsenic—Oh, Sir, you are poisoned ! "—" Poisoned ! "—" Oh, yes—Oh, forgive me ! My eldest daughter set the glass on the shelf, with red arsenic for the rats ; I mixed it in the dusk—there was no candle—Oh ! on my knees ! " As the written part dropped from Bensley's hand, the scene shifted and Mr. Kemble added himself to the party. " Come, Bensley, the stage is waiting. " " Sir, I can't help that ; I'm poisoned, " " Oh, poisoned ! Nonsense—the people, my dear Sir, are hissing in the pit. " " Sir, I—what can I do ?—I tell you I'm poisoned—I'm in the agonies of death. " " Well, but, my dear Mr. Bensley, if you are poisoned, you can play this one scene. What are we to do ? " And, in the end, Mr. Kemble, who did not know well what it all meant, absolutely hurried Bensley on to the stage, and they began the scene together, Bensley playing the *Ghost*, under the full conviction that, in five minutes, he should be a ghost in earnest.—The play, under these auspicious circumstances, proceeds—

Hamlet.—" Whither wilt thou lead me ? Speak, I'll go no further. "

Ghost.—" Mark me ! "—(*Aside*—I believe I shan't be able to go much farther.)

Hamlet.—" Alas, poor ghost ! " "

Ghost.—" I am thy father's spirit. "—(*Aside*, (Oh, that cursed brandy and water !)

Hamlet.—" Oh Heaven ! " "

Ghost.—" Murder most foul, as in the best it is ; but this "—(*Aside*—Oh Lord, I feel it coming.)
—(*Aloud*—" most strange, foul and unnatural. "

Hamlet.—" Haste me to know it. "

Ghost.—" Sleeping within mine orchard, "—(*Aside*—Oh, that cursed public house !)—(*Aloud*—" my custom always in the afternoon. "—" with juice of cursed hellebore. " (*Aside*—red arsenic !)
—(*Aloud*—" The leprous distillment. " (*Aside*—Meant for the rats.)

Hamlet.—" Oh all you host of Heaven ! Oh Earth, " &c. "

Ghost.—(*Aside*)—I'm dying. "

Hamlet.—(*Aside*)—Stay a little—you'll descend directly. "

Ghost.—(*Aside*)—I can't go on. "

Hamlet.—(*Aside*)—Then you had better go off—I'll apologize. "

Mr. Kemble then comes forward and tells the house that Mr. Bensley is suddenly indisposed. In the mean time a surgeon has been sent for, who examines the poisonous glass, and declares that, whatever it contains, it is innocent of arsenic. In the end the call-boy is again produced, when it turns out that the peccant vessel was not the land-

lady's of the Crown at all ; but that the messenger had himself carried a glass for the brandy and water with him from the theatre ; and had moreover accidentally taken that which contained the rose pink, mixed to make " blood " for the murderers in the ensuing pantomime.

POPULAR TALES AND ROMANCES OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS.*

(Literary Gaz.)

THIS is one of the most original and pleasing contributions to our legendary lore which has lately been given to the public ; for though few of the incidents which compose the stories are absolutely new, they are drawn from unaccustomed sources, and there is an air and manner about them which throws them into a distinct and separate class from the common run of ghost and fairy tales.

“ These tales (says the translator in a preface) do not pretend to be a picture of human nature or human manners ; they are either imitations of early traditions, or the traditions themselves, amplified by some modern writer, and must be judged of in reference to such origin. Stories of this kind form an important feature in the literature of the Germans, who seem to be the authenticated historians of Satan in all his varieties of name and attribute. Of such tales, no small portion has been derived from the Harz Mountains ; nor is this to be wondered at,—the belief in supernatural agents has its native home among mountains, and deserts, and snows, and in short wherever society is broken into small masses, and detached from the frequent intercourse of the general world. Scepticism is the inhabitant of cities as credulity is of solitude ; and the man who was an unbeliever of all things amidst crowds,

will become a believer of all things in loneliness.

“ The legends of these volumes have been gathered from various sources, and of course will be found to have characters as various. The elegant and playful Musäus has nothing at all in common with the dark, wild fancy of La Motte Fouqué ; just as little similarity is there between Veit Weber and the author of the Freischutz : and though supernatural agency forms the basis of all, the superstructures vary with the varying characters of the authors. - - -

“ It must however (he truly adds) be allowed that, with the Germans, fancy has had too much sway, for it has seldom been under the guidance of sound taste, and the consequence is, that the multitude of their original fictions is disgraced by the most barbarous absurdities. The same may, in some measure, be said of their modern romance ; but at the same time the reader cannot fail to be delighted with the variety and richness of its inventions, *diablerie* with the Germans being as inexhaustible as the fairyism of the Eastern world.”

There are nearly a score of Tales ; but the *Spectre Barber* is so much more amusingly told than any of the others, that we shall abridge from it our exemplifications of these Northern Romances. It thus begins :

* 3 vols. London 1823

HISTORY OF THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.*

(Extracted from Blackwood's Mag.)

WE have lately received a very delightful book, from a very delightful friend, and, being anxious that the world should become as happy, and as well informed, as ourselves, we lose no time in requesting the numerous individuals of which it is composed, men, women, and dandies, the "intermediate link," to order each and all of them, his, her, and its copy. Every body knows something now-a-days of the Garden of Plants, or at least ought so to do; for it has been ascertained, that even "Tims" has bearded the Douglas in his den; that is, has stood within a few paces of the Menagerie without any fear of being driven to atoms by the tuft of the lion's tail. - - -

The Garden of Plants is certainly a most interesting spot. What can be more delightful than to wander about in the twilight of a fine autumnal evening, beneath those magnificent rows of ancient lime-trees, when the air is perfumed by the balmy breath of many thousand flowers—to listen, amid such a scene of stillness and repose, to the multitudinous voice of a mighty city—or to contrast a sound composed of such discordant and tumultuous elements with the wild and plaintive cries of some solitary water-fowl, which inhabits the banks of a little lake, in the centre of this Garden of Paradise! On the other hand, during the day-time, if less interesting to your sentimentalist, it is certainly fully more amusing to the ordinary class of visitors. Great part of one side of the Garden is laid out as a Menagerie, in which all sorts of wild animals are confined, or, more properly speaking, detained—the extreme comfort and extent of the dwellings, with their beautiful conformability to the pursuits and manners of their inhabitants, almost entirely precluding the idea of any thing so harsh and rigorous

as confinement. There the elephant, "wisest of brutes," occupies, as he ought to do, a central and conspicuous situation. He is not lodged, as he is with us, in a gloomy crib, in which he can scarcely turn himself round with sufficient freedom to perform the little devices taught him by his keeper, and which one sees how much he despises by the calm melancholy expression of his eyes. He dwells in a large and lofty apartment, opening by means of broad folding-doors into a capacious area, which is all his own. In this he has dry smooth banks to repose upon, and a deep pond of water, into which, once a day, he sinks his enormous body, causing the waters to flow over every part, except his mouth and proboscis. Nothing can be more refreshing than to see him, after basking for some hours in the morning sun, till his skin becomes as parched and dry as the desert dust of Africa—to see him calmly sinking down amidst the clear, cool waters of his little lake, and re-appearing again, all moist and black, protruding his huge round back, more like a floating island, or a Leviathan of the ocean, than an inhabitant of terra-firma.

In this neighbourhood, too, there are camels and dromedaries, the "ships of the desert," as they are so beautifully called in the figurative language of the east, either standing upright, with their long, ghost-like necks, and amiable, though imbecile countenances, or couched on the grass, "and bedward ruminating," apparently well pleased to have exchanged the burning plains of Arabia for the refreshing shades of the Jardin des Plantes. No fear now of the blasting breath of the desert, or of those gigantic columns of moving sand which had so often threatened to overwhelm them, and the leaders of

* History and Description of the Museum of Natural History and Royal Botanic Garden of Paris. Translated from the French of M. Delcuze, assistant Botanist. By A. A. Royer. 2 vols. 8vo. with 17 plates.

This work has been composed, by authority of the French government, from materials furnished by the Professors and Administrators of the Museum.

their tribe—no delusive mirage, tempting them still onwards, amongst those glaring, glittering wildernesses, “with show of waters mocking their distress.” Even the wilder and more romantic animals seem here to have found a happy haven and a fit abode. The milk-white goat of Cachmire, with its long silky clothing, is seen reposing tranquilly, with half-closed eyes, upon some artificial ledge of rock, forming a beautiful and lively contrast to the dark green moss with which it is surrounded. Deers and antelopes repose upon the dappled ground, or are seen tripping about under the shade of the neighbouring lime-trees, while the enclosures, with their surrounding shrubbery, are so skilfully arranged and so intermingled with each other, that every animal appears as if it enjoyed the free range of the whole encampment, instead of being confined to the vicinity of its own little hut. The walks are laid out somewhat in a labyrinthic form, so that every step a person takes he is delighted by the view of some fair or magnificent creature from “a far country.” Birds of the most gorgeous and graceful plumage, peacocks, golden pheasants, and cranes from the Balearic Isles, solicit attention in every quarter, and are seen crossing your path in all the stateliness of conscious beauty, or gliding like sunbeams through groves of ever-green, “star-bright, or brighter.” In whatever direction you turn, you find the features of the scenery impressed with characters very different from those which are usually met with in European countries. At the head of the Garden, beyond the house which was once the dwelling of the illustrious Buffon, there grows a magnificent cedar, its head rendered more picturesque by a cannon-ball which struck it during the Revolution;* and from a little hill in the neighbourhood, there is an ex-

tensive and beautiful view, not only of the Garden of Plants, with its fine groves and shady terraces, but also of the city itself, with Mont Martre rising like an acropolis in the distance, the old square tower of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the golden dome of the Hospital of Invalids.

Between the Garden of Plants properly so called, and that part of it which is devoted to the uses of the Menagerie, there is a broad and deep sunk fence divided by stone walls into several compartments. These are the dwelling-houses of the bears, the awkward motions and singular attitudes of which seem to afford a constant source of amusement to the visitors. Bare leafless trees have been planted in the centre of some of these enclosures, to the top of which Bruin is frequently seen to climb, as if to enjoy the more extended view of the garden, and of the groups of people who crowd its walks. Some of these animals, when they perceive any one looking over their parapet, erect themselves on their hind legs, and, stretching forth their great paws, seem to ask for charity with all the importunity of a moaning beggar. Indeed, they are so much accustomed to have bread and fruit thrown to them by strangers, that the slightest motion of the hand is generally sufficient to make them assume an erect position, which they will maintain for some time, till their strength fail them, and they drop to the ground, testifying by a short and sullen growl, their displeasure at having been obliged to play such fantastic tricks to so little purpose. An unfortunate accident befel one of the largest of these creatures some years ago. He was sitting perched near the top of his tree, when his foot gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. A broken limb was the only disagreeable result

* “The largest of the pine tribe on the hillocks, is a cedar of Lebanon, *P. Cedrus*, the trunk of which measures twelve feet in circumference. The history of this tree, as related to us by Professor Thouin, is remarkable. In 1736, Bernard de Jussieu, when leaving London, received from Peter Collinson a young plant of *Pinus Cedrus*, which he placed in a flower-pot, and conveyed in safety to the Paris Gardens. Common report has magnified the exploit by declaring, that Jussieu carried it all the way in the crown of his hat. It is now the identical tree admired for its great size.”—Neill's *Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Flanders, Holland, and the North of France*.

of this misfortune. His temper of mind does not, however, appear to have been much mollified by his decreased strength of body, for it was this same animal which caused the death of the unfortunate sentinel who had descended into his area, misled, as it was supposed, by an old button or bit of metal, which he mistook for a piece of money. The cries of this poor being were heard distinctly during the stillness of the night by those who dwelt within the garden; but, as there was no reason to dread the possibility of such an accident occurring, no assistance was offered. He was found by the guard who came to relieve him in the morning, lying dead beneath the paws of the bear, exhibiting, comparatively speaking, few marks of external violence, but almost all his bones broken to pieces. The bear retired at the voice of his keeper, and did not, in fact, seem to have been induced by any carnivorous propensity to attack the person whose death it had so miserably occasioned. It was rather what an old man in the garden characterized as a piece of *mauvaise plaisanterie*, for it appeared to derive amusement from lifting the body in its paws and rolling it along the ground, and showed no symptom of fierceness or anger when driven into its interior cell.

Turning to the right as you enter the lower gate of the Garden, opposite the Bridge of Austerlitz, now called the Pons du Jardin du Roi, you approach the dwellings of the more carnivorous animals, which are confined in cages with iron gratings, very similar to our travelling caravans. Here the lion is truly the king of beasts, being the oldest, the largest, and in all respects the most magnificent, I have ever seen. There is a melancholy grandeur about this creature in a state of captivity, which I can never witness without the truest commiseration.—The elegant and playful attitudes of the smaller animals of the feline tribe being so expressive of happiness and contentment, prevent one from compassionating their misfortunes in a similar manner; while the fierce and cruel eye of the tiger, with his restless and impatient demeanour, produces rather the con-

trary feeling of satisfaction, that so savage an animal should be kept for ever in confinement. He appears to lament the loss of liberty, chiefly because he cannot satiate his thirst for blood by the sacrifice of those before him; his countenance glares as fiercely, and his breath comes as hot, as if he still couched among the burned-up grass of an Indian jungle. But his companion in adversity appears to suffer from a more kingly sorrow—the remembrance of his ancient woods and rivers, with all their wild magnificence, “dingle and bushy dell,” is visibly implanted in his recollection. Like the dying gladiator, he thinks only of “his young barbarians,” and, when he paces around his cell, he does so with the same air of forlorn dignity as Regulus might have assumed in the prison of the Carthaginians.

But while we are indulging ourselves in “a world of fond remembrances,” we are forgetting Mr. Royer’s book, to which we had set down with the intention of extracting an article.

The King’s Garden in Paris, commonly called the Garden of Plants, was founded by Louis XIII., by an edict given and registered by the Parliament, in the month of May, 1635. Its direction was assigned to the first Physician Herouard, who chose as Intendant Guy de la Brosse. At first it consisted only of a single house, and twenty-four acres of land. Guy de la Brosse, during the first year of his management, formed a parterre 292 feet long, and 227 broad, composed of such plants as he could procure, the greater number of which were given by John Robin, the father of Vespasian, the King’s botanist. These amounted, including varieties, to 1800. He then prepared the ground, procured new plants by correspondence, traced the plan of the garden to the extent of ten acres, and opened it in 1640. It appears by the printed catalogue of the ensuing year, that the number of species and varieties had increased to 2360. De la Brosse died in 1643.

Such was the origin of an establishment which has since attained so high a degree of prosperity, and has become

the first school of Natural History in the world.

The signal success of Tournesort in the cultivation of botanical science, is universally known. He was the first successfully to define the genera of plants, and the excellence of his groups exhibits the clearness of his conceptions, and ranks him as the father of that branch of the science. He died in 1708, in consequence of an injury received from a waggon in a narrow street of Paris, and left his collection of natural history, and herbarium, to the Garden.

We shall pass in silence the unprofitable period of Chirac's administration of the affairs of the Garden, and proceed to the appointment of Buffon in 1739, who was preferred to the situation in consequence of the dying request of Du Fay, his immediate predecessor. This illustrious writer was already distinguished by several memoirs on mathematics, natural philosophy, and rural economy, which had gained him admittance to the Academy of Sciences; but he was as yet unknown as a naturalist. Endowed with that power of attention which discovers the most distant relations of thought, and that brilliancy of imagination which commands the attention of others to the result of laborious investigations, he was equally fitted to succeed in different walks of genius. He had not yet decided to what objects he should devote his talents and acquirements, when his nomination to the place of Intendant of the King's Garden determined him to attach himself to natural history. As his reputation increased, he employed the advantages afforded by his credit and celebrity, to enrich the establishment to which he had allied himself; and to him are owing its growth and improvement till the period of its re-organization, and that extension and variety which rendered a re-organization necessary. If the Museum owes its splendour to Buffon,—to that magnificent establishment he, on the other hand, owes his fame. If he had not been placed in the midst of collections, furnished by Government with the means of augmenting them, and thus enabled

by extensive correspondence to elicit information from all the naturalists of his day, he would never have conceived the plan of his natural history, or been able to carry it into execution; for that genius which embraces a great variety of facts, in order to deduce from them general conclusions, is continually exposed to err, if it has not at hand all the elements of its speculations.

In 1784, Daubenton the younger being obliged by bad health to resign his place of keeper and demonstrator of the Cabinet, Buffon appointed, as his successor, M. de Lacepède, who was thus fixed in the pursuit of natural history, in which he has since made so eminent a figure, both as a professor and an author.

Buffon died on the 16th of April, 1788, and his place of Chief Intendant of the King's Garden was given to the Marquis de la Billarderie.

The disorders of the revolution beginning at this period, M. de la Billarderie withdrew from France, and his place of Intendant was filled by the appointment of M. de St. Pierre, in 1792. St. Pierre undertook the direction of the King's Garden at a difficult conjuncture. That distinguished writer was gifted with eminent talents as a painter of nature, and a master of the milder affections; he knew at once to awaken both the heart and the imagination; but he wanted exact notions in science, and his timid and melancholy character deprived him of that knowledge of the world, and that energy of purpose, which are alike requisite for the exertion of authority. Nevertheless, he was precisely the man for the crisis. His quiet and retired life shielded him from persecution, and his prudence was a safeguard to the establishment. He presented several memoirs to the ministry, containing some very sound regulations, conceived in a spirit of economy which circumstances rendered necessary. In these memoirs may always be noticed the following words:—"After consulting the elders," by which term he designated the persons who had been long attached to the establishment, though without an official share in its administration.

At a period so pregnant with disaster to the fortunes of the King, it may well be supposed that the King's wild beasts would not meet with a kinder treatment than the rest of the family. In fact, the Menagerie at Versailles being abandoned, and the animals likely to perish of hunger, M. Couturier, intendant of the King's domains in that city, offered them, by order of the minister, to M. St. Pierre; but, as he had neither convenient places for their reception, nor means of providing for their subsistence, he prevailed on M. Couturier to keep them, and immediately addressed a memoir to the government on the importance of establishing a Menagerie in the Garden. This address had the desired effect, and proper measures were ordered to be taken for the preservation of the animals, and their removal to the Museum; which, however, was deferred till eighteen months after.

The government manifested the most unceasing and lively concern for the establishment, and did everything in its power to promote its interests; but "penury repressed their noble rage," and rendered it impossible to furnish the necessary funds for the arrangement of the collections, the repairs of the buildings, the payment of the salaries, and the nourishment of the animals. These last-named gentry were indeed placed under very trying circumstances; and, shortly after this

period, it was even deemed necessary to authorize M. Delauney, Superintendent of the Menagerie, to kill the least valuable of them, in order to provide food for the remainder. Hen Pen herself was never in a greater scrape.

The face of things, however, speedily changed. The events of November, 1799, by displacing and concentrating power, established a new order of things, whose chief by degrees rendered himself absolute, and by his astonishing achievements cast a dazzling lustre on the nation, and suddenly created great resources. The extraordinary man who was placed at the head of affairs felt that his power could not be secured by victory alone, and that having made himself formidable abroad, it was necessary to gain admiration at home by favouring the progress of knowledge, by encouraging the arts and sciences, and by erecting monuments which should contribute to the glory and prosperity of the "great nation."

But, the proceedings of Buonaparte in the bird and beetle line being less generally known than his floating at Tilsit, or his sinking at Waterloo, their narration will afford materials for another article, which, however, must be postponed till next month. We shall then bring down the history of this magnificent establishment to the present times, and conclude by a description of its existing state.

A SHORT MYSTERY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

(The following narrative is founded on fact.)

IN the village of Rubeland (which is situate in the Lower Hartz, in the county of Reinstein) there are superstitions enough to satisfy a poet or a monk. There is not an old man who has not a goblin story to tell for every white hair that is left on his foolish head : and there is not a village girl who will go to sleep, on any night between Michaelmas and Easter, without mumbling a prayer for protection against the elves and dwarfs of the country.

I am ashamed to say it, (for it is my native place)—but there is not perhaps a more ignorant and idle set of people than is to be found in this same village of Rubeland. It is like a spot on which the light of Heaven has never shone ; dark, melancholy, and superstitious. The inhabitants work a little (and lazily) in the morning, in order to earn a miserable meal, and at night they bewilder their weak brains with telling and listening to stories about goblins and fairies, which would make a man of the world absolutely die with laughter to hear. The only excuse for

them is, that their fathers and grand-fathers up to the flood have been all as foolish as themselves. I never heard of a philosopher having been born in Rubeland ; no, not one. One fellow, indeed, who called himself an orator, and who had tolerable success as a travelling tinker and mountebank, claimed it as his native place ; and a poor youth, who slept all day for the purpose of writing nonsense-verses at night, was certainly born there : but no one else who can be called even remarkable.

It is a singular fact that my great uncle Wilhelm should have chosen the neighbourhood of this village to live in : but so it was. My uncle Wilhelm—(the reader doubtless has often studied his learned productions) was professor of medicine in the colleges of Gottingen. It was he who made such a noise throughout all Germany, twenty years ago, by his famous papers on the disease *hypochondriasis*, as every body knows. During the winter months, and indeed during those parts of spring and autumn which verge upon winter, he dwelt

at Gottingen in quality of professor ; but in the full summer season he shut up his laboratory, and came to enjoy quiet and breathe the fresh air of the country, in the neighbourhood of our village of Rubeland.

My uncle was a sad sceptical fellow in some things. He laughed at the great **ghost** of the *Hartz* mountains—the magic tower of *Scharzfeld*—the dwarf-holes of *Walkenried*—the dancing pool—the devil's wall—the copper kettles of the elves, and all the rest of the infernal machinery of the little spirits ; and positively roared himself into an asthma, and affronted three of the richest burghers of Blankenburg by the ridicule which he cast upon the idol *Pustrich* or *Spit-fire* to their faces. My uncle, moreover, cared nothing for people only two inches and a half high. He had enough to do, he protested, with the larger race of fools : the little ones he left to the pigmy doctors, of whom he had no doubt but there was a large number. It was natural, he said, that it should be so : it was as natural that there should be found doctors where there was plenty of patients, as that in places where there was a multitude of cabbages and fruit, there should be (as there always is) a plentiful stock of caterpillars and grubs.

But my purpose is not, at present, to give a detail of my uncle Wilhelm's opinions, some of which might shock the tender-minded reader ; but simply to rescue an anecdote, which I have heard him relate, from unmerited oblivion. "I was going," said he—but I believe I must still keep him as the third person singular. I can manage the matter better in that way, and the reader will excuse me.

It was on a wet evening, then, in the month of September, 17—, that an elderly man, respectably dressed, stopped at the little inn of the village of Rubeland. On dismounting he gave particular directions to the ostler to be careful of his nag (a stout little roadster) and proceeded straight to the kitchen-fire, where he disen-

cumbered himself of his outer coat and boots, and ordered the private-room to be made ready for his reception. The landlady bustled about to do his bidding, while the stranger sat down quietly among the boors who crowded round the great kitchen-fire, some of whom offered him the civility of the better seats, but he rejected all with a silent shake of the head, and in fact appeared to be occupied with any thing but what was going on around him. At last, his valise having been unstrapped and brought in, some idea or other occurred to his recollection, and he opened one of the ends of the "leathern convenience," and took thereout a bulky object, containing a variety of curious instruments. These he examined, wiping some and breathing upon others, and displaying all to the wondering eyes of the peasants, who were not long in coming to the conclusions that he was a conjurer of no common acquirements.—The stranger, however, did not observe their astonishment. Indeed it is very doubtful whether he remembered that any one was near him : for he quoted once or twice a Latin sentence, pressed a concealed spring or two in some of the instruments, which shot out their steel talons at his touch, and in a word performed such other marvels, as occasioned a considerable sensation among his spectators. If the truth must be told, they all huddled together more closely than before, and avoided coming in contact even with the tail of his coat.

All this could not last long, the more especially as the little busy landlady had done her best in the mean time to get the stranger's room in order, and which she announced as being ready at the very moment that he was in the midst of a Latin soliloquy. This he cut short without ceremony on hearing the news, took up his valise, instruments, &c. and quitted the kitchen for the parlour.

And now came the time for conjecture. "*What* could the stranger be ?—a magician ? an ogre ? a —?"

but they waited to see whether or not he would order two or three little children to be roasted for supper before they resolved upon their conclusions. In the course of a minute or two he rang his bell, and, to their great disappointment, ordered a fowl and a bottle of wine to be got ready;—absolutely nothing more. This perplexed the Rubelanders almost as much as the curious instruments which he had exhibited. On consideration, however, they thought that the stranger's caution had probably put a rein upon his appetite, and that he had contented himself for once with vulgar fare.

But it is not my intention to speculate on all the speculations which entered into the heads of the villagers of Rubeland. It is sufficient for my present purpose to state, that by a natural turn of conversation the villagers began to consider how they might best turn the visit of the stranger to account. Some proposed that he should sow the great common with florins, another that he should disclose where the great pots of money lay that were hid by the elves, when a band of those malicious wretches was dispersed by Saint Somebody during the time of Henry the Fowler. At last old Schwartz, the only man who had a glimmering of common sense in the room, suggested that he should be requested to visit the cottage of young Rudolph, who lay tormented with visions and spirits, about a mile off the village. And the reason why Schwartz proposed this was, as he said, "because he observed the old gentleman put his hand upon the pulse of the landlady's daughter, and keep it there as though he were in count, at the time he left the kitchen." Although this was a sad descent from the florins and pots of gold, the influence of Schwartz was considerable among his fellows, and he finally prevailed. The stranger was petitioned to visit the pillow of Rudolph, and the sick man's state described to him. He immediately and almost joyfully consented. He only stipu-

lated for the two wings and breast of the chicken, and half a dozen glasses of Grafenburg, and then he said "he should be ready."

I must now transport the reader from the little inn of Rubeland to the cottage of Rudolph, the patient. He will imagine the stranger recruited by a good supper, and some excellent Grafenburg wine, and see him seated by the bedside of the young peasant, holding his wrist gently in one hand, and inquiring cheerfully into the nature of his ailment. Although he could get no definite answer on this point, Rudolph was ready enough to tell his story, and the stranger very wisely let him proceed. If the reader can summon up as much patience as the stranger did, he may listen to the present narrative. These are the very words,—(for the stranger, being a plain-spoken man, thought it well to note down the particular words of the sufferer, in order to shew the strength of the impressions which had been made upon his brain):

— — "It was a stormy night on which I married Elfrid, the widow's child. We had been made one by the priest at the neighbouring church, just before twilight; and during the ceremony my bride shivered and turned aside from the holy water, and her eyes glistened like the lights of the glow-worm, and when it was ended she laughed aloud. The priest crossed himself; and I, while my heart sank within me, took home the beauty of the village.

"No one knew how the mother of Elfrid had lived. She dwelt in a fair cottage, round which wild flowers blossomed, and the grape-vines ran curling like green serpents. She was waited on by an old Spanish woman, but never went abroad. She paid regularly for every article which she bought, and spent freely, though not prodigally. Some said that she received a pension from the Elector of ———; others that strange noises were heard on the quarter days in her house, and that her money was paid at midnight!

"She had only one child,—Elfrid; a pale and melancholy girl, whose eyes were terribly lustrous, and whose hair was dark as the plumage of the raven. She walked with a slow majestic pace: she seldom spoke; but when she spoke, it was sweetly though gravely; and she sang sometimes, when the tempest was loudest, in strange tones which seemed almost to belong to the winds. Yet she was gentle, charitable, and, had she frequented the village church, would have been universally beloved. I became the lover of the widow's child. I loved her first one stormy autumn—I forget how many moons ago—but it was soon after I received this wound in the forehead by a fall in the Hartz. I was dissuaded from marrying her; for I had deserted a tender girl for her; but my mad passion prevailed, and I took my young wife, Elfrid, home, to a cottage on the banks of the solitary Lake of Erloch.

"Come near me, my sweet bride," I said; but she sate with her hands clasped upon her knees, and looked upward, yet half aside, as though she were trying to distinguish some voice amidst the storm. "'Tis only the raging of the wind, my love," said I. "Hush!" answered she, "this is my wedding song. Why is my brother's voice not amongst them?" And she sate still, like a shape of alabaster, and the black hair streamed over her shoulders; and methought she looked like that famous Sybil who offered to the proud Tarquin her terrible books. And I began to fear lest I had married a dæmon of the air; and sometimes I expected to see her dissolve in smoke, or be borne off on the wings of the loud blast.

"And so she sate for a long time, pale and speechless; but still she seemed to listen, and sometimes turned a quick ear round, as though she recognized a human voice. At last the wind came sighing, and moaning, and whining through the door and casements, and she cried, 'Ho, ho! are you there, brother? It was well done, indeed, to leave my husband

here, without a song at his wedding.' And she smiled, and clapped her hands, and sang—oh! it was like a dirge—low, humming, indistinct noises, seemed to proceed from her closed lips; and her cheeks brightened, and her eyes dilated, and she waved her white hand up and down, and mimicked the rising and falling of the wind.

"We were alone in our lonely cottage. I know not how it was, but we were alone. My brothers had not come to me, and my sister lay at home ill. 'Tis a wild night, my lovely Elfrid,' said I; and she smiled and nodded, and I ran my fingers through her dark hair; and while I held up a massy ringlet, the wind came and kissed it till it trembled. 'Oh! are you there?' said my bride; and I told her I had lifted up the black lock: but she said that it was not I, but another.

"Then we heard the sobbing and swelling of the lake, and the rushing of the great waves into the creeks, and the collecting and breaking up of the billows upon the loose pebbly shore. And sometimes they seemed to spit their scorn upon the winds, and to lash the large trunks of the forest trees. And I said, 'I almost fear for thee, my Elfrid, for the lake sounds as though it would force its banks,'—and she smiled. 'The spirits of the water are rebellious to-night,' exclaimed she: 'their mistress, the moon, is away, and they know not where to stop. Shall we blow them back to their quiet places?' I replied that it would be well, were it possible; and she lifted up her hand, and cried 'Do ye hear?'—and the wind seemed to answer submissively; and then suddenly it grew loud, and turned round and round like a hurricane, and we heard the billows go back—and back—and the lake seemed to recede—and the waters grew gentle—and then quiet; and at last there was deep and dark silence all around me and my bride.

"And then it was that I lighted a torch, and our supper was spread. The cold meats and dainties were laid upon a snow-white cloth, and the

bright wine sparkled like the eyes of Elfrid. I took her hand and kissed her, but her lips felt like the cold air. 'Herman, my fond husband,' said she, 'I am wholly thine; but thou hast not welcomed me hither with a song. It is the custom where I was born, and I must not be wholly thine without it.'—'What shall I sing?' inquired I. 'Oh!' said she, 'the matter may be what you please, but the manner must be mine. Let it be free thus—thus—' (and she sang a strange burial chaunt)—'thus, —rising and falling like the unquiet tempest.' I essayed a few words— but they were troubled and spiritless:

"My love, my love, so beautiful, so wise!
I'll sing to *thee*, beneath the dawning
moon,
And blow my pastoral reed
In the cold twilight, till thine eyes shine
out
Like blue stars sparkling in thy forehead
white.
I'll sing to *thee*, until thy cloudy hair
Dissolve before my kisses pure and warm.
Oh! as the rose-fed bee doth sing in May,
To thee my January flower, I'll sing
Many a winter melody,
Such as comes sighing through the shak-
ing pines,
Mournfully,—mournfully,
And through the pillar'd beeches stripped
of leaves
Makes music, till the shuddering water
speaks
In ripples, on the forest shores—"

"Away!" said my bride, inter-
rupting my song—"Away!"

Thou hast wed the wind, thou hast wed
the air—
Thy bride is as false as fair:—
As the dew of the dawn
Beneath the sun,
Is her life, which beginneth afresh
When day is done.
I am fashion'd of water and night,
Of the vapour that haunts the brain—
I die at the dawn of light,
But at eve—I revive again!
Like a spirit who comes from the rolling
river,
Changing for ever,—for ever,—for ever!"

And she muttered again, and again—
"for ever,"—and "for ever!" And
even as she sang methought her long
arms grew colder, and longer, and
clasped me round and round, like

the twining of the snake or the liz-
ard. I shrank from her in terror,
when she laughed once more in her
unearthly way, and shewed her white
teeth in anger. "Dost thou not love
me, Elfrid?" said I;—and she laugh-
ed again, and a thousand voices,
which then seemed to invest our cot-
tage on every side, laughed fiercely
and loudly, till our dwelling shook
to its centre. "Ah, ha! dost thou
hear them?" said she—"Love thee!
—Can the wind love thee?—or the
air?—or the water? Can fire de-
light in thee?—But, ay: *that*, with
its flickering voice and curling
tongue, may embrace thee, as it
clasps the heretic martyrs; but no
further. The elements are above
thee, thou youth of clay! Why
wouldst thou tempt them, fond thing,
by linking thy short life to their im-
mortality?" And as she spoke, she
kissed me for the first time with her
chilling lips, and whispered over me,
and I sank shivering into another life.

— "And in this state I have seen
more than ever met the eye of man.
I have seen the rack stoop down,
and the whirlwind pause, and the
stars come about me, by hundreds
and thousands, hurrying and glauc-
ing. Dumb nature has spoken be-
fore me, and the strange language of
animals has become clear. I have
looked (as the Dervise did) into the
hollow earth, and there beheld dull
metals and flaming minerals, gold
and rubies, silver, and chrysolites,
and amethysts, all congregated in
blazing heaps. I have seen the
earthquake struggling in his cavern
like a beast. I have communed with
unknown natures, and sate by the
dropsy and the awful plague. And
once methought we went out—I and
my bride—into some forest which
had no end, and walked among mul-
titudes—millions of trees:—The
broad great oak was there, with his
rugged trunk and ponderous arms,
which he stretched out over us:—
the witch elms waved and whispered,
and the willow fawned upon us and
shook its dishevelled hair:—we
heard the snake rustling in the grass,

and saw his glittering eyes and leper's coat ; and he writhed and curled before us on our path, as though some unseen dominion were upon him ; and the owl laughed at us from his hole ; and the nightingale sang in the pine ; and some birds there were which gave us welcome, and hundreds chattered in the abundance of their joy. All this while my bride was silent, and paced slowly beside me, upon the greensward. And she never lifted her pallid face from the ground, though I asked earnestly, again and again, how it was that the brute creatures had awakened from their dumb trance, and stood up before us with the intelligence of man !

—“ Sometimes I think that all this may be—a dream. I am here (*where am I?*)—wasting, like half-sunned snow. My flesh shrinks, my spirit quails, and my imagination is always restless, night and day. All my left side seems palsy-struck, and my heart is as cold as stone. My limbs are useless, and over my very brain the chilling winter seems to have blown !

—“ Yet, no ; it cannot be a dream : for once, in every month, when the white moon grows round, and casts down her floods of cold light upon the fields and rivers, until the waters dance, and the branches quiver with intense delight, *She* comes to my bedside, and still bends over me. Then, while I lie motionless, though awake, she kisses my lips with so cold a kiss, that methinks I am frozen inwards to the heart. And my head—my head is a burning ball—ha, ha!—you should come to me when the moon is ripe. *Then* you shall see the gambols of the water-elves—and the spirits who ride upon the storm-winds—and the mermen—and the unnatural sights of the deep black ocean—and the HELL that is always about me ! Will you come—and look at the wonders which I will show you?—Will you come?—”

* * * * *

—“ Let me look upon your forehead,” said the stranger, when the

faintness which here seized Rudolph had put an end to his tale. “ Methinks the error is *here*, rather than in the moon.”

“ Is there any hope that I shall be disenchanted ?” inquired the youth, faintly.

“ We will see,” replied the stranger : “ You must have patience and water-diet. You must be obedient, too, to those whom I shall bid attend you ; and—but at present we will tie a string round your arm and see of what colour is the blood of an elf.”

“ Shall I be free ?” reiterated the youth ; “ I have cursed——”

“ Have you prayed ?” asked my uncle Wilhelm ; (for *he* was, as will be remembered, the stranger of the inn)—“ have you prayed ?”

“ That never occurred to me,” said the young peasant, as his blood ran freely upon the puncture of my uncle's lancet—“ That certainly never occurred to me ;—but I will try.”

“ In the mean time,” observed my uncle, “ I will do my best ; and it shall go hard but we will conquer the elves.”—

— — And, in fact, my uncle Wilhelm *did* finally prevail. The peasant Rudolph recovered, and wedded the girl whose society he had once forsaken. What became of Elfrid, or whether she existed at Rubeland, or elsewhere, I never was able to learn. Perhaps, after all, she was but a fiction—a distinct one, undoubtedly—but, probably, like many other of the spirits of the Hartz : nay, it is not impossible, even, but that she may have arisen from that very tumble which our friend Rudolph had amongst those celebrated mountains.

—“ A lancet, a blister, and a gallon or two of barley-water,” my uncle Wilhelm used to assert, would put to flight the most formidable band of elves or spirits that ever infested a German district ; and, to say truth, I begin almost to renounce my old faith in those matters, and to come round to my uncle's opinion.

HANS OF ICELAND.

ARIFACCIMENTO of a French romance, considerably shortened and improved; and illustrated by George Cruikshank, in a style which would delight the devil himself, tho' ever so ill-natured. Hans of Iceland is a tale of supernatural horror, but also of natural as well as supernatural interest. The story, in so far as regards the hero and heroine and other merely human agents, is well contrived and striking; and in those parts where the terrible representative of Ingulphus the Destroyer, Hans of Iceland, figures, there is a mixture of the ludicrous and appalling, which we have found extremely effective; while the moral justice of the winding up reconciles us to aught that might otherwise have been too strong for the palate in the "hell-broth" on which we have "supped full."

Having declared our opinion, that there is a good deal of interest in this volume, (a rare matter in composi-

tions of its kind,) we shall not rob readers of any portion of it by detailing the incidents. Suffice it to say, (on introducing one extract as an example of the writer's talents) that Musdæmon, on the failure of a plot for the destruction of the ex-chancellor Schumacker, has accused himself in the public court, in order to save his employer, whose tool and secretary he was. Hans and he have consequently been condemned to die, and after disposing of the former, the narrative thus proceeds:

"To a dungeon on the same floor, but nearer to the sea, Musdæmon had been conveyed upon his leaving the hall of justice. It may perhaps have excited some surprise that so cunning a villain as this man had shown himself, should choose at once to confess his crime, and to conceal, with apparent generosity, the guilt of the Chancellor; but, so far from a generous feeling having any share in influen-

ing his conduct on this occasion, it was perhaps one of the most ingenious artifices that he had ever practised. When he first saw the whole of his infernal plot so completely exposed, he was for a moment overcome by surprise: this embarrassment, however, soon subdivided; and, with that adroitness which was a part of his character, he contemplated the only two courses which presented themselves to him. On the one hand he might denounce the Chancellor d'Ahlefeld, who so basely deserted him at this emergency, or take upon himself the whole blame of the crimes in which he had been only partially concerned. A common mind would perhaps have resolved upon the first; but it occurred to Musdæmon that the Chancellor was still Chancellor, and that nothing contained in the papers actually compromised his reputation. He had, moreover, cast certain glances at Musdæmon, the purport of which the latter perfectly understood; and, for these reasons, relying that his patron would, if not from any feeling of gratitude, at least for his own safety, furnish his ally with the means of escape from prison, he adopted the second course.

"He was walking up and down in his cell, which was imperfectly lighted by a dim lamp, and expecting every moment that the door would open to some emissary of the Chancellor. He examined minutely the antique dungeon in which he had been placed: to his surprise he found that the floor was of wood, and it sounded beneath his tread as if there was some cavity under it.—In the low vault above him he observed that a large iron ring was fastened into the key-stone, to which hung a piece of cord, the end of which had been cut. The minutes passed on with leaden feet, and he listened impatiently to the castle clock as it chimed each quarter of the midnight hours. At length he heard the sound of footsteps without his dungeon, and his heart beat quick with the hope of deliverance. The chains were thrown down—the bolts

withdrawn,—the old key grated in the rusty lock—and the same man who had just before struck the bargain with Hans entered the cell. He carried under his arm a roll of cord, and was followed by four armed halberdiers. Musdæmon wore still his official robes, the sight of which seemed to make an impression on the red man, who made an awkward low bow. 'My Lord,' he said, 'is it with your Lordship that I am to deal?'

"'Yes, yes,' replied Musdæmon, whose hope of escape was confirmed by this polite address.

"'Then is your name,' asked the red man, as he referred to a small piece of parchment which he held, 'Tariaf Musdæmon?'

"'The same; and you came to me from the Lord Chancellor?'

"'Yes, my Lord.'

"'Pray remember, when you have done his bidding, to express my eternal gratitude to his Lordship.'

"'Your gratitude!' cried the red man, in utter astonishment.

"'Yes; for, of course, I apprehend I shall have no opportunity of doing so in person.'

"'Most likely not,' replied the hangman with an ironical grin.

"'And you know,' continued Musdæmon, 'that I ought not to be insensible of such a kindness; although I declare to you that his highness does me no more than strict justice.'

"'Strict it may be; but, at least, you confess that it is justice. Well, this is the first time, these six-and-twenty years, that I have heard a man in your situation confess so much. But come; I have no time to spare in talking: are you ready?'

"'Quite so,' replied Musdæmon, stepping towards the door.

"'Stay, stay!' cried Orugix, as he stooped to lay down his bundle of rope.

"'MUSDÆMON STOPPED:—'but why have you brought all this cord?'

"'Your Lordship may well ask me: there is, indeed, much more than I shall have any occasion for; but a few days ago I expected there would be many more condemned.' As he said this, Orugix unrolled his cord,

“‘But come—prithce make haste’—said Musdæmon.

“‘Your Lordship is in a great hurry,’ said Orugix, going on with his task; but has not your Lordship some little prayer?’—

“‘No other than that I have already made—that you will thank the Chancellor for me. But I am impatient to quit this dreary place: have we far to go?’

“‘Far to go!’ replied Orugix, measuring the cord, as he unrolled it: ‘the journey will not fatigue you much, for you will perform it without stirring hence.’

“MUSDÆMON trembled violently as he asked—‘What do you mean?’

“‘Nothing more than what I say,’ replied Orugix.

“‘O God!’ cried Musdæmon, suddenly becoming pale as the horrible truth flashed upon his mind, ‘who then are you?’

“‘The hangman.’

“‘Do you not, then, come to aid my escape?’ cried the wretch, trembling like a withered leaf.

“‘Yes, your escape into the land of **ghosts,**’ cried the other with a hoarse laugh.

“‘Mercy, mercy! Have pity on me!’ cried Musdæmon, falling with his face to the floor.

“‘Do you take me for the King!’ asked the executioner: ‘how can I show you mercy?’

“The poor wretch continued in the most abject manner to implore the ruthless hangman’s pity, until the latter, vexed with his importunities, and having finished the unrolling his cord, in an angry tone bade him be silent. Musdæmon still remained trembling at his feet, stupified at the prospect of his impending fate: the executioner, in the mean time, fastened one end of the cord to the ring in the ceiling, and made a running noose at the other end, which reached to the floor. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I am ready: are you?’

“‘No! oh no!’ cried Musdæmon, ‘it is impossible that the Count d’Ahlefeld can be so base! I am too necessary to him: he cannot have sent

you to put me to death. Let me escape, or tremble to encounter his anger.’

“‘Did you not say that you are Tariaf Musdæmon?’

“The prisoner remained silent for a moment, and then said, ‘No; I—my name is not Musdæmon; it is Tariaf Orugix.’

“‘Orugix!’ cried the hangman—‘Orugix!’ and he tore the large wig from the face of the prisoner, when, suddenly recognizing his features, he exclaimed, ‘My brother!’

“‘Your brother!’ cried the other joyfully. ‘Are you, then?’—

“‘Nychol Orugix, the Drontheim hangman, at your service, brother.’

“The prisoner threw himself upon Nychol’s neck, and lavished his caresses upon him, which the other did not return, nor even seem sensible of. ‘I am sorry for you, brother,’ he said at length.

“‘Why sorry?’ said the other; ‘I am now at least safe, since I have found you. Remember that the same mother brought us forth—the same bosom nourished us—the same amusements occupied our earliest days:—remember, Nychol, that I am your brother.’

“‘But until this moment you never remembered it, Tariaf.’

“‘Still you would not have me die by your hand?’

“‘It is your own fault, Tariaf; it was you who blighted my hopes: you hindered me from being the royal executioner at Copenhagen, and caused me to be appointed to officiate in this wretched country. If you had not behaved thus unnaturally to me you would not have had to complain of that which now seems to horrify you so much. But come; we have chattered long enough—you must die!’

“The approach of death, which even to the virtuous is so horrid that nothing but the consciousness of integrity can soften down its terrors, is to the guilty totally overwhelming. The miserable prisoner rolled upon the floor, wringing his hands, and calling upon all the saints in Heaven for pity, and conjuring his brother,

by the mother who bore them, not to put him to death. The executioner made no other answer than by displaying his warrant, the order in which, he said, was positive.

“‘But it does not concern me,’ said the other in despair: ‘it is for the execution of one Musdæmon; my name is Orugix.’”

“‘I know very well that it does mean you,’ replied Nychol: ‘besides, as, yesterday, you would have been Musdæmon to me, you shall not, to-day, be Orugix.’”

“‘Brother! my dear brother!’ cried Musdæmon, ‘it is impossible that the Chancellor can wish for my death. It is a mistake—the Count d’Ahlefeld loves me well. If you will but spare me, I shall soon be restored to favour, and then I will make your fortune,’

“‘You cannot if you would,’ replied Nychol; ‘and I have already lost too much by you: I have been deprived of two executions, by which I calculated to make a good round sum—I mean those of Schumacker and the Viceroy’s son. I am always unlucky, and now there is only Hans of Iceland and yourself to be hanged. All that I can do for you is to promise that you shall suffer as little as possible: so reconcile yourself to your fate, as you see there is no avoiding it.’”

“Musdæmon rose from the ground, and, finding that his prayers were useless, he gave himself up to a furious rage. His nostrils dilated, his eyes were fixed, his livid lips quivered, and his mouth foamed. ‘Then I have preserved d’Ahlefeld,’ he cried, ‘and embraced my brother; and yet they destroy me. Is it for this that I have stained my whole life with crime? Wretch,’ he continued, addressing Nychol, ‘will you be a fratricide?’”

“‘I am the hangman,’ replied the other coolly.

“‘Then I will not die unavenged,’ cried Musdæmon, as he made a spring at his brother. ‘I have lived like a serpent, and I will die like one; I will expend my breath in one last

sting—but it shall be mortal.’ He seized Nychol with a deadly grasp, and might perhaps have made good his threats but for the four halberdiers, who disengaged him from the executioner, and pinioned his arms, so as to prevent him from doing any further mischief. While they were performing this office, a sealed packet fell from his bosom.

“‘What is that?’ asked Nychol, whose imperturbable coolness had not given way under the rudeness of his brother’s last embrace. Musdæmon had sunk into a sort of stupor, when this question roused him. His eye glistened with a demoniac triumph:—‘That!’ he cried: ‘that is a packet belonging to the Chancellor: promise me that you will deliver it into his own hands, and do with me as you will.’”

“‘Well, since you are disposed to be more civil,’ replied Nychol, ‘I will promise to do this for you: although you hardly deserve it for your unbrotherly treatment of me.

“‘Do, do,’ said Musdæmon; ‘and perhaps, in the delight which his Lordship will feel at obtaining it, he may bestow upon you some reward.’”

“‘Perhaps, then,’ said Nychol, ‘I shall at last become royal executioner. Well, well! let us part good friends: I forgive you the scratches you gave me just now, and you shall pardon me for being under the necessity of presenting you with this hempen collar. Come, Tariaf, are you ready?’ and, as he spoke, he placed the noose round his brother’s neck.

“‘One moment! one moment!’ cried Musdæmon, whose panic returned at feeling the rope; ‘do not pull the cord until I give you the signal.’”

“‘I will not pull it at all,’ replied Nychol: ‘but are you ready now?’”

“‘Stay! stay but a moment! Must I die?’”

“‘You must, indeed; and I can wait no longer.’ Nychol here made a signal to the halberdiers, who withdrew.

“‘Well, but one word more: I pray you not to forget the packet for the Chancellor.’”

“‘Make yourself easy on that score, brother,’ replied Nychol ; ‘and now, for the third time, are you ready?’ The wretched victim opened his lips to implore one moment’s longer delay, when his brother became impatient, and, stooping down, he pressed upon a small knob in the floor. The boards beneath Musdæmon instantly gave way, and he disappeared below the opening, while the sudden tension of the cord emitted a low vibration. It was agitated for a few moments, and then became still ; while a cold draught of air rushed through the trap-door, and seemed to proceed from running water. The halberdiers who were at the end of the dungeon, were horror-stricken at the sight. The executioner approached the trap-door, and, holding the cord by one hand, he lowered himself till his feet touched the shoul-

ders of his miserable brother. A groan, the last that the victim uttered, escaped from him. Nychol ascended again to the floor :—‘It’s all right,’ he said ; ‘good-by, brother !—Now,’ he continued, drawing a large knife from his girdle, ‘you must go to feed the fishes of the gulf ;’ and, as he spoke, he cut the tightened cord as high up as he could reach. A sudden splash was heard as the body of the dead man reached the water, and a horrid silence ensued.”

It may be thought that there is something too much of the horrible in this example ; but really Hans of Iceland is altogether one of the best productions of its class which we have seen. There is a power about it resembling one of Fuseli’s pictures, and, as we have noticed, Cruikshank’s designs are capital.

THE CABINET.

Woe is me,
To have seen what I have—see what I see."

GERMAN HORRORS.

THERE is nothing which strikes a person of quiet habits, yet strong and easily-excited feelings, as more extraordinary than the desire so many people evince of curdling their blood with horror, by running to see the new opera. Many have witnessed the representation with great *gout* at the minor theatres, who yet visit Covent Garden, for the purpose of seeing if terrors can be made more terrible, by demons on a larger scale, ghosts more shadowy, devils more diabolical, skeletons more bony, and fires more sulphureous, than they had seen before. They are become epicures in hobgoblins, and connoisseurs in the quantum of horrors human beings can see and yet live. They regret that habit destroys the effect; and that their blood no longer tingles, or their hairs 'stand on end.'

That the young and happy should love a tale of sorrow, and eagerly seek to excite the softer feelings of their nature, we can readily imagine, seeing that but few days are passed since our own eyes filled with tears for the high-souled Jewess of Ivanhoe, and we are well aware that, even in the strongest excitements of fictitious sorrow, there is, as the poet expresses it—

"A sweetly melting fondness, which attracts
"O'er all that edge of pain the social power;"

but where is the attraction of *horror*? Sorrow, in almost every form in which we receive it, is allied to the affections which belong to our nature, and in that union is hallowed and endeared—it demands our sympathy, and there is sweetness even in the tears it wrings from us. But *terror* is an emotion repugnant to our nature: it is an offence when exercised upon us without the concurrence of our will, which of all others we are the slowest to forgive, and one which the law of the land (though little given to sentimentalize,) considers as positive injury. We know that no other action of the mind is equally injurious in its effects, and cannot doubt that the spectacle we court, would, if unexpectedly presented to us, not only 'pale the ruby on our cheek,' but drive reason herself from her throne—we are aware that, even under the present circumstances, it may harass us with fearful dreams, subject us to conjure up dreadful images and superstitious memorials, and banish the health of our 'mind's serenity.'

Although this disposition of terrific excitement is undoubtedly increased by artificial means, yet it is inherent in our nature, and arises from our love of the wonderful, the satisfaction we have in self-conquest, the intense curiosity which forms a strong feature in so many persons, and the cruelty which also forms a strong feature in many others. Our fair readers may probably start at this charge, but they may depend upon it, that with all their love for the wonderful, with all that curiosity which is an acknowledged characteristic of their sex, there is also blended a considerable portion of this unamiable propensity, or they would not be able to see a human being under the appalling circumstance so depicted.

We confess that, if we had never witnessed the existence of this extraordinary predilection, many of the dreadful records of human cruelty and endurance, which we have been compelled to read of, would not have met with our belief; but it is evident that, by regular initiations, not only men, but women, may inure the mind to contemplate the most hateful and even heart-rending objects, and perhaps by the same process the most tender nature may become the most savage. Women may go from a scene of simple hanging, to one of slow burning, and thence to the mysteries of the thumb-screw and the rack: the

women who assist each other in prolonging the tortures of their prisoners among the warriors of Chesapeake, are tender mothers and faithful wives, but the habits of their country have nourished the spark of cruelty inherent in their nature, and fanned it into a flame abhorrent to our better views, and foreign to our habits, but yet closely akin to the feeling which leads us to Der Frieschutz.

For this reason as well as the more obvious one of preserving them from superstitious fears, we would caution parents against taking their children to the present popular opera: the timid will be injured by its terrors, the bold hardened into the practice of unkindness and severity towards others. It may be said that in the justice of the final sentence an awful lesson may be impressed, but we question that any thing will rest on the memory save the horrors of the scene, and the power they see exercised of frightening a fellow creature almost out of his senses.

To shun the sight of suffering, even under its most disgusting form, when, by doing so, we can afford the slightest consolation to the afflicted, would be in our opinion degrading and selfish weakness. We honour the surgeon who subdues his pity that he may render his skill effective, and we consider the wife who, hovering round her sick husband with a trembling heart, yet 'cheers with smiles the bed of death,' as exhibiting the perfection of humanity; but where no duty demands the pain of seeing pain, where we seek it as diversion, revel in it as the medium of awakened sensation, surely we commit an offence against our nature, or encourage that which is base and unworthy in that nature.

We know that many will say these are the remarks of a weakly hypochondriac, and rank us, as the Edinburgh Review did the sweet poet Montgomery, among those 'crazed by weak nerves and green tea;' they will tell us of artists who have followed the army that they might see death in all its shapes, &c. We answer, true, and confess we have no such qualities ourselves; we could not cut a pencil, nor draw a line on his face, 'on whose lips the quivering soul stood ready to depart,' nor analyse the distinctions by which the agonies of ebbing life may be traced. It is certain we envy them not who have possessed it, great as they may be, either the physical power or the perverted taste they evinced: not but a painted battle is a good thing enough, as a variety, rendering cottage scenes and temples the more lovely by contrast; but from hell-fire and devils good Lord deliver us!

'Tis in fact not exactly our nerves and our nightmare sleeps (ever the miseries of authors) that move us to these objections against this opera, and its supernatural seductions and satanic charms (which we grant are grand and impressive in their way;) but we are fond of a hearty laugh, have no objections to shedding a tender tear, and have a great love for all the 'pomp and circumstance' which belong to Eastern story. We like to be sent home with simple, beautiful, magnificent, or ludicrous images in our mind's eye, and desire to see the magician of Covent Garden exert his wizard powers in 'calling spirits' more like to Ariel than Caliban. If the days of stately tragedy and witty comedy are past (as some say in their spleen,) yet those of novelty and splendour are certainly in their zenith, and we would ask any person of sane mind, whether there is any comparison, as a legitimate cause of pleasure, between the Spirits of the Sun, and other similar productions, and this favourite importation from Germany? One is the dream of a poet, the other is the vision of a madman; in one, we have the evil enchanter of the Arabian Night tales, who always amused, but never alarmed us; in the other, we have the homelier fiend which mingles with our nursery tales, and actually presses

on our spirits. and affects our feelings with emotions we cannot repress.

This is surely 'leaving a fair field to trotten on a moor;' we are aware that the music has a redeeming quality, that the liberality and ability of the managers in dishing up this German sour-croust is praise-worthy, but still we must lament the fashion it enjoys. We fear lest it should prove the prelude to a winter of horrible, *most horrible*, absurdities, knowing 'the drama's laws the drama's patrons give,' and thereby depriving us of that solid delight we might hope to reap from beholding the last of the Kembles, that most accomplished actor; the beautiful and elegant Miss Chester; the inimitable Liston; the discriminating Terry, in genteel comedy; or the admirable Young, in tragedy. None of these can be expected to out-herod Herod among forest boors, and rawhead-and-bloody-bone spectacles.

Weekly Review.

A GHOST ; OR, THE WELL-CONTRIVED ESCAPE.

The Athenæum; or, Spirit of the English Magazines (1817-1833); Dec 15, 1825; 4, 6;
American Periodicals
pg. 232

A GHOST; OR, THE WELL-CONTRIVED ESCAPE.

SIR Edward Vavasour, fighting in the royal cause at the battle of Marston-Moor, fell amidst his gallant exertions. At the moment of his fall, a gentleman who was devotedly attached to him, and who had always an unlucky habit of interfering in the concerns of other people, happened to be close by him. This was sir William D'Avenant, who, from having been, in the "piping times of peace," merely an idle courtier and poet, had now become a soldier of some renown, and was entrusted with a nominally important command, which somebody else executed for him. He loved sir Edward with the warmest and most disinterested affection; they were sworn brothers: in their less busy times they had capped verses at court, and once clubbed a masque at a royal

entertainment. The knight's duty ought to have kept him at York on that day: but his busy propensities led him to Marston-Moor; and, when there, his inclination induced him to fight near sir Edward Vavasour.

Sir William's courage was of a companionable quality; he could never fight until some one would set him the example: by himself, he said, he felt like one line in a couplet, in want of another to rhyme with. He confessed he was so indolent, that, upon some occasions, he would rather be kicked than fight single-handed; yet such was the sociability of his temper, that, side by side with a real fighting man, he would lay on like one of the knights of the Round Table. He had been mauling all the parliamentarians who came within his reach with true poetical fervor, bestowing with each blow some quaint imprecation or odd nickname upon his adversary, to the great amusement of the soldiers near him, with all of whom he was a great favourite. Not one of the rogues that he smote but he had a jest or a sarcasm for; and he had been cracking skulls and jokes until his strength and his wit were considerably impaired. The conviction that the day was decidedly going against his party came at the same moment that he found himself making a short blow and a bad pun. At this instant, too, he saw his friend sir Edward go down from a blow dealt to him by a raw-boned butcher of Tadcaster, who was a captain in the parliamentary army. "Knave!" he cried, as he spurred his horse against this ruffian, "thou shalt no more shed the blood of man or of beast!" and rising in his stirrups, he cleft the savage giant's head nearly asunder, and brought him down to the ground. "Thus," he continued, "do I revenge my friend, and many a score of honest sheep and oxen." With the assistance of an old soldier, of whose life this was the last kind action (for a random shot from a Roundhead blacksmith's petronel sent him soon afterwards into the kingdom of the

ghosts), he placed sir Edward, now nearly insensible, before him on his horse, and set off at a round pace towards York. He soon found, however, that it was hopeless to attempt to reach the city, for a party of the enemy's horse lay before him. To his still greater mortification he saw that he was observed by them; turning, therefore, his horse's head round, he spurred without sparing, and fairly fled away, not knowing or caring whither, so that he might distance them.

The two friends arrived safely at Calverley-hall, the seat of sir Edward, situated in a wood, which was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of sir Roger de Calverley, who had been pressed to death in the reign of Edward IV. for refusing to plead to an indictment of murder. Ryder, the captain of a troop of parliamentary club-men, was preparing to take possession of the mansion, and, in the mean time, his men blocked up all the avenues to it. D'Avenant, in the disguise of a puritan minister, insinuated himself into the confidence of Ryder, and thus contrived the escape of sir Edward. He said to his friend, "There is nothing to be done with this ruffian but by frightening him; I advise you, therefore, to steal out by the garden-gate, and make the best of your way to the wood. We must needs pass through it in our way from this place. I will contrive so that Ryder shall be my *compagnon de voyage*, and shall have much mistaken my man if I do not not make him aid our project in some way or other. I mean to frighten him with the old story about sir Roger de Calverley; do you take care to be near the road, and contrive by some signal to let me know you are within hearing; you must then keep very close to us: you will know the miller by his white coat; he rides a very stout gelding, which can carry two for a few miles as well as need be. When I shall say "Leap on" for the third time, you must jump up behind the miller, and spur his horse as hard as you can, while you gripe

him tightly. If the worst comes to the worst, and the villain should not be so much frightened as I reckon upon, you must put a stop to his resistance by killing him; but, as the county is full of his friends, this would at all events be dangerous, and I hope will not be necessary. If, however, it should, you must do any thing but shoot him, for that will make a noise and ruin all. Now God be with you!" he said, squeezing his friend's hand: "away to the garden-gate; keep near the path in the wood; and remember, the third time that I shall say "Leap on," you must be *en croupe*."

While sir William was proceeding with his companion, who seemed to be reflecting on the story which he had heard, he said, "Fear nothing; but here it is that his ghost does really walk—here in this very wood; and I have heard many a traveller say that he has seen him, and that he sometimes mounts behind them, and gallops with them to the river, where he quits them; for the spirits of hell, you know, cannot cross a running stream. The only danger, beside the fright, from such a visitation, is, that the traveller may be induced to break silence: then the ghost would have power to dash him from his saddle, and perhaps to kill him." "I wish to my heart that we were upon the bridge," said Ryder, whose terrors increased notwithstanding all his efforts to control them. "He comes," continued sir William, "in the shape of a tall man.—What's that? Oh, nothing but the white stem of a birch—Sir Roger comes in the shape of a tall man; and, before the traveller is aware, he leaps on to the horse's crupper, calling out, in a voice as solemn and hollow as if it issued from a deep grave, '*Leap on.*'"

At this moment the exclamation of sir William was echoed by another voice immediately behind. "Leap on" sounded in the ears of the horror-stricken miller; and, before he could have looked round, even if he had dared to do so, he felt his arms

tightly grasped by those of some being who was mounted behind him. The club-man uttered a low groan; but, between terror and intoxication, was perfectly incapable of exertion or of resistance. The horse, either terrified at the supernatural load which he bore, or influenced by the spurs of the new comer, set off at a smart gallop, which soon brought them (for sir William kept up at the same speed) to the gate where Ryder's men were posted. The night was dark; but the club-men, who were on guard, knew their leader's white coat, and, expecting the elder to be in his company, they did not offer to stop the travellers and, merely uttered a surly "Good night." "The captain is riding his old pace to-night," said one of the Round-heads. "He rides as if the devil were behind him," said another. "Belike he is" said the first; "and I wish he may stick to 'un;" for the captain was not too much beloved in his own troop. They then closed the gate.

In the mean time they kept on at speed. Ryder was more than half inclined to cry out as he passed the gate; but the caution of the elder came across him, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Trembling with fear, and almost sinking from the rough grasp of the demon who held him, he saw with delight that they were approaching the bridge. It was a rude wooden structure, with a rail on one side only. The stream beneath was rapid, but not very deep. "Now," thought the frightened club-man, "these horrors will have an end;" but he was again deceived; his horse's fore-feet thundered upon the bridge: and at the same moment a loud and dreadful voice roared in his ear, "Leap off!" He could bear no more; his strength and his senses yielded at this last blow, as dreadful as it was unexpected; the hot breath of the fiend behind seemed to have blasted his very soul; and he sunk powerless into the arms of his tormentor. The latter shifting the hold he had upon

him, and checking the horse as he directed it nearer to the edge of the water, loosened Ryder's large body from the saddle, and, with a slight twist, tumbled him on to the bridge, whence he rolled into the stream. The cold water, and the terror of drowning, soon roused him from his imaginary fears: he swam toward the bank, and got safely to land.

Long before this, however, the sound of his horse's hoofs had died away, and the noise of the fiend's mad gallop had given place to the total stillness of the night.

The result of this trick was the escape of sir Edward, who hastened to the coast, and passed over to the continent.

THE REFLECTOR.

For the Mirror.

REVERIES ON GHOSTS.

I have heard (but not believed) the spirits of the dead
May walk again. *Winter's Tale.*

It has been much questioned amongst philosophers, Mr. Morris, whether there be such things (or nothings) as ghosts. Formerly the belief in their existence was so prevalent, that those who have seriously advocated their cause, argued in favour of the notion from its universality. But this visionary system gradually disappeared, as the light of true philosophy rose above the horizon; and, one by one, the infesters of decayed houses, gloomy churchyards, and moonlight solitudes, have been ejected from their immemorial seats. Still, however, there exist souls that shudder with the deepest awe before the noiseless and inaudible mysteries that dwell in the region of spirits; and, every now and then, we are presented with a "well authenticated ghost story," ushered forth by some solitary enthusiast, who, from seeing very little of the world of realities, is apt to imagine that he can take a peep into the other.

Dr. Johnson seems to have freely indulged the unphilosophical propensity to make the spirits who direct the great wheels of the universe attendants upon his petty concerns. He would fain persuade the world that he was addressed by the voice of his absent mother; but the most flagrant instance of his superstitious credulity, was the deception practised by the female ventriloquist in Cock-lane, which operated upon his imagination so strongly as to induce him to watch in the church, where she pretended that the spirit of a murdered woman was wandering. In a volume entitled "Lexiphanes," which, by the way, is an excellent burlesque of the bombastic or turgid style of writing, the Doctor is abundantly ridiculed for the humi-

liating part he was made to act in this pitiful hoax. The truth is, the mind of the Colossus of literature was involuntarily haunted with doubts in his belief of a future state; and he was anxious that ghost-stories should be found authentic, in order to build upon them an argument in favour of the soul's immortality. He spoke of the tale which Lord Littleton palmed upon the credulity of mankind, as "the most extraordinary thing which had happened in his day"—and added, "I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it." Dr. Adams said, "you have evidence enough—good evidence—which needs not such support." Johnson answered, "I like to have more."

Superstition is the weakness of a strong mind. Cæsar and Napoleon are said to have crouched under its benumbing sway. The writings of Goethe show that his brilliant faculties have been clouded by it; and, influenced by his example, other master spirits have been infected with this possessing infirmity. Sir Walter Scott describes apparitions with all the energy of one who had seen them, and whose imagination was deeply impressed with the harrowing sight. When Burns felt the approach of his last moments, he very seriously asked a lady who visited him, what commands she had for the other world; adding, that he intended, as soon as he could settle his accounts there, to revisit his friends. But it is remarkable that persons who obstinately closed their eyes to the blessed light of revelation, and who used their utmost efforts, by their writings and example, to infect others with their gloomy skepticism, have been extremely credulous with respect to apparitions. The famous atheist, Hobbes, (author of the *Leviathan*), had such a dread of ghosts, that he was afraid to be alone at night, and could not endure to be left in an empty house. Lord Herbert of Cherbury was very unphilosophical in this respect; as is particularly instanced in his conviction that he had received a communication from the spiritual world, to publish his book *De Veritate*. One of the brightest lights in the firmament of poetry (now extinguished for ever,) was dimmed by superstition—as appears from various passages of the "Conversations of Lord Byron." We are informed in another work that his Lordship, on his death-bed, exclaimed to his faithful valet, to whom he had communicated his last instructions,—“Now, Fletcher, if you don't execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible.”

In the present advanced state of human knowledge, it would be a sort of Egyptian mockery of the understanding, to attempt a serious refutation of the arguments brought forward in favour of the belief in apparitions. In Shenstone's *Opinion of Ghosts*, and Dr. Aikin's *Letters to his Son*, the subject is treated with becoming solemnity, and in the *Quarterly Review*, (No. 47, p. 10,) with the utmost humour and gayety. Shenstone argues against the whole spiritual host with a very amusing degree of earnestness, and with a logical precision worthy of a more material cause.

In persons of disturbed imaginations, visions of the fancy make so strong an impression on the mind, that they are often taken for realities. Thus an impassioned female, bereaved of the object of her love, and having her mind filled with his image, might easily in the silent darkness of midnight, fancy that his beloved form was actually present before her. The murderer, tortured by the consciousness of his crime, sees the spectre of his victim made horrible in a million of fantastic shapes; he still hears the supplication, the shriek of perishing mortality; and he feels the cold unearthly touch of the phantom congealing his heart, with an intense sensation of horror. In the beautiful romance of *Anastasius*, we have an appalling representation of the frightful visions which “sear

the eye-balls” of the assassin; * Joanna Baillie, in her tragedy of *Ethwald*, has a fine picture of an ambitious and bloody despot, who sees the spectres of his murdered victims peopling the solitude of his palace halls; but, perhaps, of all writers, Shakspeare has given the most harrowing representations of the phantoms which shake to remorse the assassin's heart,—

“shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.”

The mind which has been haunted during sleep with some impressive vision, does not, immediately on being awakened, shake off the delusion, but still continues to linger in the world of shadows. Ovid, in his charming tale of *Ceyx and Alcyone*, presents the form of the drowned husband in a terrific dream, to acquaint the wife of his melancholy fate. She suddenly starts awake; and, as the author, with great truth to nature describes it, gazes around for the image which she had just seen in her vision.—

“—Et primo si sit circumspicit illic
Qui modo visus erat.”—†

The sensation, on waking from a dream of this kind, is compared by Dr. Aikin to the tingling of a bell after the stroke, or the flash on the closed eye which has been gazing at the sun: the impression for a time continues, but with less and less force, in proportion to the distance from its original source.

Dr. Hibbert has lately published in Edinburgh a work, entitled *Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions*, in which he gives an interesting view of the morbid affections of the brain, which excite the image of an object having no real existence out of ourselves. These illusions, for the most part, result from a violent disturbance of the cerebral functions acting on the mind, or *vice versa*. In certain states of the brain, by means of articles which act peculiarly on that organ, we can at pleasure conjure up these phantasms; and, by the excessive use of those articles, the imagination will at length be involuntarily crowded with terrific visions, like the records of a ghostly dream—as in the case of the celebrated English Opium-Eater. Coleridge says, that he can at any time put himself in that dreamy state, in which he is shut out, as it were, from this “work-day world;” and he has published a description of some of his visions, painted in all the magic of a richly-coloured diction. A lady once asked him, if he believed in ghosts. “No, madam,” said he, “I have seen too many to put any trust in their reality.” He has given a striking picture of the terror produced by an apparition:

“Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of death.”

We learn from indisputable authority, that the presence of a ghost has the effect of giving a blue tinge to the lights which illuminate an apartment. Thus Swift:

“The squire he dropt his pen full soon,
While as the lights burn blue.”

King Richard, when he awakes from his fearful vision, exclaims:

“The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight—
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.”—

* “Wherever I went, the fatal spot of blood still danced before my steps, and the reeking dagger still hovered in my sight. In the silent darkness of the night I saw the pale and luminous phantom of my friend stalk round my watchful couch, covered with gore and dust; and even during the noisy meetings of the day to which I fled for relief, I still beheld the spectre rise over the festive board, glare on me with a piteous look, and hand me whatever I attempted to reach. But whatever it presented seemed blasted by its touch. To my wine it gave the taste of blood, and to my bread the rank flavour of death. The swiftest motion of my body was not sufficient to afford my mind repose. The instant I vaulted into my saddle, the gaunt spectre leaped up behind me. I might walk or I might gallop, saunter along or fly at full speed; yet would he alike goad my galled heart, and with his iron gripe wring my breast to suffocation.”

† “Then cast her eyes around in hope to view
Her banish'd lord, and find the vision true.”—*Dryden*.

and Brutus, when haunted by the ghost of Cæsar, said—“how ill this taper burns!” which was owing, no doubt, to the cerulean tinge of its flame.—This mysterious phenomenon has exercised the sagacity of some of the most erudite wisacres of the German school. One of these profound thinkers with an outlandish name in us, wrote a goodly sized volume, in which he endeavours to throw as much *light* on the subject as possible. Suetonius, in his work on *Spectres and Apparitions*, argues first, that the colour emitted is not blue, but purple—and second, this being the colour sacred to kings, cardinals, bishops, and “all that,” the number of those personages in hell may have so saturated the air with purple, that all the revisitors of earth give it out like a halo, and impart its hue to the lights that surround them! Swift, in a note on his lines above quoted, ventures the opinion that, as none but the ghosts of the wicked re-appear, and candles, if properly made, are themselves *wick-ed*, there may be some secret sympathy or affinity between them. “Men, moreover,” he continues, “never see spectres except when they are in a fit of the *blue devils*, which may impart their hue to surrounding objects; and blue devils are super-induced by the parties getting into hot water, which circumstance alone may account for a change of hue as violent as it produces in lobsters and fleas, and occasion the patient to imagine every thing blue—as men in a calenture, fancy the whole world to be green!”

The supernatural machinery of spectres, witches, &c. in *genus omne*, was, in times of yore, an indispensable requisite to success in the drama. As Bayes acutely remarks, in the rehearsal, “you must interlard your plays with ghosts, if you mean to pit, box, and gallery it.” In the present degenerate age, our fastidious audiences require something more substantial; and the lovers of the wonderful are obliged to put up with the representation of dull realities. Having drawn out my essay to this length, I think that I cannot do better than to follow their example, and “give up the ghost” with as much good grace as possible.